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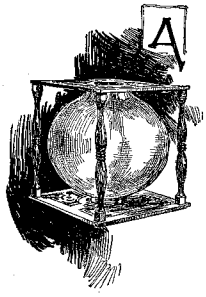
THE POLICE CONTROL OF A GREAT ELECTION

By Avery D. Andrews



An Old-fashioned Ballot-box, a Souvenir of the Tweed Régime — now used for gold-fish.

A QUIET election, an honest count, and quick returns have become so common in New York in the last few years that few realize the magnitude of our election machinery, or the accuracy, celerity, and perfection of its workings in detail. At the first election for Mayor of Greater New York, held in 1897, over 500,000 votes were cast. This exceeds the total vote for President in 1896 in the States of Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Montana, North Dakota, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada. These States constitute in number one-fourth of the United States, and have a representation of twenty-two in the Senate; yet their combined voting strength is less than that of a single municipality contained wholly within the limits of the Empire State.

The election of 1897 was necessarily held in advance of the actual consolidation of the several municipalities comprising the Greater City, and in the absence of any organized election machinery covering the whole of the new territory, the Police Board of the then city of New York was designated by law to supervise the election for officers of the future city. This work was done under the immediate supervision of the Election Bureau of the Police Department, supplemented at times by a very large part, or the whole of the uniformed police force.

The Election Bureau was established as a part of the Police Department in substantially its present form in 1872. It consists of a Chief, a Chief Clerk, and from six to fifteen assistants, the latter of whom are all chosen from the uniformed force, the number varying with the amount and importance of the work during the year. Here, in a quiet corner at Police Headquarters, away from the bustle and rush of the every-day police work of a great city, the work of preparation for election-day goes on. A year of work is necessary to give to the people of New York one day of voting.

After closing up the records of one election, the first step in preparing for the next is the division of the city into election districts. For this purpose the lists of registered voters for the preceding year are examined, and the number of voters residing in each separate block in the city carefully computed. Then, upon a map of the city, each block is marked with its population of registered voters. The law declares that the boundary lines of the Congressional, Senatorial, Municipal Court, and Assembly Districts shall not cross or divide any election district. This involves, in the crowded parts of the city, the most careful computations, and sometimes some

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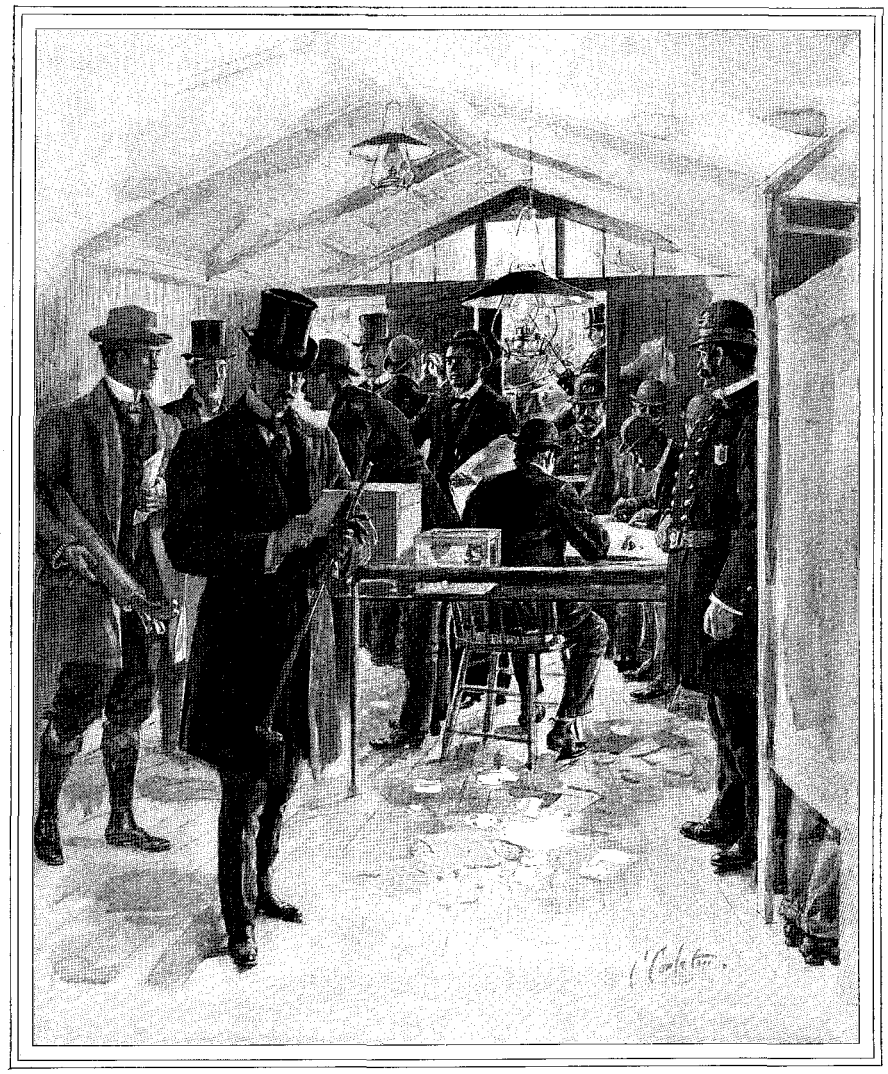

Interior of a Portable Iron Voting House.
(In an uptown district.)

very small election districts. In the 21st Assembly District, for instance, the Congressional line runs down Seventh Avenue to Central Park, thence west along One Hundred and Tenth Street, and thence south along Central Park West. The Assembly line runs down Seventh Avenue also, but turns east at One Hundred and Tenth Street, thence south along Fifth Avenue, and west by transverse road through Central Park at Ninety-seventh Street. This leaves that portion of Central Park north of Ninety-seventh Street entirely bounded by Assembly and Congressional lines, and consequently it must be made an election district by itself. In 1897 four votes were registered and cast in this district by the proprietor of McGowan's Pass Tavern, his gardener, and two waiters. To register, receive, and count these four votes the full machinery of an election district was required, consisting of four inspectors of election, two poll-clerks, two ballot-clerks, and two police officers. A reference to the appropriation for the Election Bureau for 1897 shows that these four votes cost the city not less than $100 each.

In 1896 the number of voters to each

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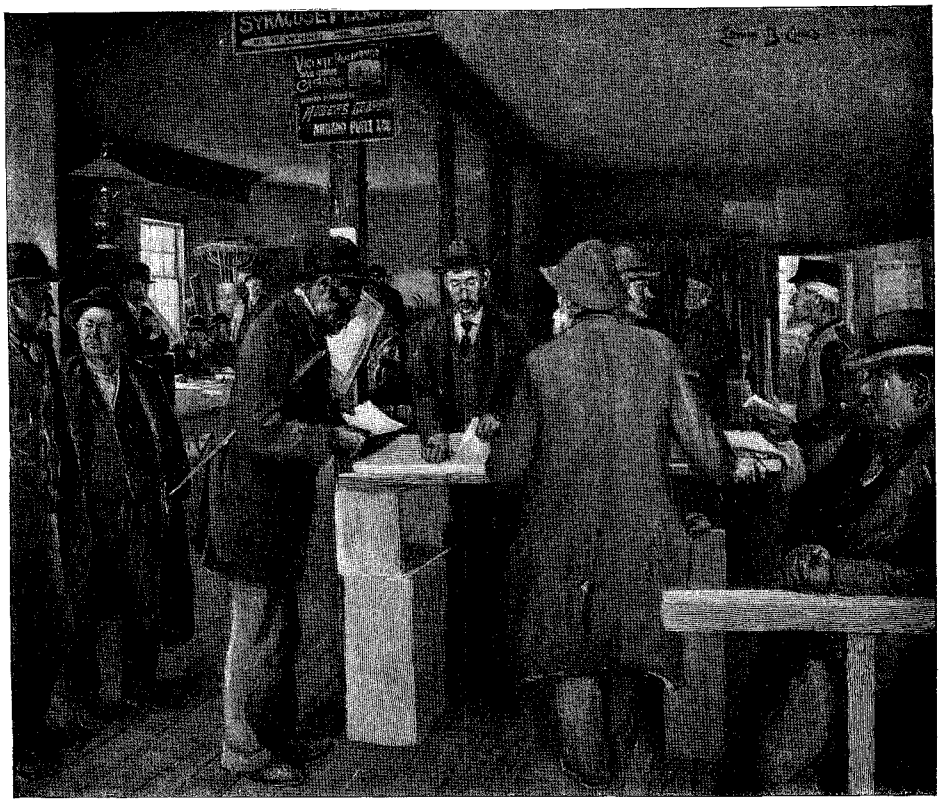

Voting for Mayor of Greater New York.

Farm implements store on the outskirts of Queens County, about fifteen miles from the City Hall.

district was required by law to be as near 250 as practicable. This necessitated 1,392 districts in what is now the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In 1897 the law was changed, and the number of voters to each district increased from 250 to as near 400 as practicable, resulting in a reduction in the number of election districts to 883 in the Manhattan and Bronx, and 1,522 in the entire Greater City.

As soon as the election districts are established, the two leading political organizations are called upon to submit nominations for election officers. Each party is entitled to nominate two election inspectors, one ballot-clerk and one poll-clerk for each election district, making a total in 1897 of 12,176 election officers in the entire city. Prior to 1895 these candidates were examined as to character and penmanship in a more or less perfunctory way, and if satisfactory to the authorities were accepted and appointed. In 1895 the Police Board commenced a system of written examinations, designed to test their knowledge of election laws with a view of determining their fitness for the responsible duties to which they were to be assigned. Copies of the election manual were sent to each candidate several weeks in advance, with the notice that he would be required to pass an examination thereon before he could be appointed. It was, in brief, a very simple and practical civil service examination, authorized by law and fairly and impartially administered. All questions related to their duties as election officers, and a man who could not answer all or nearly all of them intelligently could not possibly perform his duties properly.

Of course the scheme aroused the most intense opposition of the party hacks, who for years, whether fit or unfit, had been holding these very important positions. It was denounced as the height of "civil service" folly, red-tape, and nonsense. The examinations took place nevertheless, and the vastly improved character of the elec-

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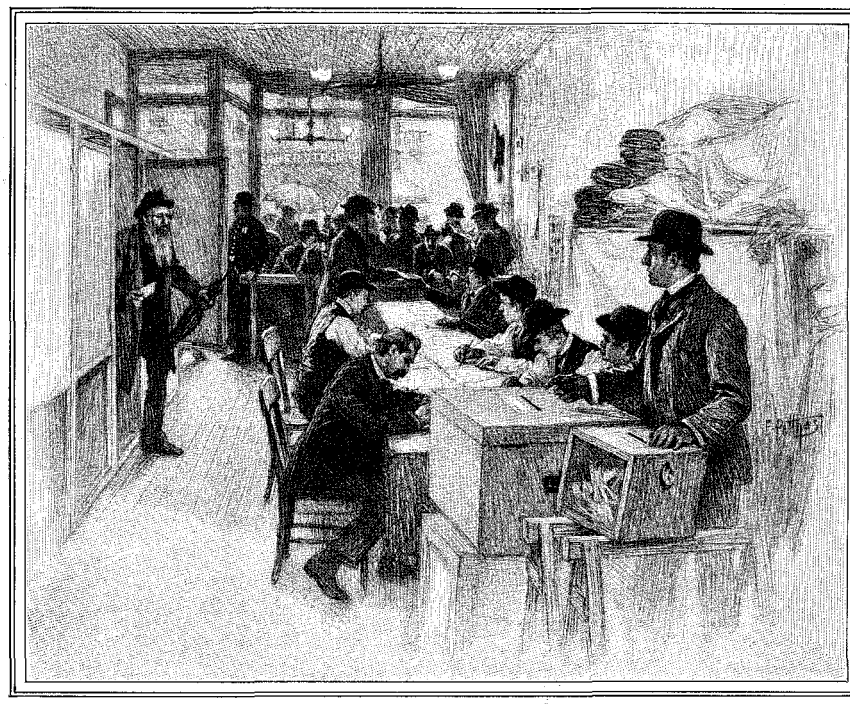

Voting on the East Side, in a Clothing Store.

tion returns in that and subsequent years has abundantly justified the examination system, and it has been continued ever since. Out of a total of 16,118 candidates for election officers in 1895, 1,643 of them were so disgusted with the proposed reform that they declined to qualify. This was of itself a distinct gain, 383 more resigned, 122 were removed for cause, and 1,724 failed to pass the written examination, leaving only 12,246 who finally qualified.

After the selection of election officers, the next important work is the selection of polling-places, one for every election district. The city pays a rental of $5 for each of the four registration days, and $30 for election-day. In many parts of the city there is a fierce competition among the small shop-keepers to secure these assignments. Barber shops and undertakers' offices seem to be the most popular, with cigar stores a close third. Each police captain is called upon to submit a list of suitable places in his precinct. Political organizations anxious to help their adherents send in other names and places, and from various sources, hundreds of still other offers are received. Every suggestion is considered; every place carefully inspected, and a report made as to its size, light, and cleanliness. The largest, lightest, and cleanest place is invariably selected, wholly without regard to its political or other endorsements.

In the wealthy districts it frequently happens that no one cares to lease his house or office for the rental offered by the city, and it then becomes necessary to provide the portable iron houses, which, standing near the curb on some quiet corner, are familiar to many New Yorkers.

There still remains to be provided stationery in large quantities before an election is possible. Election manuals, registers of voters, tally sheets, instructions to voters, and scores of different blanks and forms are required by the thousands and tens of thousands; but the important item is that of the official ballots. Not many years ago individual ballots were used for each office voted for, each party or organization furnishing its own ballots. The system was finally abolished because of its manifest deficiencies, and the ease with which the most glaring frauds were committed. Thanks to an advance not

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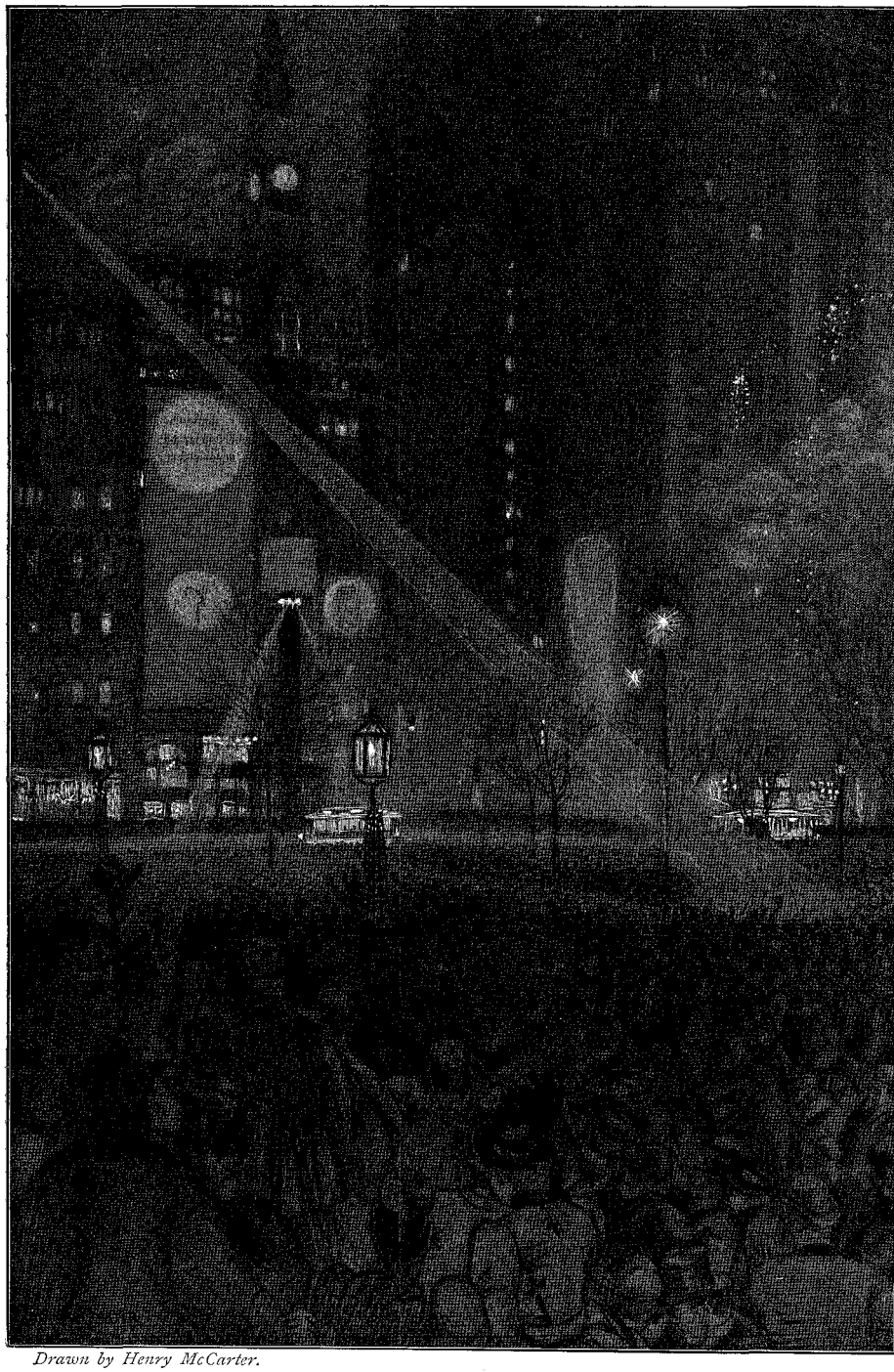

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

The Crowd Waiting for Returns in Printing House Square and City Hall Park.

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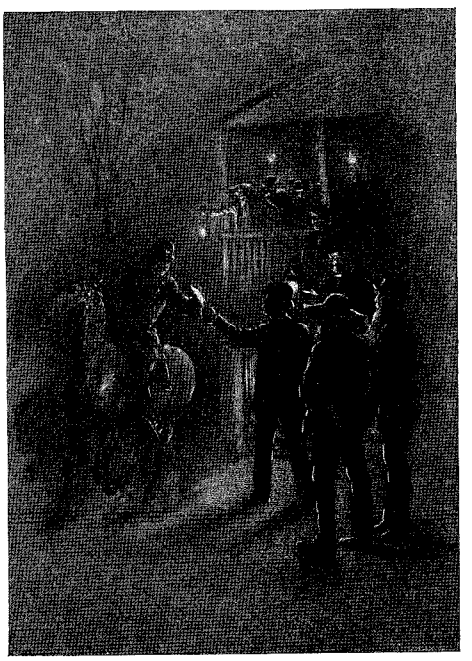
only in the kind of ballot used, but in our general methods of conducting elections, the open and notorious purchase and sale of votes is no longer possible. Then it was not an unusual spectacle to see fifteen or twenty men, plainly of the type known to the police as "floaters," lined up in a near-by saloon, generously supplied with food and drink, particularly the latter, and marched in column, votes tightly grasped in hand, from the saloon to the polls, all under the watchful eye of their purchaser.

Many will still remember the curious old-fashioned ballot-boxes in use at that time. One is still carefully preserved in the Election Bureau, a souvenir of the Tweed régime. It consists of a very heavy glass bowl, set in a heavy and somewhat ornate iron frame. The bowl has a large round opening at the top, through which the ballots were dropped. The survivor at Police Headquarters now contains a number of gold-fish, a use for which it is admirably adapted. One of the oldest and most trusted officials of the Election Bureau recalls having seen, when a boy, a use, or rather an abuse, of one of these boxes not wholly authorized even at that time. During an election in this city a political leader and all-around tough character placed himself in a position so that as he leaned upon a table in the polling-place, his hand fell carelessly across the edge of the opening in the glass bowl. From his closed hand slowly descended into the ballot-box a stream of ballots of the small tightly folded kind then in use. An exclamation from the boy resulted in his being pitched head-first into the street, a sadder and wiser lad, but with his confidence in the purity of the ballot considerably shaken. Possibly that lesson in some degree shaped his subsequent career, and accounts in a measure for the integrity and zeal with which he has since served the city in the Election Bureau for more than twenty years.



A Mounted Policeman in the Borough of the Bronx.
About to start for the station-house with returns from a rural district.

The preparation of the blanket ballot for a general election in a great city like New York is one of the most important and delicate tasks ever intrusted to a public official. In 1897 there were over six hundred nominations for the various offices in New York City, each of which had to appear in its proper place on the ballot. The copy cannot be prepared until the time for making and withdrawing nominations has expired, nor can it go to the printer until substitutions are made and the last protest decided. The Police Board holds daily sessions to dispose of accumulated protests. These generally result from each of two or more wings of the same party or independent body claiming the same party name and emblem with different candidates. In cases of importance an appeal to the courts from the decision of the Board is almost always taken, and the work of printing is sometimes delayed until the Court of Appeals has settled the controversy. Eight hundred and eighty-three thousand official ballots, and 221,000 sample ballots were used in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone, no two of the official ballots being exactly alike, for the numbers at least are different. The presses work night and day, always under the scrutiny of a large force of central office detectives, whose duty it is to watch the work from the time the copy is received until the ballots are de-

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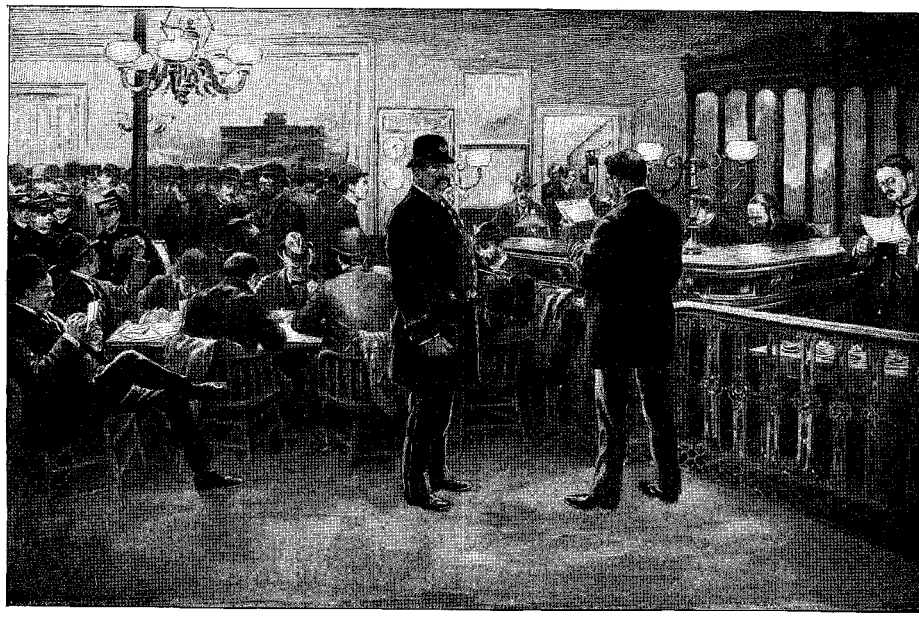

Officer Delivering Returns to Captain and Operator at a Precinct Station-house.

livered at the station-house the day before election. Thirty tons of paper were used to print the ballots, which spread out would pave from curb to curb more than twenty miles of average city streets.

With the election officers appointed, polling-places selected, registration complete, election-booths and supplies in order and distributed, and the ballots printed, the Election Bureau is about ready to rest from its labors and turn over the election to the care of the police and the will of the people. But at the last moment a candidate may die, involving the hurried preparation and distribution of hundreds of thousands of pasters with detailed instructions for their use.

Election-day dawns, and it is a busy one for the police. To the average citizen of New York, and to every small boy who can help build a bonfire, an election means a holiday; but the policeman rejoices that it comes but once a year. For weeks previous to election, they too have been busy in preparatory work. Every registration has been verified by a personal visit, and in cases where fraud seems to have been committed, the evidence has been carefully prepared and warrants issued. The lodging-houses, cheap hotels, and like places have been under the most rigid surveillance for weeks in order to detect and prevent colonization. No person can vote from one of these places unless he is known to have been registered there at least thirty days prior to election-day, and to have lived in the county at least four months. When it is remembered that 12,126 men were registered in licensed lodging-houses of New York on October 2, 1897, and 14,395 more in the cheap hotels and unlicensed lodging-houses, an idea can be obtained of the amount of this kind of work which falls upon the police. It is interesting to note that of this total of 26,521 floating male population, only 10,665 registered to vote, and of these only 9,193 actually voted on election-day.

The turning-point in the policeman's daily life is the midnight roll-call. At that hour one platoon in each station-house, constituting one-half of the entire force, is relieved from duty after having patrolled from six in the evening, and the other platoon goes on patrol until six in the morning. On election-day, the platoon which went on patrol at midnight is ordered to return to the station-house at 2.30 A.M. to enable the men to get a little rest and a light breakfast before commencing the day's work. At 4.15 the other platoon is called; the entire force paraded at 4.30,

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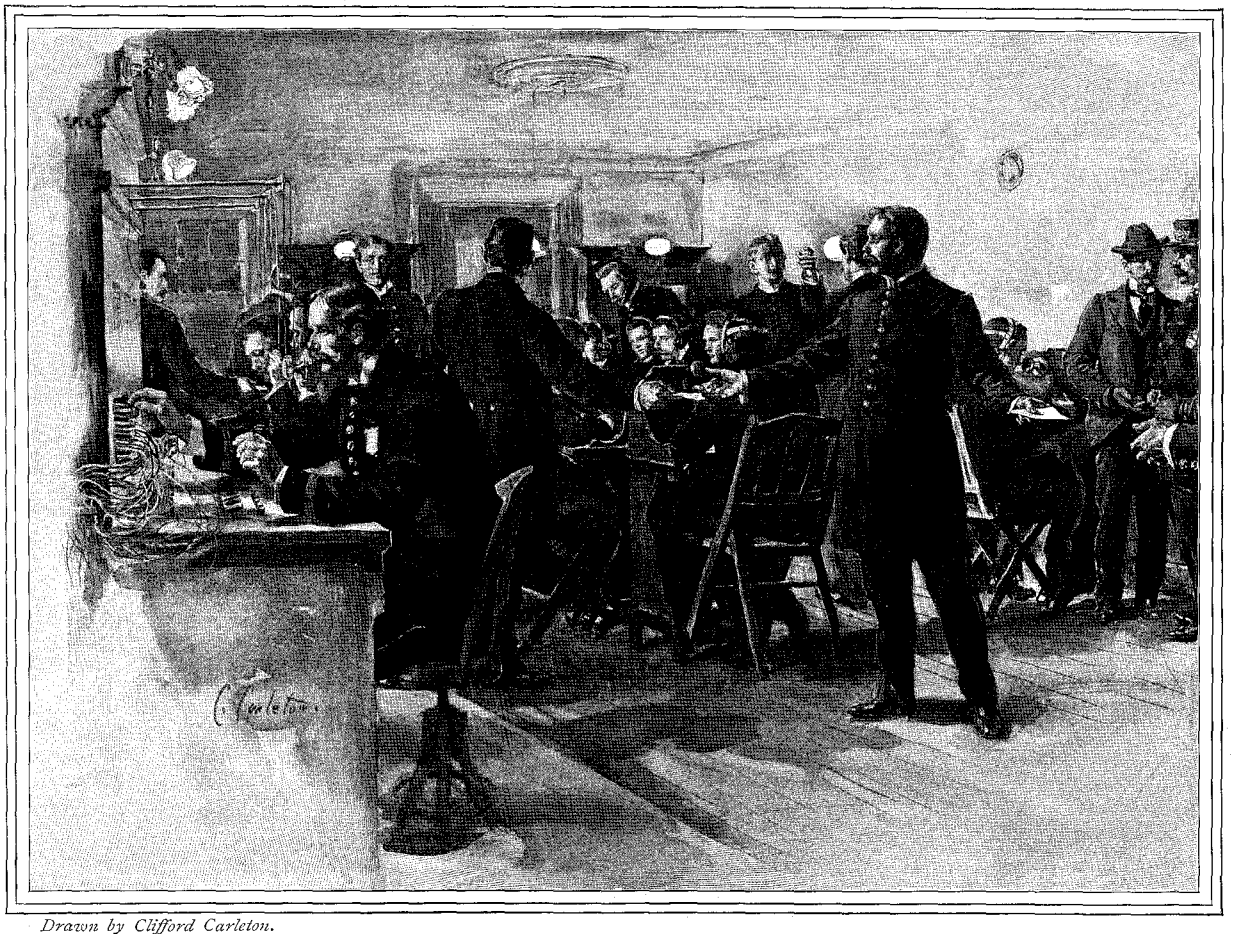

Drawn by Clifford Carleton.

The Telegraph Bureau at Police Headquarters.

The nerve-centre of the city on election-night. Operators receiving returns which are in turn forwarded by the "human chain" up-stairs to the chief clerk's office.

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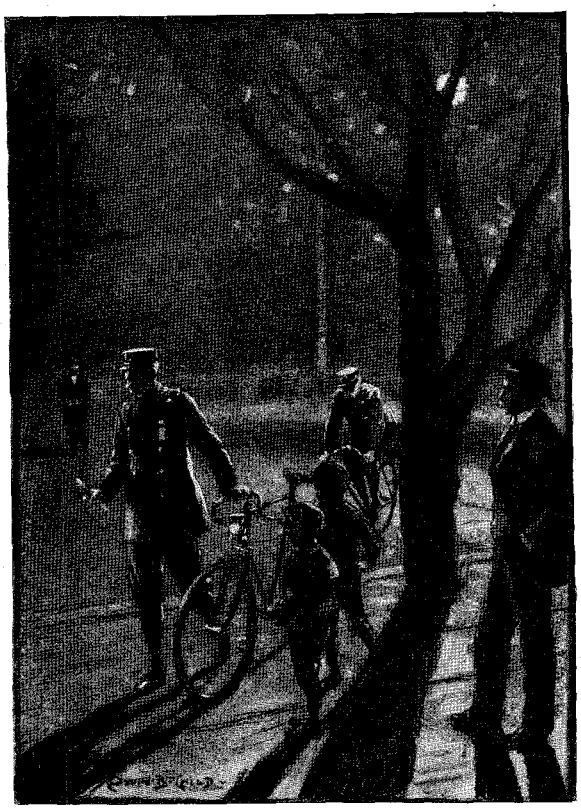
and the work of election-day begins. Two patrolmen are assigned by the Captain to each polling-place, taking with them the ballots and official stationery. Those not needed for this purpose are kept in reserve and assigned to various kinds of special duty during the day. At Police Headquarters a large force is kept in reserve all day, with a number of patrol wagons to move them at once in case of any disturbance. At 5.30 A.M. the voting-booths, guard-rails, and other paraphernalia must be in place, election officers on hand, and everything in readiness to receive votes at six o'clock. Voting is generally brisk in the early morning hours. Many are anxious to get off for a day's outing, while others wish to get to their work. During the middle of the day it lags somewhat, but later the workers of each party are busy checking up the lists of their henchmen, and hustling around after the slow, the indifferent, or the voter who needs other and more substantial encouragement to do his duty to his party and to his country.

The first election for Mayor of Greater New York brought forth as many different kinds and classes of voters as any election for Governor in any State in the Union could possibly produce, and in numbers more than any State excepting only nine. Uptown the millionaire and his butler vote in the same booth, and possibly with successively numbered ballots for opposing candidates. Down on the East Side, where the population is more dense than any other place in the world, the Russian, the Pole, the Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian, and occasionally a Turk, Armenian, or Greek may be seen struggling with the mysteries and difficulties of the blanket ballot. Possibly they are trying to vote a split ticket, a task which many native born and educated Americans do not yet understand. Over in the nearby towns of Queens County, and down on Staten Island, the voting for Mayor is also going on. Farms and gardens beyond the limits of even a village government are suddenly brought into the second greatest city in the world, and their owners asked to vote for its first Mayor. Surely if old New York was cosmopolitan, the new city is far more so!

The polls close at five o'clock and the rush to count the votes, tabulate the returns, and announce the result commences. Many foolish and some amusing mistakes in voting appear as soon as the ballots are unfolded. In spite of the repeated warning that any mark on the ballot other than the cross in its proper circle or square will invalidate the ballot and cause the voter to lose his vote, many such defective ballots are found every year. It frequently happens that a particular candidate's name appears in several different columns, due to a nomination or endorsement by various organizations. Some voters, over-anxious for their candidate's success, think they must mark a cross before



New York's Crack Bicycle Policemen.
Arriving at the Flushing Town Hall with returns from outlying districts.

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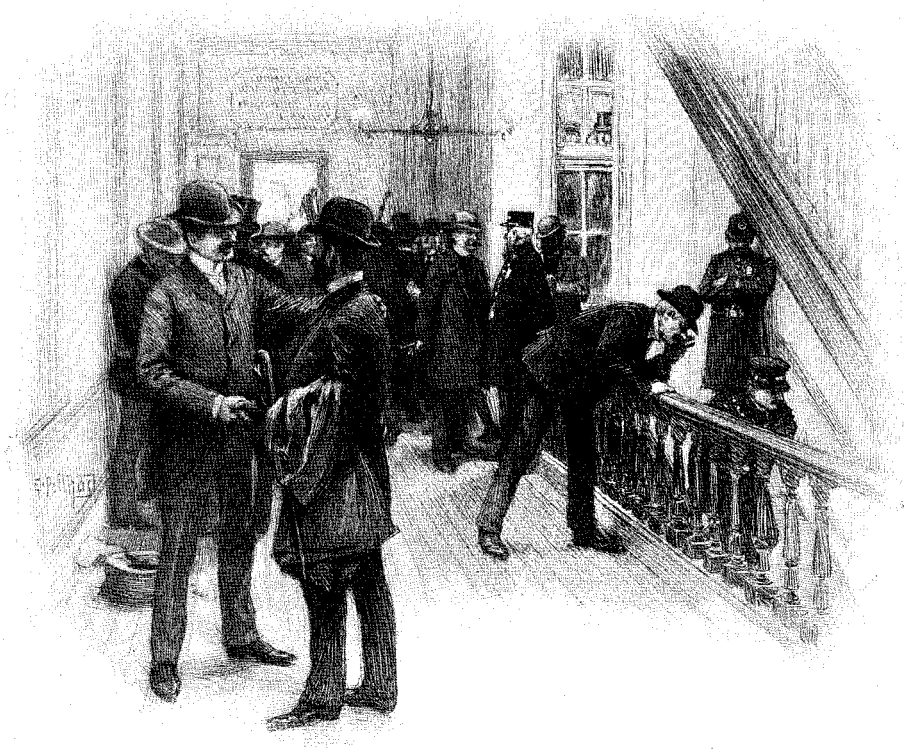

Politicians and Visitors in the Corridors at Police Headquarters.

his name wherever it appears. Of course the ballot is rejected. A ballot was recently found with the following inscription plainly written across the top: "I want to vote the entire Tammany ticket." It is unnecessary to say that Tammany lost a vote.

As soon as the count for the first office on the ballot is completed, the result is announced by an election officer, and duplicate returns given to one of the police officers present for transmission to the nearest police station. This he does with all possible haste, using any means of conveyance at hand. Arriving at the station-house one return is handed to the Captain, who reads the result from the desk, while the other is passed instantly to an operator for transmission by telephone to Police Headquarters. The returns from all the election districts in the precinct, including frequently parts of several Assembly districts, are thus collected at the station-house, announced, telephoned to headquarters and tabulated statements prepared showing the total vote in the precinct for each office. The scene in a police station-house on election night is a busy one. A crowd of local politicians, candidates and their friends, newspaper representatives, and more than the usual number of loungers and small boys assemble to hear the returns as they are announced from the desk. The general result in the city or State is frequently of but little consequence here, but the interest in local candidates for Assembly or Alderman is intense.

Up in the Borough of the Bronx, where the precincts are large and the polling-places widely scattered, the returns are brought to the station-houses by mounted officers at full gallop. Only a few years ago these uptown stations did not even have telephonic connection with Police Headquarters. Now every police-station in the Borough of Manhattan and the Bronx is connected with Headquarters and with each other by a perfect system of underground cables owned by the Department; and it is largely due to this perfected system of communication, independent of any

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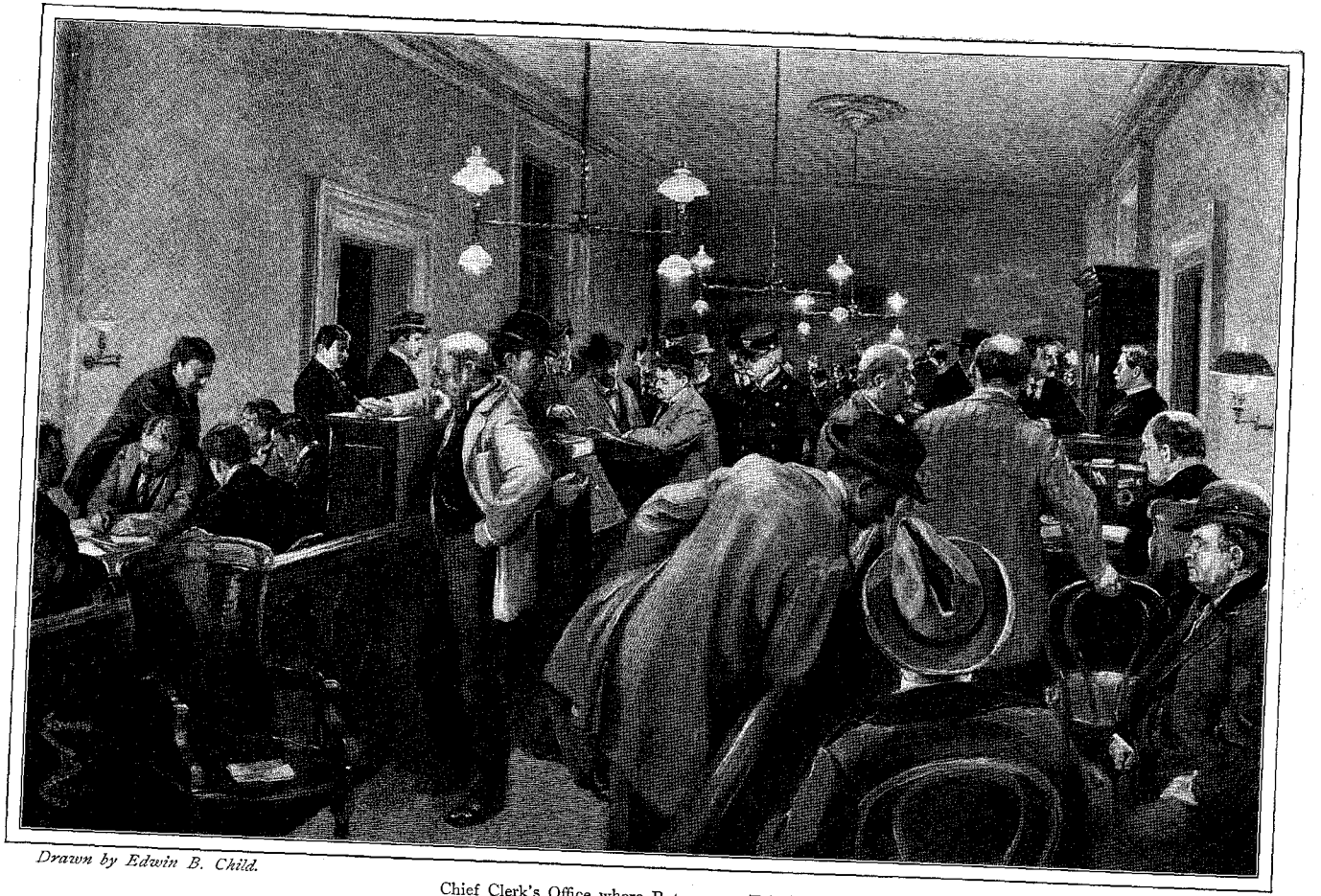

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Chief Clerk's Office where Returns are Tabulated.

The first scenes of jollification or depression over the result are here manifest.

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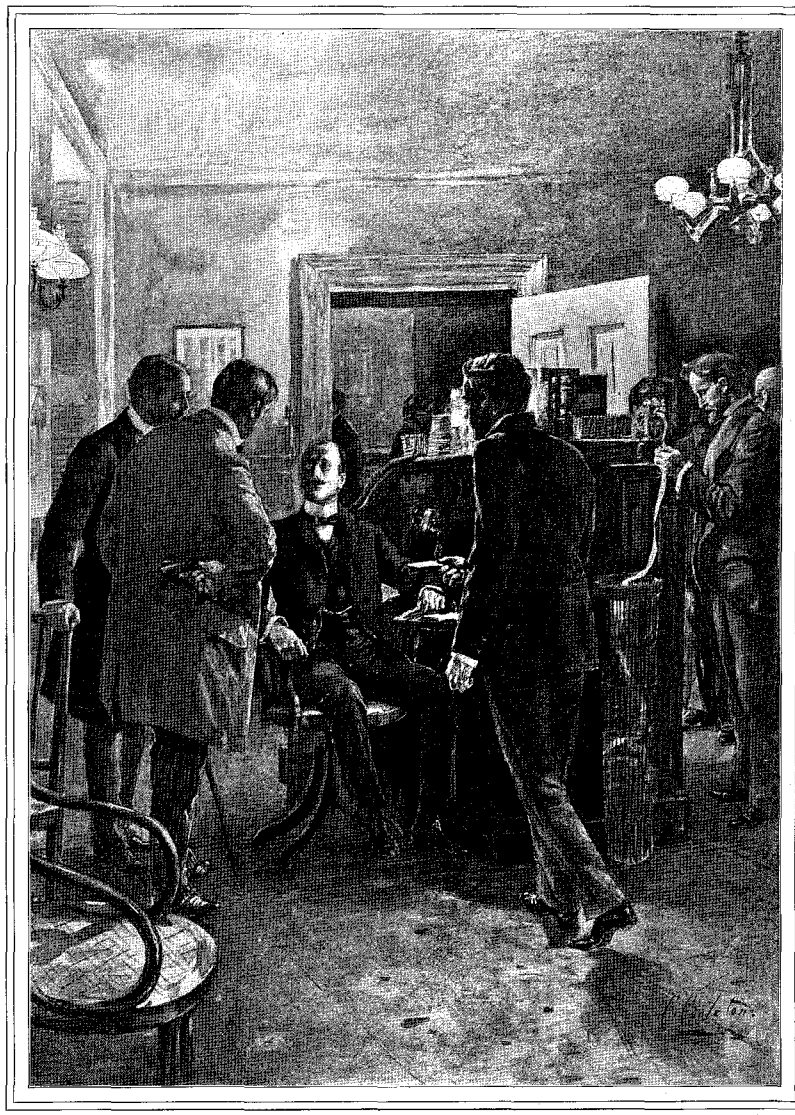

In the Private Office of One of the Police Commissioners.

possible interruption, that election returns are now so quickly collected and made public.

The city election of 1897 imposed upon the New York Police Department the duty of collecting and tabulating returns, not merely from its own territory, but in addition from the Boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond. These returns are not official. They are collected by the police upon election night simply for the purpose of supplying the public with prompt and accurate news of a semi-official nature, and as a means of checking fraud by publicity. With the hearty co-operation of the local authorities in these Boroughs, the problem was comparatively a simple one, except as to the several large towns and villages in Queens not included within the limits of Long Island City. Direct cable connections were established with the several Police Headquarters in Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Long Island City. Returns in these places were collected by the local police, in much the same way as they were collected in New York, and then trans-

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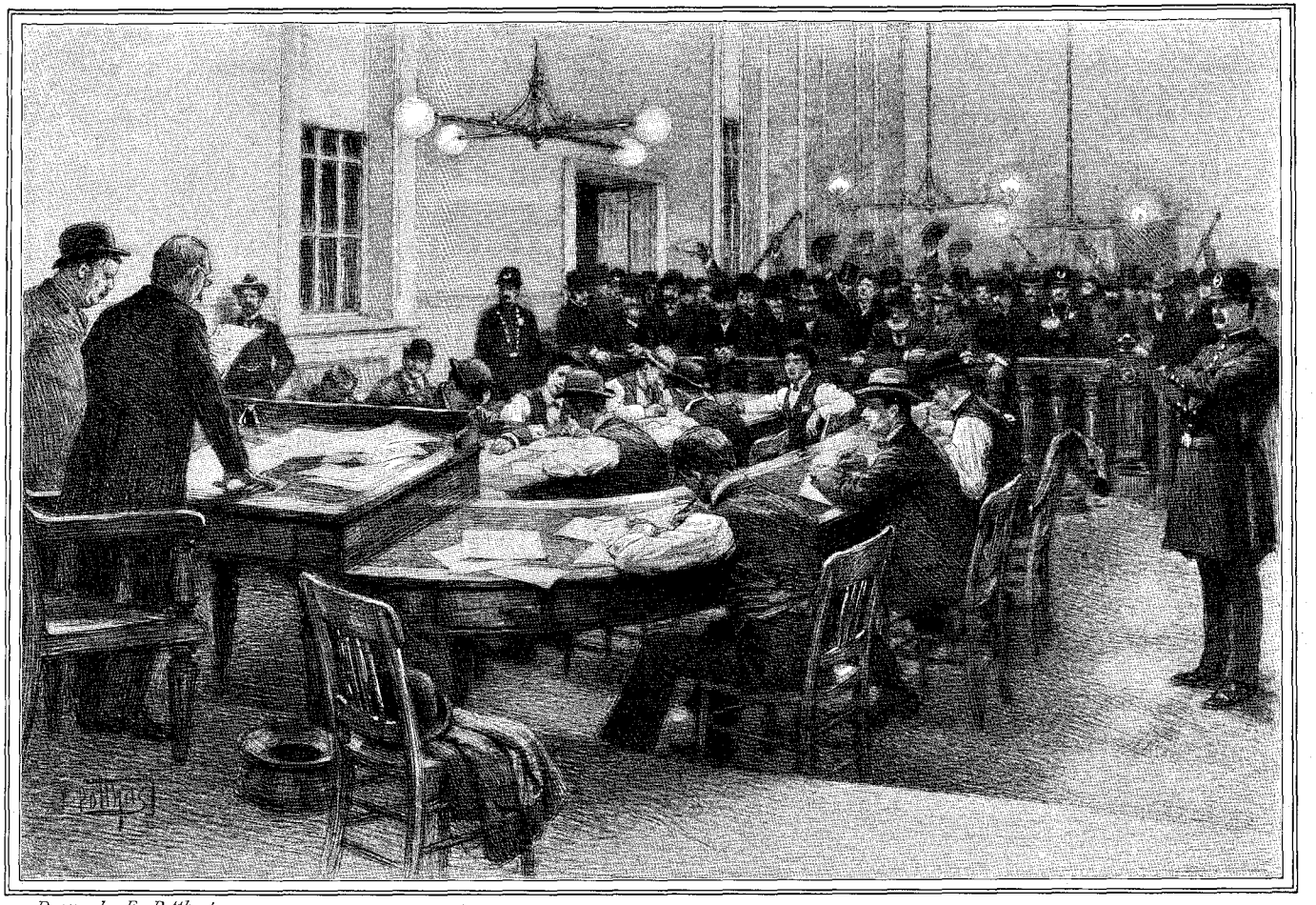

Drawn by E. Potthast.

The Court-room at Police Headquarters where the Results in the Different Districts are made Public.

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Election Inspectors and Poll Clerks Filing Official Records at the Election Bureau, Police Headquarters, on the Morning following the Election.

mitted direct to be consolidated with the returns from the rest of the greater city. But in the Queens County towns of Flushing, Newtown, Jamaica, and Hempstead, there was no local police, and furthermore the area was so large and distances between polling places so great that even a large force of foot officers would have been of little service in collecting returns. The wheel was therefore brought into requisition, and thirty-four of New York's crack bicycle policemen, every one an athlete with a record of scores of overtaken and captured scorchers, were assigned to the task, along with sixteen foot officers for work in the villages, and a complement of roundsmen and sergeants to direct the work. The officers were sent to their posts early in the day and carefully went over their routes several times, studying every rise and fall, every turn and corner, so that at night they could make the trip speedily and safely.

The work of the squad assigned to the town of Newtown fairly illustrates the work of all. Newtown, by the way, has an area about as large as Manhattan Island, but is divided into only 18 election districts. The village of Newtown was selected as headquarters for police work, and was connected by telephone direct with Police Headquarters in New York. A roundsman was placed in charge at this point, with two foot officers to collect returns from the village polling-places. Three bicycle officers were assigned to the three polling-places at Maspeth, two miles away, one each at Middle Village, Winfield, and Laurel Hill; two each at Ridgewood, Metropolitan, and Glendale, and three more at Corona. These wiry and athletic representatives of the New York police force, as they wheeled at racing speed over the country roads of Queens, excited no little admiration and wonder among the inhabitants of the rural villages. Many looked forward with satisfaction to the time when, along with the other advantages of consolidation, they too could claim the protection of some of New York's army of blue-coat defenders.

The scene now changes to the Telegraph Bureau at Police Headquarters, the nerve-centre of the city upon election-night. Here the returns from all parts of the greater city are received and quickly transmitted to the Chief Clerk's office upstairs,

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where they are tabulated and the result announced. This bureau, with its chief, staff of operators, and hundred or more telephones connecting every precinct and bureau of the Department, and the prisons, courts, hospitals, and other institutions of the city with each other and with the public, ordinarily transmits current orders and reports, and records throughout the year the crimes, accidents, and fires, the lost, strayed, and stolen persons and property, and all the sombre happenings of a great city which come to the knowledge of the police. Upon election night there are added to the regular force thirty extra operators and as many extra clerks and messengers, all carefully selected from the police force. Many of them were in the service of some of the large telegraph companies before getting "on the force," and all have been carefully instructed and drilled in their duties. The orders are for all possible speed, but first and above all there must be absolute accuracy.

Each operator is seated at a telephone desk, the receiver suspended from above and fastened at his ears, and an assortment of blank election returns within easy reach. At half past six the returns have commenced to come in from the precincts, and from that time until seven o'clock the next morning there is little rest for anyone here. Each operator has one or more precincts connected with his desk, and is expected to handle the returns from thirty or forty election districts. The operator at the station-house calls the conventional "Hello," as a slip is handed to him by the messenger from the polling place. Then quickly, "Mayor," or the name of some other officer voted for. Without losing an instant or sending an answer, the operator at Headquarters grasps a blank return marked "Mayor" and quickly fills in the figures which come over the wire in the following order, as for instance: 38th Election District, 21st Assembly District, Tracy, 115; Van Wyck, 132; Low, 142; George, 14. Good-by." As soon as completed, the return is torn from the pad, pushed on one side, and the operator is ready to record another return from a different district or a return for another office in the same district. The telephone desks are in rows and placed close together. Standing just behind each group of three desks is an officer whose sole duty is to gather the returns as they are completed by the three operators immediately in front of him. Without moving from his place he passes them quickly to another officer near by, and by him they are passed to a third, until the returns reach a group of five officers working at a large table at the end of the room. These officers separate the returns into classes according to the name of the office voted for, and if necessary into divisions by boroughs; then quickly distribute them into glass boxes open at both ends. At the other side of the table are five other officers engaged in taking the assorted returns from the glass boxes, placing them in large envelopes suitably marked and passing them quickly through a window into the hands of an officer waiting to start them upon their final journey up two flights of stairs to the office of the Chief Clerk. Ten officers about six feet apart make another human chain, and after passing the envelope from hand to hand, the last one gives it to the Chief Clerk for tabulation. Not a word has been uttered; scarcely a sound heard, save the occasional shuffling of a foot; even the jingle of the telephone-bell and the buzz of the electric button have been suppressed. For hours the work goes on thus under the watchful eye of the Chief of the Bureau, silently, rapidly, yet with perfect discipline and almost absolute accuracy.

In the Chief Clerk's office, the scene changes. Here all is noise, bustle, and seeming confusion. A central aisle crowded with reporters, messengers, telegraph operators, politicians, candidates, and visitors, divides the force of sixty or more clerks who are engaged in tabulating the returns. Telegraph instruments and stock tickers, specially connected for the occasion, are rattling away, and the first scenes of jollification or depression over the result of the election are here manifest.

Each envelope, as it is received from the telegraph bureau, is passed quickly to the clerk having charge of the particular office returned. The vote of each election district is entered, and as soon as ten districts have been recorded, the sheet is passed to another clerk who makes the footings. This

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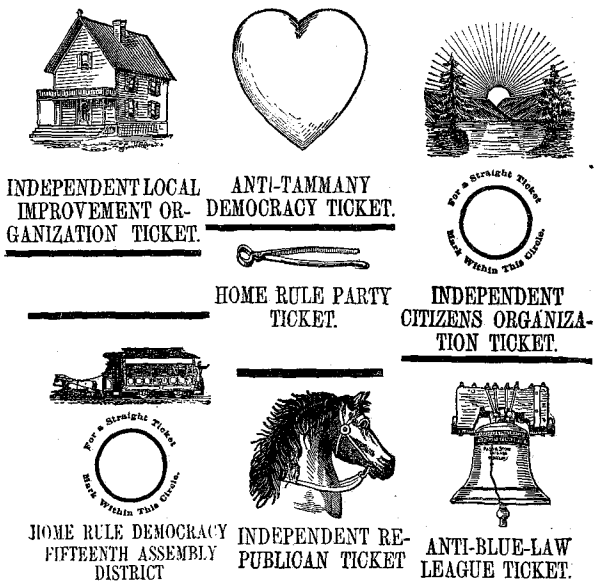
is transferred to another sheet known as the "total sheet" and the result is announced, giving the total vote for each office in blocks of ten election districts. Instantly the tickers are at work, and in a few seconds the news is being read by waiting thousands everywhere.

From the instant the count is completed at the polling-place by the election inspectors until the result is announced at Police Headquarters, the election return has been under the immediate charge of a police officer whose identity can at any time thereafter be determined. The only appreciable delay occurs in getting the returns from the polling-place to the station-house. This may not require more than one minute in many cases and seldom more than five, except in the rural districts. Allowing two minutes for this work, a time within which many are received, one minute for the work of the Telegraph Bureau, and two minutes for tabulation and announcement, we have a total of five minutes. Within that time returns have been collected from the polling-places in Harlem, transmitted to Mulberry Street, added to returns collected at the same moment from Yorkville, or the Battery, the result tabulated, verified, and announced to the world; candidates and managers are estimating pluralities, and crowds of waiting thousands in the streets are cheering or groaning at the news as it appears from the numerous bulletins and stereopticans.


INDEPENDENT LOCAL IMPROVEMENT ORGANIZATION TICKET.
ANTI-TAMMANY DEMOCRACY TICKET.
HOME RULE PARTY TICKET.
INDEPENDENT CITIZENS ORGANIZATION TICKET.
For a Straight Ticket Mark Within This Circle.
HOME RULE DEMOCRACY FIFTEENTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT
INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN TICKET
ANTI-BLUE-LAW LEAGUE TICKET.

Some of the Unusual Party Emblems Filed by Minor Organizations.

Assembled in the private offices of each Police Commissioner are a few friends intently watching the ticker as it records the returns from the Chief Clerk's office only a few yards away. In the corridors all is excitement and activity; candidates are inquiring for returns from their doubtful districts; messengers are running to and fro; visitors are coming and going, while uniformed police officials gaze curiously at the motley crowd which once a year invades and captures the headquarters of the largest police force in America, and one of the largest in the world.

The only office apparently having nothing to do on election-night is the Election Bureau. The labors of a year have been devoted to preparation, and with canvassing the result it has little to do. At midnight a supper is served to the clerks and officers, and the work is continued for many hours more until the last return is received from the last election district. As the returns at each station-house are completed for that precinct, the regular order of police work is resumed. Some of the officers who have been continuously on duty for twenty-four hours or more are sent out on patrol, while others catch a few hours of sleep. Every blue-coat, from chief to doorman, has worked long and hard; but the election has been quiet, order has been preserved, colonization and fraud have been prevented, and once more we owe our security to the courage and fidelity of our uniformed police.

Election is over. An army of voters, eight times as large as the glorious veteran Army of the Potomac, which for ten and one-half hours tramped triumphantly in solid masses up Pennsylvania Avenue on May 23, 1865, has been organized, divided into battalions, marched to the polls, its ballots counted and the result announced. The people have spoken, and their verdict is law.

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THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1776 ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN*

By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN AND HARRY FENN

THE military transactions which resulted in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, in October, 1777, have been classed among the "Decisive Battles of the World." They were so in the sense that a conspicuous event, one which arrests the attention of mankind, is accepted, inevitably and not wholly unjustly, as a turning-point, when in fact it is at most only representative of a series of incidents, the decisive one of which may lie far back, often obscure, and seemingly trivial until the relations of cause and effect are analyzed. Burgoyne's surrender merited the epithet decisive, because, and only because, it decided the intervention of France. It may be affirmed, with little hesitation, that it was itself the result of naval force timely exerted, and also the cause that other naval force, entering further into the contest, transformed it from a local to a universal war, and assured the independence of the colonies. That the Americans were strong enough to impose the capitulation of Saratoga was due to the invaluable year of delay, secured to them in 1776 by their little navy on Lake Champlain, created by the indomitable energy, and handled with the indomitable courage, of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. That the war spread from America to Europe, from the English Channel to the Baltic, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, from the West Indies to the Mississippi, and ultimately involved the waters of the remote peninsula of Hindostan, is traceable, through Saratoga, to the rude flotilla, which in 1776 anticipated the enemy in the possession of Lake Champlain. The events which thus culminated merit, therefore, a clearer understanding, and a fuller treatment, than their intrinsic importance and petty scale would justify otherwise.

In 1775, only fifteen years had elapsed since the French were expelled from the North American continent. The concentration of their power, during its continuance, in the valley of the St. Lawrence had given direction to the local conflict, and had impressed upon men's minds the importance of Lake Champlain, of its tributary, Lake George, and of the Hudson River, as forming a consecutive, though not continuous, water line of communications, from the St. Lawrence to New York. The strength of Canada against attack by land lay in its remoteness, in the wilderness to be traversed before it was reached, and in the strength of the line of the St. Lawrence, with the fortified posts of Montreal and Quebec on its northern bank. The wilderness, it is true, interposed its passive resistance to attacks from Canada, as well as to attacks upon it; but, when that had been traversed, there were to the southward no such strong natural positions confronting the assailant. Attacks from the south fell upon the front, or at best upon the flank, of the line of the St. Lawrence. Attacks from Canada took New York and its dependencies in the rear.

These elements of natural strength, in the military conditions of the north, had been impressed upon the minds of the Americans by the prolonged resistance of Canada to the greatly superior numbers of the British colonists in the old French wars. Regarded, therefore, as a base for attacks, of a kind with which they were painfully familiar, but to be undergone now under disadvantages of numbers and power never before experienced, it was desirable to gain possession of the St. Lawrence and its posts before they were strengthened and garrisoned. At this outset of hostilities, the

* From a chapter written by Captain Mahan for the "History of the Royal Navy of Great Britain," to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London, and Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. Copyrighted in the United States.

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American insurgents, knowing clearly their own minds, possessed the advantage of the initiative over the British Government, which still hesitated to use against those whom it styled rebels the preventive measures it would have taken at once against a recognized enemy.

Under these circumstances, in May, 1775, a body of two hundred and seventy Americans, led by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, seized the posts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, which were inadequately garrisoned. These are on the upper waters of Lake Champlain, where it is less than a third of a mile wide; Ticonderoga being on a peninsula formed by the lake and the inlet from Lake George, Crown Point on a promontory twelve miles lower down. They were recognized positions of importance, and advanced posts of the British in previous wars. A schooner being found there, Arnold, who had been a seaman, embarked in her and hurried to the foot of the lake. The wind failed him when still thirty miles from St. John's, another fortified post on the lower narrows, where the lake gradually tapers down to the Richelieu River, its outlet to the St. Lawrence. Unable to advance otherwise, Arnold took to his boats with thirty men, rowed throughout the night, and at six the following morning surprised the fort, in which were only a sergeant and a dozen men. He reaped the rewards of celerity. The prisoners informed him that a considerable body of troops was expected from Canada, on its way to Ticonderoga, and this force in fact reached St. John's the next day. When it arrived, Arnold was gone, having carried off a sloop he found there and destroyed everything else that could float. By such trifling means two active officers had secured the temporary control of the lake and of its southern approaches. There being no roads, the British, debarred from the water line, were unable to advance. Sir Guy Carleton, Governor and Commander-in-chief in Canada, strengthened the works at St. John's, and built a schooner; but his force was in adequate to meet that of the Americans.

The seizure of the two posts, being an act of offensive war, was not at once pleasing to the American Congress, which still clung to the hope of reconciliation; but events were marching rapidly, and ere summer was over the invasion of Canada was ordered. On September 4th, General Montgomery, appointed to that enterprise, embarked at Crown Point, with two thousand men, and soon after appeared before St. John's, which, after prolonged operations, capitulated on November 3d. On the 13th, Montgomery entered Montreal, and thence pressed down the St. Lawrence to Pointe aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec. Here he joined Arnold, who in the month of October had crossed the northern wilderness, between the head waters of the Kennebec River and the St. Lawrence. On the way he had endured immense privations, losing five hundred men of the twelve hundred with whom he started; and upon arriving opposite Quebec, on November 10th, three days had been spent unavoidably in collecting boats to pass the river. Crossing on the night of the 13th, this adventurous soldier and his little command climbed the Heights of Abraham by the same path that had served Wolfe so well sixteen years before. With characteristic audacity he summoned the place. The demand was refused of course; but that Carleton did not fall at once upon the little band that bearded him, shows by how narrow a margin Great Britain then held Canada. Immediately after the junction Montgomery advanced upon Quebec, where he appeared on December 5th. Winter having already begun, and neither his numbers nor his equipments being adequate to regular siege operations, he very properly decided to try the desperate chance of an assault upon the strongest fortress in America. This was made on the night of December 31, 1775. Whatever possibility of success there may have been, vanished with the death of Montgomery, who fell at the head of his men.

The American army retired three miles up the river, went into winter quarters, and established a land blockade of Quebec, which was cut off from the sea by the ice. "For five months," wrote Carleton to the Secretary for War, on May 14, 1776, "this town has been closely invested by the rebels." From this unpleasant position it was relieved on May 6th, when signals were exchanged between it and the Surprise, the advance ship of a squadron under Captain Charles Douglas, which had sailed from England on March 11th. Ar-

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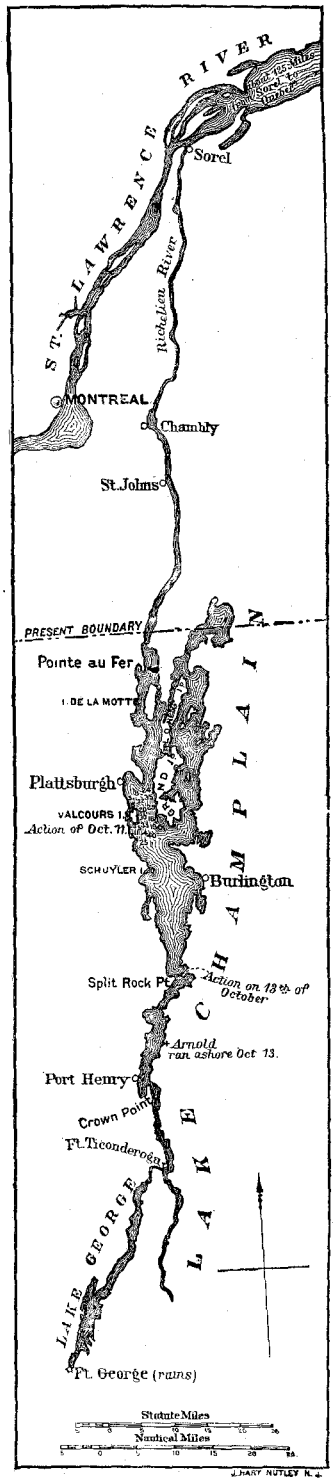
riving off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, on the morning of April 12th, Douglas found ice extending nearly twenty miles to sea, packed too closely to admit of working through it by dexterous steering. The urgency of the case not admitting delay, he ran his ship, the Isis, of fifty guns, with a speed of five knots, against a large piece of ice about ten or twelve feet thick, to test the effect. The ice, probably softened by salt water and salt air, went to pieces. "Encouraged by this experiment," continues Douglas, somewhat magnificently, "we thought it an enterprise worthy an English ship-of-the-line in our king and country's sacred cause, and an effort due to the gallant defenders of Quebec, to make the attempt of pressing her by force of sail through the thick, broad, and closely connected fields of ice, to which we saw no bounds toward the western part of our horizon. Before night (when blowing a snow-storm we brought-to, or rather stopped) we had penetrated about eight leagues into it, describing our path all the way, with bits of the sheathing of the ship's bottom, and sometimes pieces of the cut-water, but none of the oak plank; and it was pleasant enough at times, when we stuck fast, to see Lord Petersham exercising his troops on the crusted surface of that fluid through which the ship had so recently sailed." It took nine days of this work to reach Anticosti Island,



after which the ice seems to have given no more trouble; but further delay was occasioned by fogs, calms, and head winds.

Upon the arrival of the ships-of-war the Americans at once retreated. During the winter, though reinforcements must have been received from time to time, they had wasted from exposure, and from small-pox, which ravaged the camp. On May 1st, the returns showed 1,900 men present, of whom only 1,000 were fit for duty. There were then on hand but three days' provisions, and none other nearer than St. John's. The inhabitants would, of course, render no further assistance after the ships arrived. The navy had decided again the fate of Canada, and was soon also to determine that of Lake Champlain.

When two hundred troops had landed from the ships Carleton marched out, "to see," he said, "what these mighty boasters were about." The sneer was unworthy a man of his generous character, for the boasters had endured much for faint chances of success; and the smallness of the reinforcement which encouraged him to act shows either an extreme prudence on his part, or the narrow margin by which Quebec escaped. He found the enemy busy with preparations for retreat, and upon his appearance they abandoned the camp. Their forces on the two sides of the St. Lawrence being now separated by the hostile shipping, the

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Americans retired first to Sorel, where the Richelieu enters the St. Lawrence, and thence continued to fall back upon Lake Champlain by gradual stages. It was not until June 15th that Arnold quitted Montreal, and at the end of June the united force was still on the Canadian side of the present border line. On July 3d it reached Crown Point, in a pitiable state from smallpox and destitution.

Both parties began at once to prepare for a contest upon Lake Champlain. The Americans, small as their flotilla was, still kept the superiority obtained for them by Arnold's promptitude a year before. On June 25th General Schuyler, commanding the northern department, wrote: "We have happily such a naval superiority on Lake Champlain, that I have a confident hope the enemy will not appear upon it this campaign, especially as our force is increasing by the addition of gondolas, two nearly finished. Arnold, however,"—whose technical knowledge caused him to be entrusted with the naval preparations—"says that three hundred carpenters should be employed and a large number of gondolas, row-galleys, etc., be built, twenty or thirty at least. There is great difficulty in getting the carpenters needed." Arnold's ideas were indeed on a scale worthy of the momentous issues at stake. "To augment our navy on the lake appears to me of the utmost importance. There is water between Crown Point and Pointe au Fer for vessels of the largest size. I am of opinion that row-galleys are the best construction and cheapest for this lake. Perhaps it may be well to have one frigate of thirty-six guns. She may carry eighteen-pounders on the lake, and be superior to any vessel that can be built or floated from St. John's."

Unfortunately for the Americans, their resources in men and means were far inferior to those of their opponents, who were able eventually to carry out, though on a somewhat smaller scale, Arnold's idea of a sailing ship, strictly so called, of force as yet unknown in inland waters. Such a ship, aided as she was with two consorts of somewhat similar character, dominated the lake as soon as she was afloat, reversing all the conditions. To place and equip her, however, required time, invaluable time, during which Arnold's two schooners exercised control. "If we could have begun our expedition four weeks earlier," wrote Baron Riedesel, the commander of the German contingent with Carleton, after examining the American position at Ticonderoga, "I am satisfied that everything would have been ended this year (1776); but, not having shelter nor other necessary things we were unable to remain at the other (southern) end of Champlain." So delay favors the defence and changes issues. What would have been the effect upon the American cause if, simultaneously with the loss of New York (August 20th to September 15th) had come the news that Ticonderoga, whose repute for strength stood high, had fallen also? Nor was this all; for, in that event, the plan which was wrecked in 1777 by Sir William Howe's ill-conceived expedition to the Chesapeake would doubtless have been carried out in 1776. In a contemporary English paper occurs the following significant item: "London, September 26, 1776. Advices have been received here from Canada dated August 12th, that General Burgoyne's army had found it impracticable to get across the lakes this season. The naval force of the Provincials is too great for them to contend with at present. They must build larger vessels for this purpose, and these cannot be ready before next summer. The design *was** that the two armies commanded by Generals Howe and Burgoyne should co-operate; that they should both be on the Hudson River at the same time; that they should join about Albany, and thereby cut off all communication between the northern and southern Colonies." †

As Arnold's more ambitious scheme could not be realized, he had to content himself with gondolas and galleys, for the force he was to command as well as to build. The precise difference between the two kinds of rowing-vessels thus distinguished by name, the writer has not been able to ascertain. The gondola was a flat-bottomed boat, and inferior in nautical qualities—speed, handling, and seaworthiness—to the galleys, which probably were keeled. The latter certainly carried sails, and may have been capable of beating to windward. Arnold preferred them, and stopped the building of gondolas. "The

* Author's italics.
† Remembrancer, vol. iv., p. 291.

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galleys," he wrote, "are quick moving, which will give us a great advantage in the open lake." The complements of the galleys were eighty men, of the gondolas forty-five; from which, and from their batteries, it may be inferred that the latter were between one-third and one-half the size of the former. The armaments of the two were alike in character, but those of the gondolas much lighter. American accounts agree with Captain Douglas's report of one galley captured by the British. In the bows, an eighteen and a twelve-pounder; in the stern, 2 nines; in broadside, from 4 to 6 sixes. There is in this a somewhat droll reminder of the disputed merits of bow, stern, and broadside fire, in a modern iron-clad; and the practical conclusion is much the same. The gondolas had 1 twelve-pounder, and 2 sixes. All the vessels of both parties carried a number of light swivel guns.

Amid the many difficulties which lack of resources imposed upon all American undertakings, Arnold succeeded in getting afloat with three schooners, a sloop, and five gondolas, on the 20th of August. He cruised at the upper end of Champlain till the 1st of September, when he moved rapidly north, and on the 3d, anchored in the lower narrows, twenty-five miles above St. John's, stretching his line from shore to shore. Scouts had kept him informed of the progress of the British naval preparations, so that he knew there was no immediate danger; while an advanced position, maintained with a bold front, would certainly prevent reconnoissances by water, and possibly might impose somewhat upon the enemy. The latter, however, erected batteries on either side of the anchorage, compelling Arnold to fall back to the broader lake. He then had soundings taken about Valcour Island, and between it and the western shore; that being the position in which he intended to make a stand. He retired thither on the 23d of September.

The British on their side had contended with no less obstacles than their adversaries, though of a somewhat different character. To get carpenters and materials to build, and seamen to man, were the chief difficulties of the Americans, the necessities of the seaboard conceding but partially the demands made upon it; but their vessels were built upon the shores of the lake, and launched into navigable waters. A large fleet of transports and ships-of-war in the St. Lawrence supplied the British with adequate resources, which were utilized judiciously and energetically by Captain Douglas; but to get these to the lake was a long and arduous task. A great part of the Richelieu River was shoal, and obstructed by rapids. The point where lake navigation began was St. John's, to which the nearest approach by a hundred-ton schooner, from the St. Lawrence, was Chambly, ten miles below. Flat boats and long boats could be dragged upstream, but vessels of any size had to be transported by land; and the engineers found the road-bed too soft in places to bear the weight of a hundred tons. Under Douglas's directions, the planking and frames of two schooners were taken down at Chambly, and carried round by road to St. John's, where they were again put together. At Quebec, he found building a new hull, of one hundred and eighty tons. This he took apart nearly to the keel, shipping the frames in thirty long-boats, which the transport-captains consented to surrender, together with their carpenters, for service on the lake. Drafts from the ships-of-war, and volunteers from the transports, furnished a body of seven hundred seamen for the same employment, a force to which the Americans could oppose nothing equal, commanded as it was by regular naval officers. The largest vessel was ship-rigged, and had a battery of eighteen twelve-pounders; she was called the Inflexible. The two schooners, Maria and Carleton, carried respectively fourteen and twelve six-pounders. These were the backbone of the British flotilla. There were also a radeau, and a large gondola, heavily armed; but, being equally heavy of movement, they do not appear to have played any important part. Besides these, when the expedition started, there were twenty gun-boats, each carrying one field piece, from twenty-fours to nine-pounders; or, in some cases, howitzers.*

"By all these means," wrote Douglas on July 21st, "our acquiring an absolute dominion over Lake Champlain is not

* The radeau had six twenty-four-pounders, six twelves, and two howitzers; the gondola seven nine-pounders. The particulars of armament are from Douglas's letters.

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doubted of." The expectation was perfectly sound; with a working breeze, the Inflexible alone could sweep the lake clear of all that floated on it. But the element of time remained. From the day of this writing till that on which he saw the Inflexible leave St. John's, October 4th, was over ten weeks, and it was not until the 9th that Carleton was ready to advance with the squadron. By that time the American troops at the head of the lake had increased to eight or ten thousand. The British land force is reported* as thirteen thousand, of which six thousand were in garrison at St. John's and elsewhere.

Arnold's last reinforcements reached him at Valcour, on October 6th. On this day, and in the action of the 11th, he had with him all the American vessels on the lake, except one schooner and one galley. His force, thus, was two schooners and a sloop, broadside vessels, besides four galleys and eight gondolas, which may safely be assumed to have depended on their bow guns; there, at least, was their heaviest fire. Thus reckoned, his flotilla, disposed to the best advantage, could bring into action at one time, 2 eighteens, 13 twelves, 1 nine, 2 sixes, 12 fours, and 2 two-pounders, independent of swivels; total, 32 guns, out of 84 that were mounted in 15 vessels. To this the British had to oppose, in three broadside vessels, 9 twelves and 13 sixes, and in twenty gunboats, 20 other brass guns, "from twenty-fours to nines, some with howitzers;" † total, 42 guns. In this statement the radeau and the gondola have not been included because of their unmanageableness. Included, as broadside vessels, they would raise the British armament—by 3 twenty-fours, 3 twelves, 4 nines, and a howitzer—to a total of 53 guns. Actually they could be brought into action only under exceptional circumstances, and are more properly omitted.

These minutiæ are necessary for the proper appreciation of what Captain Douglas justly called "a momentous event." It was a strife of pygmies for the prize of a continent, and the leaders are entitled to full credit, both for their antecedent energy and for their dispositions in the contest; not least the unhappy man who, having done so much to save his country, afterward blasted his name by a treason unsurpassed in modern war. Energy and audacity had preserved so far the lake to the Americans; Arnold determined to have one more try of the chances. He did not know the full force of the enemy, but he expected that "it would be very formidable, if not equal to ours." The season, however, was so near its end, that a severe check would equal a defeat and postpone Carleton's further advance to the next spring. Besides, what was the worth of such a force as the American, such a flotilla, under the guns of Ticonderoga; the lake being lost? It was eminently a case for taking chances, even if the detachment were sacrificed, as it was.

Arnold's original purpose had been to fight under way, and it was from this point of view that he valued the galleys, because of their mobility. It is uncertain when he first learned the rig and battery of the Inflexible;‡ but a good lookout was kept, and the British fleet was sighted from Valcour when it quitted the narrows. It may have been seen even earlier, for Carleton had been informed, erroneously, that the Americans were near Grand Island, which led him to incline to that side, and so open out Valcour sooner. The British anchored for the night of October 10th between Grand and Long§ Islands. Getting under way next morning, they stood up the lake with a strong northeast wind, keeping along Grand Island, upon which their attention doubtless was fastened by the intelligence they had received; but it was a singular negligence thus to run to leeward with a fair wind, without thorough scouting on both hands. The consequence was that the American flotilla was not discovered until Valcour Island, which is from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty feet high throughout its two miles of length, was so far passed, that the attack had to be made from the south—from to leeward.

When the British were first made out, Arnold's second in command, Waterbury,

* By American reports. Beatson gives the force sent out, in the spring of 1776, as 13,357 ("Military and Naval Memoirs," vol. vi., p. 44).

† Douglas's letters.

‡ Douglas thought that the appearance of the Inflexible was a complete surprise; but Arnold had been informed that a third vessel, larger than the schooners, was being set up. With a man of his character, it is impossible to be sure, from his letters to his superior, how much he knew, or what he withheld.

§ Now called North Hero.

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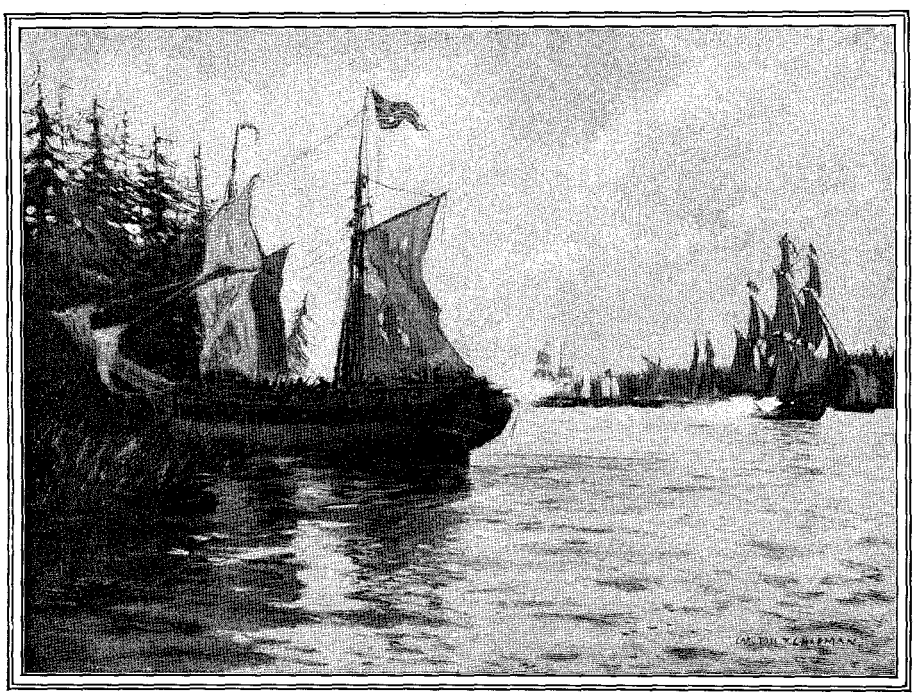

The Royal Savage Ashore.

Three shots from the ship's (Inflexible) twelve pounders struck the Savage, which then ran ashore on the southern point of the island (Valcour).—Page 154.

urged that in view of the enemy's superiority the flotilla should get under way at once, and fight them "on a retreat in the main lake;" the harbor being disadvantageous "to fight a number so much superior, and the enemy being able to surround us on every side, we lying between an island and the main." With sounder judgment Arnold decided to hold on. A retreat before square-rigged sailing vessels having a fair wind, by a heterogeneous force like his own, of unequal speeds and batteries, could result only in disaster. Concerted fire and successful escape were alike improbable; and besides, escape, if feasible, was but throwing up the game. Better trust to a steady, well-ordered position, developing the utmost fire. If the enemy discovered him, and came in by the northern entrance, there was a five-foot knoll in mid-channel which might fetch the biggest of them up; if, as proved, the island was passed, and the attack was made from to leeward, it would probably be partial and in disorder, as also happened. The correctness of Arnold's decision not to chance a flight was shown in the retreat of two days later.

Valcour is on the west side of the lake, about three-quarters of a mile from the main; but a peninsula projecting from the island at mid-length narrows this interval to a half-mile. From the accounts, it is clear that the American flotilla lay south of this peninsula. Arnold had, therefore, a reasonable hope that it might be passed undetected. Writing to Gates, the Commander-in-chief at Ticonderoga, he said: "There is a good harbor, and if the enemy venture up the lake it will be impossible for them to take advantage of our situation. If we succeed in our attack upon them, it will be impossible for any to escape. If we are worsted, our retreat is open and free. In case of wind, which generally blows fresh at this season, our craft will make good weather, while theirs cannot keep the lake." It is apparent from this, written three weeks before the battle, that he then was not expecting a force materially different from his own. Later on, he describes his position as being "in a small bay on the west side of the island, as near together as possible, and in such a form that few vessels can attack us at the

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same time, and those will be exposed to the fire of the whole fleet." Though he unfortunately gives no details, he evidently had sound tactical ideas. The formation of the anchored vessels is described by the British officers as a half moon.

When the British discovered the enemy they hauled up for them. Arnold ordered one of his schooners, the Royal Savage, and the four galleys, to get under way; the two other schooners and the eight gondolas remaining at their anchors. The Royal Savage dropping to leeward—by bad management, Arnold says—came, apparently unsupported, under the distant fire of the Inflexible, as the latter drew under the lee of Valcour at 11 A.M., followed by the Carleton, and at a greater distance by the Maria and the gunboats. Three shots from the ship's twelve-pounders struck the Savage, which then ran ashore on the southern point of the island. The Inflexible, still followed closely by the Carleton, continued on, but fired only occasionally; showing that Arnold was keeping his galleys in hand, at long bowls—as small vessels with one eighteen should be kept when confronted with a broadside of nine guns. Between the island and the main the northeast wind doubtless drew more northerly, adverse to the ships' approach, but a flaw off the cliffs taking the fore and aft sails of the Carleton, she fetched "nearly into the middle of the rebel half moon, where Lieutenant Dacres intrepidly anchored with a spring on her cable." The Maria, on board which was General Carleton, together with Captain Pringle, commanding the flotilla, was to leeward when the chase began, and could not get into close action that day.

By this time, seventeen of the twenty gun-boats had come up, and, after silencing the Royal Savage, pulled up to within point-blank range of the American flotilla. "The cannonade was tremendous," wrote Baron Riedesel. Lieutenant Longcroft, of the radeau, not being able to get his raft into action, went with a boat's crew on board the Savage, and for a time turned her guns upon her former friends; but the fire of the latter forced him again to abandon her, and it seemed so likely that she might be retaken, that she was set on fire by Lieutenant Starke of the Maria, when already "two rebel boats were very near her. She soon after blew up." Her timbers are still visible when the water of the lake is low. The American guns converging on the Carleton in her central position, she suffered severely. Her commander, Dacres, was knocked senseless; another officer lost an arm; only Pellew, afterward Lord Exmouth, remained fit for duty. The spring being shot away, she swung bows on to the enemy, and her fire was thus silenced. Captain Pringle signalled to her to withdraw; but she was unable to obey. To pay her head off the right way, Pellew himself had to get out on the bowsprit under a heavy fire of musketry, to bear the jib over to windward; but to make sail seems to have been impossible. Two artillery boats were sent to her assistance, "which towed her off through a very thick fire, until out of farther reach, much to the honor of Mr. John Curling and Mr. Patrick Carnegy, master's mate and midshipman of the Isis, who conducted them; and of Mr. Edward Pellew, mate of the Blonde, who threw the tow rope from the Carleton's bowsprit."* This service on board the Carleton started Pellew on his road to fortune; but singularly enough the lieutenancy promised him in consequence, by both the First Lord and Lord Howe, was delayed by the fact that he stayed to the front, instead of going to the rear, where he would be "within their jurisdiction."† The Carleton had two feet of water in the hold, and had lost eight killed and six wounded—about half her crew—when she anchored out of fire. In this small but stirring business, the Americans, in addition to the Royal Savage, had lost one gondola. Besides the injuries to the Carleton, a British artillery boat, commanded by a German lieutenant, was sunk. Toward evening the Inflexible got within point-blank shot of the Americans, "when five broadsides," wrote Douglas, "silenced their whole line." One fresh ship, with scantling for sea-going, and a concentrated battery, has an unquestioned advantage over a dozen light-built craft, carrying one or two guns each, and already several hours engaged.

At nightfall the Inflexible dropped out of range, and the British squadron anchored in line of battle across the southern end of

* Douglas's letter.
† Sandwich to Pellew.

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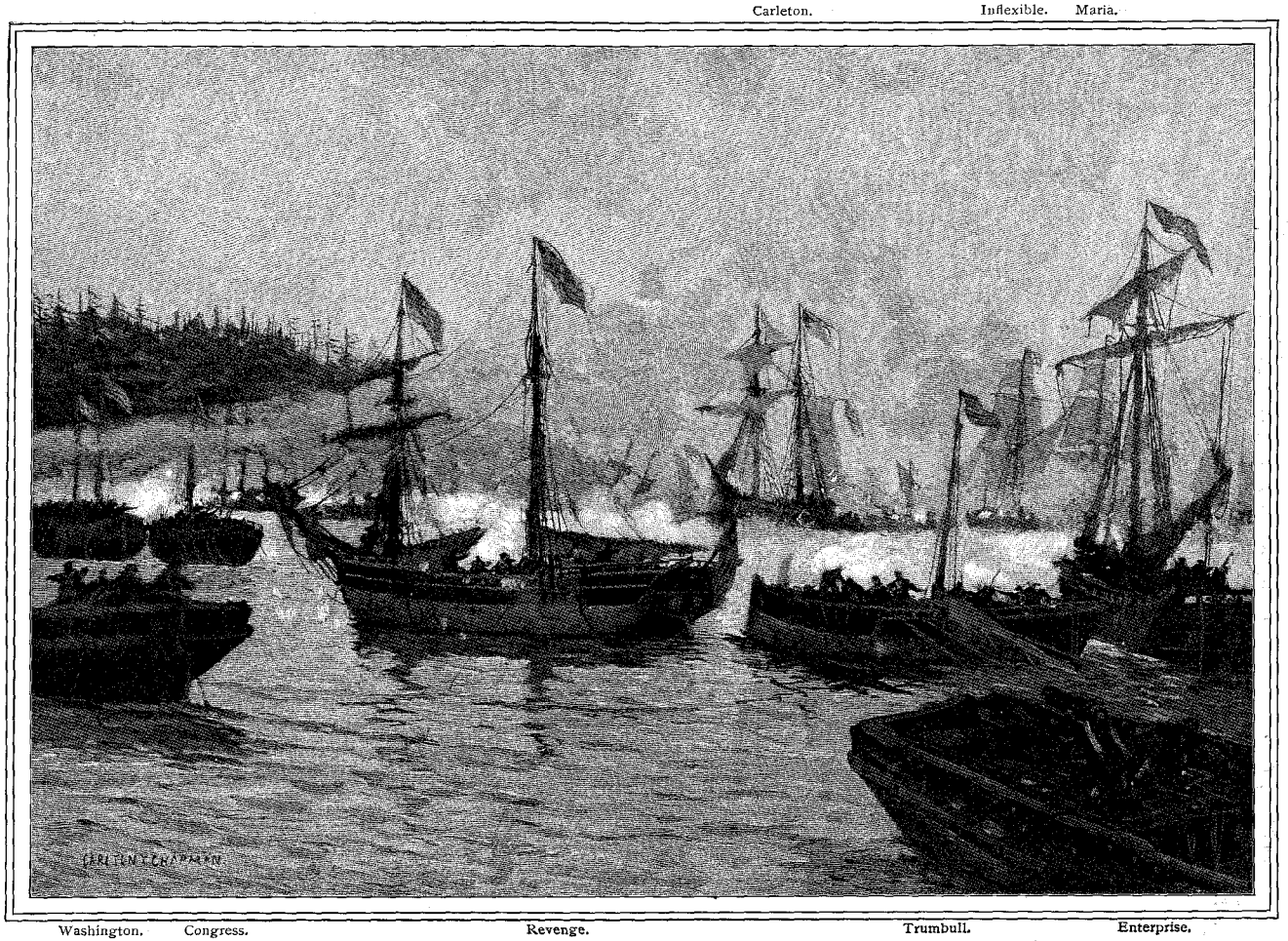

Drawn by Carleton T. Chapman.

The Engagement of October 11th—The American Guns Converging on the Carleton.

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the passage between the island and the main; some vessels were extended also to the eastward, into the open lake. "The best part of my intelligence," wrote Burgoyne next day from St. John's, to Douglas at Quebec, "is that our whole fleet was formed in line above the enemy, and consequently, they must have surrendered this morning, or given us battle on our own terms. The Indians and light troops are abreast with the fleet; they cannot, therefore, escape by land." The British squadron sharing this confidence, a proper lookout was not kept. The American leader immediately held a conference with his officers, and decided to attempt a retreat, "which was done with such secrecy," writes Waterbury, "that we went through them entirely undiscovered." The movement began at 7 P.M., the galley Trumbull, commanded by Colonel Wigglesworth, of Massachusetts, leading the column, with just sail enough for steerage way; her stern lantern so masked as to be visible only to vessels immediately in her wake. The gondolas and schooners followed cautiously, observing the strictest silence, Arnold and his second bringing up the rear in the two heaviest galleys. This delicate operation was favored by a heavy fog, which did not clear till the next morning at eight o'clock; as the Americans crept by, they could see none of the hostile squadron. By daylight they were out of sight of the British. Riedesel, speaking of this event, says: "The ships anchored, secure of the enemy, who stole off during the night, and sailing round the left wing, aided by a favorable wind, escaped under darkness." The astonishment next morning, he continues, was great, as was Carleton's rage. The latter started to pursue in such a hurry that he forgot to leave orders for the troops which had been landed; but, failing to discover the fugitives, he returned and remained at Valcour till nightfall, when scouts brought word that the enemy were at Schuyler's Island, eight miles above.

The retreat of the Americans had been embarrassed by their injuries, and by the wind coming out ahead. They had to anchor on the 12th, to repair damages, both hulls and sails having suffered severely. Arnold took the precaution also to write to Crown Point for bateaux, to tow in case of a southerly wind, but time was not allowed for these to arrive. Two gondolas were now sunk on account of their injuries, making three of that class so far lost. The retreat was resumed at 2 P.M., but the breeze was fresh from the southward, and the gondolas made very little way. At evening the British chased again. That night the wind moderated, and at daybreak the American flotilla was twenty-eight miles from Crown Point — fourteen from Valcour — having still five miles' start. Later, however, by Arnold's report, "the wind again breezed up to the southward, so that we gained very little either by beating or rowing. At the same time the enemy took a fresh breeze from northeast, and by the time we had reached Split Rock were alongside of us." The galleys of Arnold and Waterbury, the Congress and the Washington, had kept in the rear throughout, and now received the brunt of the attack, made by the Inflexible and the two schooners, which had entirely distanced their sluggish consorts. This fight was in the upper narrows, where the lake is from one to three miles wide, and lasted, by Arnold's report, for five glasses (two hours and a half),* the Americans continually retreating, until about ten miles from Crown Point. There, the Washington having struck some time before, and final escape being impossible, Arnold ran his own galley and four gondolas ashore in a small creek on the east side; pulling to windward, with the cool judgment that had marked all his conduct, so that the enemy could not follow him—except in small boats with which he could deal. There he set his vessels on fire, and stood by them until assured that they would blow up with their flags flying. He then retreated to Crown Point through the woods, "despite the savages;" a phrase which concludes this singular aquatic contest with a quaint touch of local color.

In three days of fighting and retreating the Americans lost one schooner, two galleys, and seven gondolas—in all, ten vessels out of fifteen. The killed and wounded amounted to over eighty, twenty-odd of which were in Arnold's galley. The original force, numbering seven hundred, had been decimated. Considering its raw material and the recency of its organization, words can scarcely exaggerate the heroism of this resistance, which undoubtedly de-

* Beatson, "Naval and Military Memoirs," says two hours.

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Drawn by Carleton T. Chapman.

The Running Fight.

The American flotilla of gondolas and galleys retreating.

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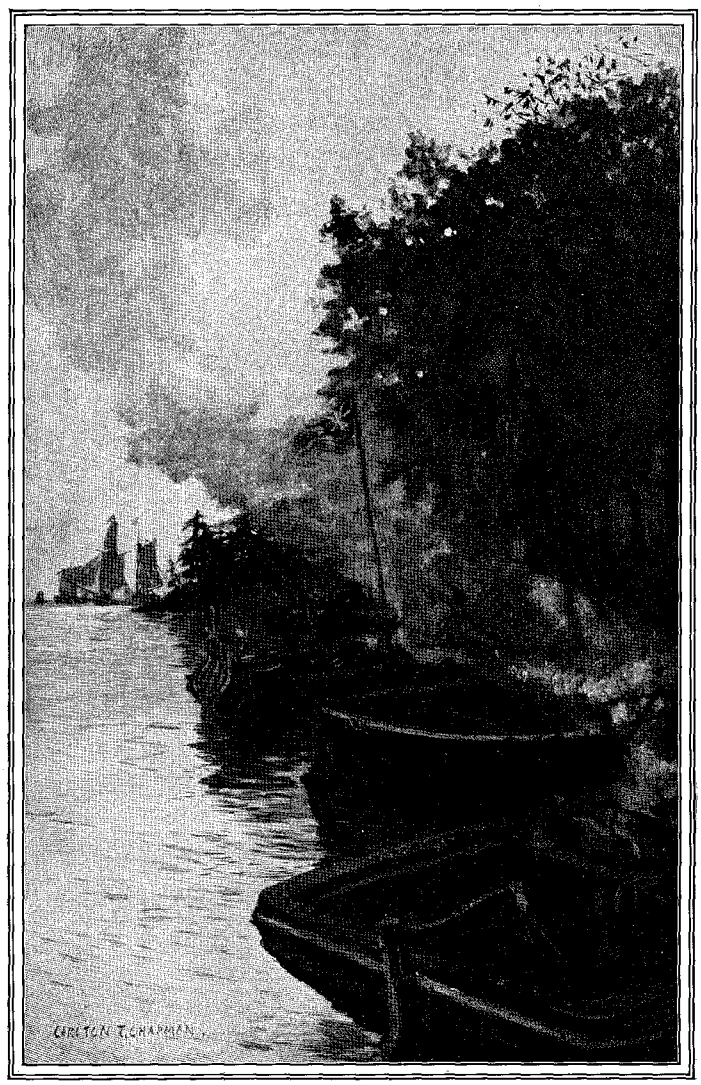
pended chiefly upon the personal military qualities of the leader. The British loss in killed and wounded did not exceed forty.

The little American navy on Lake Champlain was wiped out, but never had any force, big or small, lived to better purpose or died more gloriously; for it had saved the lake for that year. Whatever deductions may be made for blunders, and for circumstances of every character, which made the British campaign of 1777 abortive and disastrous, and so led directly to the American alliance with France in 1778, the delay, with all that it involved, was obtained by the lake campaign of 1776. On October 15th, two days after Arnold's final defeat, Carleton dated a letter to Douglas from before Crown Point, whence the American garrison was withdrawn. A week later Riedesel arrived, and wrote that, "were our whole army here it would be an easy matter to drive the enemy from their entrenchments," at Ticonderoga, and, as has been quoted already, four weeks sooner would have insured its fall. It is but a coincidence that just four weeks were required to set up the Inflexible at St. John's; but it typifies the whole story. Save for Arnold's flotilla, the two British schooners would have settled the business. "Upon the whole, sir," wrote Douglas in his final letter from Quebec before sailing for England, "I scruple not to say, that had not General Carleton authorized me to take the extraordinary measure of sending up the Inflexible from Quebec, things could not this year have been brought to so glorious a conclusion on Lake Champlain." Douglas further showed the importance attached to this success by men of that day, by sending a special message to the British ambassador at Madrid, "presuming that the early knowledge of this great event in the southern parts of Europe may be of advantage to His Majesty's service." That the opinion of the government was



Arnold's Galley and Four Gondolas Ashore.

Arnold set his vessels on fire, and stood by them until assured that they would blow up with their flags flying.—Page 156.

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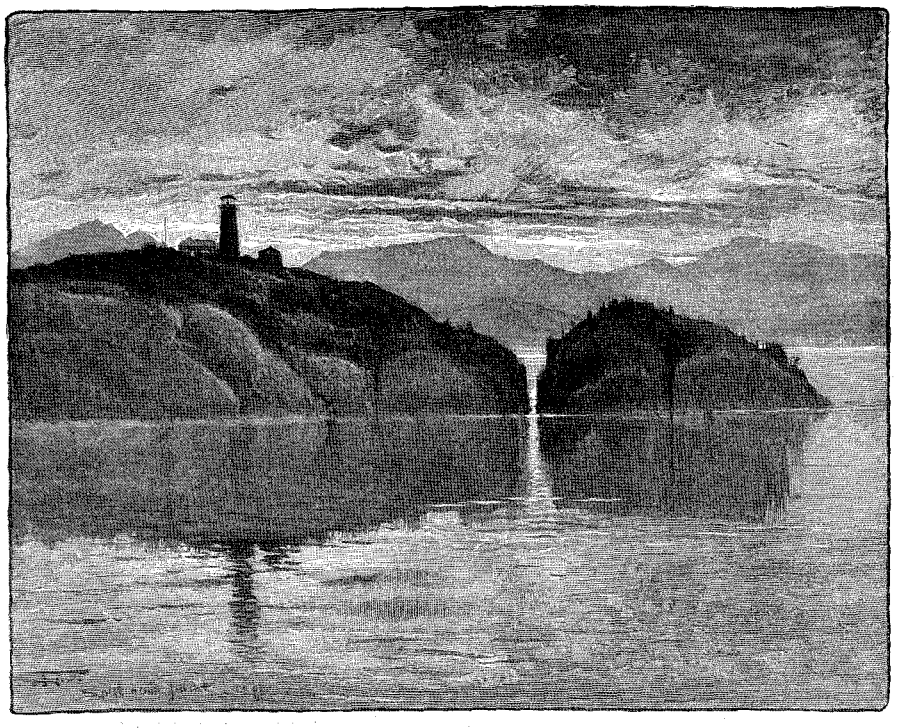

Split Rock Point. (At the Present Day.)

Scene of the action of October 13, 1776.

similar may be inferred from the numerous rewards bestowed. Carleton was made a knight of the Bath, and Douglas a baronet.

In no case where the British and the Americans have met upon the water, has a serious charge of personal misconduct been proved against any individual; and the gallantry shown upon occasion by both sides upon Lake Champlain in 1776 is evident from the foregoing narrative. With regard to the direction of movements—the skill of the two leaders—the same equal credit cannot be assigned. It was a very serious blunder on October 11th, to run to leeward, passing a concealed enemy, undetected, upon waters so perfectly well known as Champlain was; it having been the scene of frequent British operations in recent wars. Owing to this, "the Maria, because of her distant situation (from which the Inflexible and Carleton had chased by signal) when the rebels were first discovered, and baffling winds could not get into close action."* For the same reason the Inflexible could not support the Carleton. The Americans, in the aggregate distinctly inferior, were thus permitted a concentration of superior force upon the part of their enemies. It is needless to enlarge upon the mortifying incident of Arnold's escape that evening. To liken small things to great—always profitable in military analysis—it resembled Hood's slipping away from DeGrasse at St. Kitts.

In conduct and courage, Arnold's behavior was excellent throughout. Without enlarging upon the energy which created the flotilla, and the breadth of view which suggested preparations that he could not enforce, admiration is due to his recognition of the fact—implicit in deed, if unexpressed in word—that the one use of the navy was to contest the control of the water; to impose delay, even if it could not secure ultimate victory. No words could say more clearly than do his actions that, under the existing conditions, the navy was useless, except as it contributed to this

* Douglas's letters. The sentence is awkward, but carefully compared with the copy in the author's hands. Douglas says, of the details he gives, that "they have been collected with the most scrupulous circumspection."

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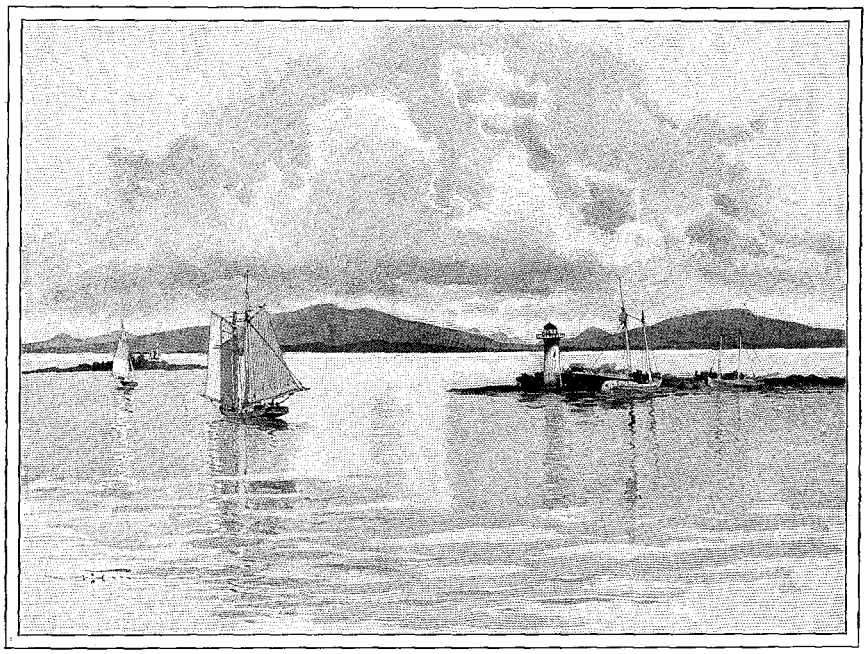

The Green Mountains from Plattsburg, Lake Champlain. (At the Present Day.)

Scene of the action of October 11, 1776.

end; valueless, if buried in port. Upon this rests the merit of his bold advance into the lower narrows; upon this his choice of the strong defensive position at Valcour; upon this his refusal to retreat as urged by Waterbury, when the full force of the enemy was disclosed—a decision justified, or, rather, illustrated, by the advantages which the accidents of the day threw into his hands. His personal gallantry was conspicuous there as at all times of his life. "His countrymen," said a generous enemy of that day, "chiefly gloried in the dangerous attention which he paid to a nice point of honor, in keeping his flag flying and not quitting his galley till she was in flames, lest the enemy should have boarded, and struck it." It is not the least of the injuries done to his nation in after years, that he should have silenced this boast and effaced this glorious record by so black an infamy.

With the destruction of the flotilla ends the naval story of the lakes during the war of the American Revolution. Satisfied that it was too late to proceed against Ticonderoga that year, Carleton withdrew to St. John's and went into winter quarters. The following year the enterprise was resumed under General Burgoyne; but Sir William Howe, instead of co-operating by an advance up the Hudson, which was the plan of 1776, carried his army to Chesapeake Bay, to act thence against Philadelphia. Burgoyne took Ticonderoga and forced his way as far as Saratoga, sixty miles from Ticonderoga and thirty from Albany, where Howe should have met him. Here he was brought to a stand by the army which the Americans had collected, found himself unable to advance or to retreat, and was forced to lay down his arms, October 17, 1777. The garrisons left by him at Ticonderoga and Crown Point retired to Canada, and the posts were reoccupied by the Americans. No further contest took place on the lake, though the British vessels remained in control of it, and showed themselves from time to time up to 1781. With the British declaration of war against France, March 13, 1778, the scene of interest shifted to salt water, and there remained till the end.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER IV

IT is not proposed to attempt any relation of that part of the lives of the persons in this record which was covered by the four years of war. That period was too tremendous to be made a mere fragment of any history. "After that the deluge."

What pen could properly tell the story of those four years; what fittingly record the glory of that struggle, hopeless from the beginning, yet ever appearing to pluck success from the very abyss of impossibility, and by the sheer power of valor to reverse the laws of nature and create the consummation it desired in the face of insuperable force.

It was a great formative force in every life that participated in it. It stamped itself on every face. The whole county emptied itself into it. They went into it boys and came out of it men, striplings and came out of it heroes. But the eye once fastened on that flaming fire would be blinded for any lesser light.

If the part that the men played in the war must be passed over in silence as too large for this history, how much more impossible would it be to describe the part that the women performed. It was a harder part to fill, yet they filled it, good measure, overflowing. Wherever a Southern woman stood during those four years, there in her small person was a garrison of the South, impregnable.

Year after year the mills of war ground steadily array after array, and crushed province after province, and still the ranks filled and poured with intrepid daring into the abyss of destruction, to be ground like their predecessors to dust; until at the end there was none left to grind. Some day the historian—annalist or novelist—may arise to tell this mighty story; but meantime this pen must pass it by as too great a theme and deal with the times that come after.

Colonel Gray, who had been early promoted, fell at the head of his regiment on one of the great days which are the milestones of history. His body was brought home and buried in the old graveyard at Red Rock among generations of Grays, of whom, as old Mr. Langstaff, who had been bodily hauled back to his parish by his congregation, said to the neighbors and servants about the grave, not one was a better or braver man, or a truer gentleman.

When it was all over, and the neighbors had gone home, and the servants had retired to their quarters, hushed to that vague quietude that follows the last putting away in the earth of those who have been near to us, Jacquelin came out of the old office where he had held that last interview with his father, and walked into his mother's room. His shoulders were square, and his figure erect. She rose from her knees as he entered, and stood before him in her black dress, her face deadly white, her eyes full of fear fastened on his face.

"Mamma——" He stopped as if that were all he had to say, and perhaps it was, for Mrs. Gray seated herself calmly.

"Yes, my son." The fine sad eyes grew wistful. How like he was to his father!

"——Because, you know, there ought to be one of us in the old company, mamma," he said, quite as if he had spoken the other sentence.

"Yes, my son, I know;" and the mother sighed, her heart breaking in spite of her resolve to be brave.

"And I am the only man of the name

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now—and I am fifteen, and a whole head taller than Andy Stamper."

"Yes, I know, my son." She had noticed it that day, and had known this would come.

"And he is one of the best soldiers in the army. *He* said so. And if—if anything happens you have Rupert." He went on arguing as if his mother had not agreed with him.

"Yes, my son, I know." And Mrs. Gray rose suddenly and flung herself into his arms and hugged him and clung to him, and wept on his shoulder, as if he were his father.

So the change comes: the boy in little trousers suddenly stands before the mother a man, a soldier; the little girl who was in her pinafores yesterday, to-day has stepped into full-blown womanhood.

General Legaie offered to make a place on his staff for Jacquelin; but Jacquelin declined it. He wished to go into the Red Rock troop, of which Steve Allen was now a lieutenant.

"Because, mamma, all the men are in it, and there must be one of the Grays in the old company," he said.

Doan, of course, expected to go with his master, but Mrs. Gray vetoed it. She was afraid Doan might be killed, young men were so rash. She remembered that Doan was his mother's only son. So by a compromise old Waverley was sent.

The year after Jacquelin went away the tide of war rolled nearer to the old county, and the next year—that which had been deemed impossible befell—it swept over it.

When the invading army had passed, the county was scarcely recognizable.

Jacquelin's career in the army was only that of many others—indeed, of many thousands of others; he went in a boy, but a boy who could ride any horse and all day and night, sleep on stones or in mud; and if he was told to go anywhere would go as firmly and as surely if it were among bayonets or belching guns as if it were a garden of roses.

Being the youngest man in his company, he naturally might have been a favorite in any case; but when he was always ready to shoe a horse or to stand an extra tour of guard-duty, or to do anything else for a comrade, it placed his popularity beyond question. They used to call him "the baby," but after a sharp cavalry fight on a hill-top one afternoon they stopped this. Legaie's brigade charged, and finding infantry entrenched, were retiring amid smoke and dust and bullets, when Jacquelin missing Morris Cary, who had been near him but a moment before, suddenly turned and galloped back through the smoke. Two or three men shouted and stopped, and Steve suddenly wheeled and dashed back after the boy, followed by Andy Stamper and the whole company. There was a rally with the whole Red Rock troop in the lead, Steve Allen and little Andy Stamper shouting and sabring like mad, which changed the fortune of the day.

Poor Morris was found under his horse past help; but they brought his body out of the fray, and Jacquelin sent him home, with a letter which was harder to write than any charge he had ever made, or was to make—harder even than to tell Dr. Cary, who was at the field hospital. And after that Andy Stamper "allowed that Jacquelin's cradle was big enough for him" (Andy), which it certainly was, by linear measurement, at least.

Blair's letter to Jacquelin, in reply, was more than General Legaie's mention of his name in his report.

Blair was growing up to be almost a woman now—women as well as men age rapidly amid battles—and nearly every letter Jacquelin received from home had something about her.

"What a pretty girl Blair has grown to be. You have no idea how we all lean on her," his mother wrote. Or Miss Thomasia would say:

"I wish you could have heard Blair sing in church last Sunday. Her voice has developed unspeakable sweetness. It reminded me of her grandmother, when I can first remember her."

It was not a great while after this that Jacquelin himself went down one day, and had to be fought over, and though he fared better than poor Morris Cary, in that the bullet which brought him down only smashed his leg instead of finding his heart, it resulted in Steve getting both himself and his horse shot, and Jacquelin being left in the enemy's hands, along with Andy Stamper, who had fought over him like the game little bantam that he was, until a big Irish sergeant knocked him in

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the head with a carbine-barrel, and came near ending the line of the Stampers then and there. Happily Andy came to after awhile, and was taken along with Jacquelin and sent to Point Lookout.

Jacquelin and Andy stayed a long time in prison, Andy because he was a hardy and untamed little warrior, of the kind which was drawn last for exchange, and Jacquelin partly because he was unable to travel on account of his wound and partly because he would not apply for an exchange to leave Andy.

One day, however, Andy got a letter which seriously affected him. It told him that Delia Dove was said to be going to marry Washy Still. Within a week little Andy, whose constitution had hitherto appeared of iron, was in the hospital. The doctor told Jacquelin that he thought he was going to die.

That night Jacquelin scribbled a line to Andy, and got a nurse, Miss Bush, a small, thin woman with a sharp nose and a complaining voice, but a kind heart, to take it to him.

It ran: "Hold on for Delia's sake. I am going to get an exchange, and you will, too."

"Who is Delia?" asked the nurse, who was doubtful. It was against orders.

"His sweetheart."

The nurse took the note. In a week Andy was ready to be out of the hospital.

The next morning Jacquelin and the doctor had a long talk, and later on Jacquelin and the nurse; and when the next draft for exchange came the name of Jacquelin Gray was on it, but Andy Stamper's was not. So the nurse told him. But that afternoon when the line of prisoners for exchange marched out of the prison yard Andy Stamper was in it, leaning on a crutch and with his blanket pulled up around his face, and Jacquelin was watching from a corner of the hospital window. As the last guard filed out behind the line and the big gate swung to, Jacquelin hobbled back to his cot and lay with his face to the wall. The nurse came by presently, and stopping, looked down at him.

"Now you've gone and ruined your chance forever," she said, presently, in the querulous tone habitual with her.

Jacquelin shut his eyes tightly, then opened them and without a word gazed straight at the wall not a foot before him. Suddenly the woman bent close down over him and kissed him.

"You are a dear boy." The next instant she went back to her duty.

An effort was made to get an exchange for Jacquelin, the principal agents being a nurse in the prison hospital and a philanthropical friend of hers, a Mrs. Welch, through whom the nurse had secured her position; but the answer was conclusive:

"He has already been exchanged."

As for Andy, when he reached home, he found the report about Miss Delia Dove to be at least premature. It was not only Mr. Washington Still, but Hiram as well, who was unpleasantly attentive to her; and Miss Delia, after the first burst of genuine delight at Andy's unexpected appearance, proceeded to use the prerogative of her sex and wring her lover's heart by pretending an acceptance of his new rival's attentions. Andy, accordingly, did not stay long at home; but, accepting the renewed proffer of a loan from Hiram Still to buy a horse, was soon back with the boys of the old company, sadly wasted by this time, and only kept up by the new recruits, on whom Andy looked with disdain.

When Wash Still was drafted from the dispensary department of the hospital service, it was some consolation that he was at least banished from dangerous proximity to Miss Delia, but it was hard to have to accept him as a comrade, and Andy's nose was always turned up when he was around.

"Washy Still in place of Jacquelin Gray," he sniffed; "a dinged little 'pothecary—shop-sweeper for a boy as didn't mind bullets no mo' than flies. I bet he's got pills in that pistol now! And he to be a-settin' up to Delia Dove!"

However, a few months later he had his reward.

So it happened that when the end came, Andy was back with the old company, and Jacquelin was still in prison.

CHAPTER V

THE home-coming of the men who had gone to the war was about the same time of the year in which most of them went

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forth. They came home singly or in squads from northward and westward, wherever their commands happened to be when the final collapse came. And, but for certain physical landmarks, they would scarcely have known the old country. The Blue Mountains still stretched across the sky-line, with the nearer spurs nestled at their feet; the streams still ran through the little valleys between the hills, under their willows and sycamores, as they ran when Steve Allen and Jacquelin and the other boys fished and swam in them; but the bridges were gone, and the fishing-holes were dammed with fallen trees, some of them cut down during the battles that had been fought on their banks. And the roads made by the army-wagons often turned out through the unfenced fields and the pillaged and fire-scorched forests.

Dr. Cary, now known as Major Cary from his title as surgeon in General Legaie's brigade, and Captain Allen and Sergeant Stamper came home together as they had ridden away together through the April haze four years before. They had started out from the place of their surrender with a considerable company, who had dropped off from time to time as they had arrived at the roads which took them their several ways, and they were the last to separate. When they parted, it was at the fork where the old brick church had stood when they last passed that way. The church had gone down in the track of war. Nothing remained of it now except fragments of the walls, and even these were already half hidden by the thicket which had grown up around it. It brought the whole situation very close home to them; for they all had memories of it. Dr. Cary had buried his father and mother there, and Stamper and Delia Dove had been married in it not a year before, and they did not have a great many words to speak—perhaps none at all at the very last—only a "Well—Well!" with a rising inflection, and something like a sigh, and then, after a long pause, from the older officer a sudden, "Well, good-by, Steve; good-by, Sergeant. We'll have to begin over again—God bless you—come over and see me; good-by." And from each of the other two, "Good-by, Major—I will—Good-by, Tarquin," to the Major's body-servant; then a couple of hard hand-grips and silence, and the horses went splashing off in the mud, slow and sullen, reluctant to leave each other. All turned once to look back, caught each other's glances, and waved their hands, and then rode on through the mud, their heads sunk, and the two body-servants, old Tarquin and Jerry, following silently behind their masters.

The meeting at home was in the dusk. The little group waiting on the hill-top at Dr. Cary's for the small cavalcade as they rode up through the waning light had been waiting and watching for days; but there were no words spoken at the meeting. Only Mrs. Cary walked out from the others and met her husband a part of the way down the hill, and Blair followed her a moment after.

When the Doctor reached his door, walking between his wife and daughter, an arm around each, he turned to his body-servant, who was holding the horses:

"Tarquin, you are free. I present you the horse you rode home. Take the saddles off and turn them out." And he walked into the house, speaking by name to the servants clustered about the door.

It was only when he was inside, facing the portrait of a young boy with handsome dark eyes that he gave way.

The very next day Dr. Cary, to use a commercial phrase, began to "take stock."

"Taking stock" is always a serious thing to do, and it must come often into every thoughtful man's life. So Dr. Cary felt that soft spring morning as he stood on the front porch of the roomy and rambling old mansion where the Carys had made the Birdwood hospitality celebrated for a hundred years, and looked across the wide lawn, once well trimmed and filled with shrubbery and flowers, now ragged and torn. His eye took in the whole scene. The wide fields once teeming with life, stretched before him empty and silent, the fences were broken down or had disappeared altogether, and yet the grass was fresh and green, the trees and bushes were just bursting from bud to leaf; the far-off mountains rose blue and tender across the newly washed sky, the birds were flitting and singing, and somewhere around the house a young girl's voice was singing sweeter than any of the birds. The look on the Doctor's face was for

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a moment one of deep gravity if not of dejection, but it passed away the next instant as Blair's song reached him and as a step sounded behind him, and a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, followed by an even softer touch on his arm, as his wife's face rested for a moment against it. At the caressing touch his expression changed, and when he spoke it was with a new light in his eyes and a new tone in his voice.

"Well, Bess, we'll begin all over again. We've got each other, and we have Blair, and we have—the land—at least—I think we have the land—I don't suppose they'll take that away—if they do—why, we have each other and Blair, anyhow. If we only had the boy." He turned his face away. "I was just thinking of him."

"He died for his country," said the mother, proudly.

"He died like a soldier." He looked down into his wife's eyes.

"Yes." And she sighed deeply.

"We have to take care of what's left. Where is Jim Sherwood? I have not seen him."

"He has gone."

"What!" The Doctor gave a whistle of amazement. "I'd almost as soon have expected Mammy Krenda and Tarquin to leave."

Jim was one of the most trusted men about the place, a sort of preacher and leader, and had married, as his third wife, Mammy Krenda's daughter Jane, who was Mrs. Cary's own maid.

"Jim has gone. He went two weeks ago, and I was rather glad he went," said Mrs. Cary. "He had never been quite the same since the Yankees came through; had changed more than almost anyone of them who remained. He had been preaching a good deal lately, and seemed to be stirring the others up more than I liked. There seemed to have been some influence at work among them that I could not understand; it was said that Mr. Still, Helen's manager—But I don't know—I heard them one night, at the house, and went out to the church where they were, and found them in a great state of excitement. They quieted down when I appeared. That repulsive creature, Mr. Gray's Moses, was there, and I ordered him home, and gave them a talk, and the next morning Jim Sherwood was missing too, and a few days later Jane said she had to go also. I told them they were free, but if they remained here they must observe my regulations. I put Gideon in charge, and told him you would look to him to keep order till you came, and he has done so to the best of his ability, I believe. I hear that he gave Jim Sherwood to understand that he would have no more of his preaching here for the present, and that if he wanted to preach for Hiram Still he could go to Red Rock and do it, not here. And now you are here, this is the end of my stewardship, and I surrender it into your hands."

She made her husband, half-mockingly, a profound courtesy—perhaps to turn off the serious thoughts which her words called up. But the Doctor declared that at least one of her slaves recognized too well the blessing of servitude to such a mistress to wish for freedom, and that he declined to assume control.

"Why, Bess, we men fought a quarter of the war and you women fought three-quarters. Do you imagine we want to depose you?"

Just then a young girl came around the corner of the house, her dark eyes full of light, her hair blown back from her forehead by the morning breeze, and her hands full of jonquils and other early flowers. Her face was glowing with the exercise she had been taking, and her whole person was radiant with youth.

"The morn is breaking. Here comes Aurora," said her father, at which Miss Blair's cheeks glowed only the more.

It was proposed by the Doctor that they should invite such of their friends as had arrived at home and could be reached, to a dinner.

Mrs. Cary, smiling, began to give what she called her menu, in which corn-bread, dried fruit, black-eyed peas and welcome figured as the principal dishes. She laughed heartily at her husband's dumb amazement.

"Bess," said the Doctor, humbly, "I retract what I said a little while ago about our having fought a fourth of the war, it was the speech of a braggart," and having followed her with his eyes as she went into the house, he walked around to have a talk with his negroes.

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He found a number of them congregated and evidently expecting something of the kind.

"Gideon, tell the men I wish to speak to them."

In fifteen minutes they had collected. He called them all up, and standing on the portico of the office where he had been accustomed to speak to them, addressed a few words to them.

He went over the past for a moment. They had been faithful servants, he said, and he was glad to be able to say so to them. Now there were to be new relations between them. He told them they were free (on which there was an audible murmur of acquiescence) and could leave if they pleased—there was another murmur of gratification—but "if they remained, they would have to work and be subject to his authority."

Upon this some of the older ones signified their assent, while most of the others turned, and looking back called to someone in the rear of the crowd:

"Come, Brer Sherrod, you done heah de noration, now come and gi' de 'sponse."

A low, stout negro, of middle age, whom the Doctor had not before noticed, came forward somewhat sheepishly, but with a certain swagger in his gait. It was evidently concerted. The Doctor's mind acted quickly. At his first word he cut him short.

"I decline to allow Jim Sherwood to be the spokesman," he said. "He does not belong here. I left him in a position of trust and he has failed in it. Fall to the rear, I make no terms with outsiders."

Taken by surprise, at the tone of authority, the exhorter fell or was moved back, in sudden confusion, while the Doctor went on:

"Gideon, I appoint you; you have proved trustworthy. This place has supported two hundred souls in the past and we can make it do so again. Tell them that all those who remain here and work under you shall be supported and treated fairly, and paid what is proper, if it takes every acre I have to do it; the others can go and find homes elsewhere." He turned on his heel and walked into the house.

The next day there was a fairly good force at work in the fields.

Some of those he had addressed had gone off in the night; but most of them remained, and the Doctor told Mrs. Cary he thought things would work all right; he was ready to accept present conditions, and matters would adjust themselves.

"Time is the adjuster," he said.

CHAPTER VI

It was a little over two weeks, or, perhaps, three, after the armies had laid down their arms and disbanded and the rest of the men from the county had turned their faces homeward, with or without their paroles in their pockets, that a train which had been crawling all night over the shaky track, stopped in the early morning near the little station, or what remained of it, on the edge of the county, where persons bound for nearly all that region got off, and a passenger was helped down by the conductor and brakeman and laid with his crutch and blanket as gently as might be on a bank a little way from the track.

"Are you all right now? Do you think you can get on? You are sure someone will come for you?"

"Oh, yes; I feel better already," and the young fellow stretched out his hands in the gray dawn and felt the moist earth on either side of him almost tenderly.

As the railroad men climbed back into the car they were conversing together in low tones.

"Unless his friends come before many hours they won't find him. I don't know but what we ought to 'a' brought him along, anyway."

But Jacquelin Gray had more staying power than they gave him credit for, and the very touch of the soil he loved did him good. He dragged himself a little way up, stretched out under a tree on the grass near where they had laid him, and went to sleep like a baby. The sun came up over the dewy trees and warmed him, and he only turned and slept on, dreaming that he had escaped from prison and reached the old county, too weary to go any farther, and so lay down on a bank and waited for someone to come for him. How often he had dreamed that and had awaked to find himself in his old cot in the hospital or in his old bunk in the prison, maybe, with the

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guard peering down at him with his lantern. Suddenly a shadow fell across his face, and he woke and looked up. Yes, there was the guard, three or four of them, gazing down on him in their blue uniform.

"Jacquelin Gray, No. —, Ward Ten," he muttered wearily, as he used to do in the hospital, and was closing his eyes again when he awaked fully. Two or three Federal soldiers, one of them an officer, a little fellow with blue eyes, were leaning over him, and a cavalry company was yonder at rest in the road below him. He was free after all, back in the old county.

The lieutenant asked him his name and how he came there, and he told him. Where was he going?

"Home"—with a little flash in his eye.

"Where is that?"

"Above here, across the country in the Red Rock neighborhood—beyond Brutusville."

"Why, we are going that way ourselves; we were going to give you a decent burial; but, maybe, we can do you a better turn if you are not ready for immortality. We've an ambulance along, and here's the best substitute for the honor we offered you."

The little lieutenant was so cheery as he pressed his canteen to Jacquelin's lips, that the latter could not help feeling better.

The captain, who had remained with the company, came over on his handsome horse, picking his way through the débris lying about.

"So he is alive, after all?"

"Alive? Well, if you'd seen the way he took this." The lieutenant shook his canteen up beside his ear, as if to gauge its remaining contents; then held it to Jacquelin again.

"Have another pull? No? All right—when you want it. You aren't the first reb's had a swig at it."

He repeated what Jacquelin had told him, as to his name and destination. In an instant the captain, a tall, handsome fellow, had sprung from his horse.

"Jacquelin Gray! Red Rock!—By Jove! It can't be!" He stared down at the man on the ground.

"Do you mean to say that you live at a place called Red Rock—a great plantation with a big rock by a burial ground, and a red stain on it said to be an Indian's blood?"

Jacquelin nodded.

"Well by——! What's the matter with you? Where have you been! What are you dressed this way for?—I mean an old plantation where there was a wedding or a wedding-party about five years ago——?" he broke out as if it were impossible to believe it, "and a little girl named Blair Something sang?"

Jacquelin nodded.

"Yes, that's the place—Miss Blair Cary—But who are—? What do you know about——?"

"Well, I'm—Here, Reely, call Sergeant O'Meara; tell him to send the ambulance here directly," interrupted the captain.

"Don't you remember me? I'm Middleton, Lawrence Middleton. Don't you remember? I happened in that night with Mr. Welch, and you took care of us. I've never forgotten it."

"I remember it—you painted the horse red," said Jacquelin.

"Yes—it really was this fellow, Reely Thurston. He is the one that got me into all that trouble. And he has gotten me into a lot more since. But where have you been that you look like this?"

Jacquelin told him.

By this time several of the people from the houses in the neighborhood of the station, who had at first kept aloof from the troop of soldiers, gazing at them from a distance, had come up, seeing that they had a Confederate with them. They recognized Jacquelin and began to talk about his appearance and to make cutting speeches about the treatment he had undergone.

"We ain't forgot your Pa," some of them said.

"Nor you neither," said one of the women, who added that she was Andy Stamper's cousin.

They wanted him to stay with them and let them take care of him until his mother could send for him. Captain Allen had been down to see about him and Andy Stamper had been several times, and had said the last time, that if he didn't hear anything from him next time he was going North to see about him if he had to ride his old horse there.

Jacquelin, however, was so anxious to get home that notwithstanding their pressing invitations he accepted the offer of the

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Federal officers, and after getting a cup of coffee from Andy's cousin, who said it was the first she had had in three years, he was helped up into the ambulance and driven off. The company, it seemed, had come up from the city the day before and had encamped a little below the station and were marching to Brutusville, where they were to be posted.

Late that evening, Jacquelin's ambulance was toiling up the hill to Red Rock, while the troop of cavalry sent to keep order in that section, with its tents pitched in the Court-house yard under the big trees were taking a survey of the place they had come to govern. Little Thurston, who as they rode in had caught sight of a plump young girl gazing at them from the open door of the old clerk's office with mingled curiosity and defiance, declared that it was not half as bad as some places he had been in in the South. At that moment, as it happened, Miss Elizabeth Dockett, the young lady in question, daughter of Mr. Dockett, the old County Clerk, was describing to her mother the plump lieutenant as the most ridiculous and odious looking little person in the world.

CHAPTER VII

THE meeting at Birdwood was a notable occasion. It was, in a way, the outward and visible sign of the return of peace. All of the old set in the neighborhood who were left and who could get there were present, with old Mr. Langstaff, much bowed and broken by the years of anguish, to ask a blessing on his returned sheep. Some one said it looked like the old St. Ann's congregation risen from the dead, to which Miss Thomasia added that the gentlemen at least now were all immortal, and the General gallantly responded that the ladies had been so always. The speech, however, left some faces grave ; for there were a number of vacant places that could not be forgotten.

Jacquelin, under the excitement of his arrival, felt himself sufficiently restored and stimulated to join his mother and Aunt Thomasia and be driven over to Birdwood by old Waverley, who of late had been promoted to the place of carriage-driver, and though he suffered a good deal from the condition of the roads, yet when Blair ran forward and offered her shoulder for "his other crutch," he felt as if a bad wound might after all have some compensations. Steve Allen was the life of the company. He had ridden over on his black horse, Hotspur, that like himself had been wounded several times in the last campaigns, though never seriously. He spent his time teasing Blair.

Jack had meant to kiss Blair on his arrival, yet when they met he was seized with a sudden panic, and could hardly look into her eyes. She appeared to have grown taller and older since yesterday, as well as prettier, and when Steve on arriving insolently caught and kissed her, on the plea of cousinship, before them all, Jacquelin was conscious of a pang of consuming jealousy, and for the first time in his life would gladly have thrashed Steve.

There was one thing that marred the occasion somewhat, or might have done so under other circumstances. The entire negro population who could travel, moved by some idea that the arrival of the Federal soldiers concerned them, were flocking to the county seat, leaving the fields deserted and the cabins empty.

The visitors had found the roads lined with them as they came along. They were all civil, but what could it mean? Some of the young men, like Steve and Jacquelin and Chestnut Garden, were much stirred up about it, and talked of organizing quietly so as to be ready if need should arise. Dr. Cary, however, and the older ones, opposed anything of the kind. Any organization whatever would be viewed with great suspicion by the authorities, and might be regarded as a breach of their parole, and it was not needed. They were already organized simply by being what they were.

It was a lovely day. The early flowers were peeping out as if to be sure before they came too far that winter had gone for good. The soft haze of spring was over the landscape.

The one person who was wanting to make the company complete was the little General. They were just discussing him, and Steve was teasing Miss Thomasia about him, declaring that in his opinion it was a pretty widow whose husband had been in the General's brigade and had been

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shot, that the General had gone South after, when a horseman was seen riding rapidly across the open field far below, taking the ditches as he came to them. When he drew nearer he was recognized to be none other than the gallant little General himself. As he came trotting across the lawn among the great trees he presented a martial figure, and handkerchiefs were waved to him and many cheers were given, so that he was quite overcome when he dismounted and found himself literally taken in the arms of both the men and the ladies.

He had reached home, he explained, only the evening before, and having received his invitation from Julius, together with one from some gentlemen at the Court-house, he had decided to accept this, and had ridden up that morning to Red Rock to pay his respects to the ladies—here he bowed to Miss Thomasia; but finding them gone, had followed them over to Birdwood. And the old soldier beamed as he gazed around with a look that showed that he thought life might still be worth living if only he could meet occasionally such a reception as he had just had given him. Others smiled, too; for it was known that the General had been an almost life-long lover and suitor of Miss Thomasia Gray, whose twenty years' failure to smile on him had in no way damped his ardor or dimmed his hope. In fact, the soldier in his faded gray, with his bronzed, worn face, was nearer achieving the object of his life at that moment than he had ever been in the whole twenty-five years of his pursuit, and had the occasion come fifteen, or even ten, years earlier he might have done so; but Miss Thomasia had reached the point when to marry appeared to her ridiculous, and the only successful rival of the shaft of Cupid is the shaft of ridicule.

At such a meeting as this there were necessarily many serious things to be considered. One could not look around on the wide, deserted fields and fail to take in this. Everything like civil government had disappeared. There was not a civil officer left in the State. From governor to justices of the peace, every office had been vacated. There was no law left in force, and no officer left to execute it even had it been left. The Birdwood meeting was the first in the county at which any discussion of a plan for the preservation of order was had. Even this was informal and unpremeditated; but when it reached the ears of Colonel Krafton, the commander of that district, who had just arrived in the city, it had taken on quite another complexion, and the "Cary Conference," as it came to be called, was productive of some very far-reaching consequences to certain of those who participated in it, and to the county itself.

So Peace spread her white wings, extending her serenity and shedding her sweetness even in those regions where war had passed along.

General Legaie and Dr. Cary, like many others, set to work without delay to try and raise funds with which to restock and equip their places. Mr. Ledger, who had been the agent and commission merchant of all the Red Rock section, had written them, offering them aid as soon as he could complete his arrangements.

Dr. Cary determined to use every effort to restore at once the old state of affairs, and to this end to offer homes and employment to all of his old servants. Accordingly he rode down to the county-seat a few days later to have an interview with the officers there. He went alone, because he did not know precisely how he would be received, and there was by no means general approval of his course.

He found the ranking officer, Captain Middleton, absent, he having been summoned that morning to the city by the provost in command there, Colonel Krafton, upon some business relating to the status of the negroes. The next in command, however, Lieutenant Thurston, was very civil and obliging to the Doctor, and on learning of his plans took immediate steps to further them. He was indeed, the Doctor admitted afterward, a very decent little fellow. The Doctor did not know that the two young officers in charge were at their wits' end to know how to get rid of the crowds of negroes who were hanging around the village.

The lieutenant summoned all the negroes to assemble on the court green, told them of the Doctor's offer, and after a short talk to them ordered all the Doctor's old servants who were present, and had not secured employment elsewhere, to re-

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turn home and go to work at the wages he had agreed to pay. For, as he said to Middleton when he returned :

"By Gad! Larry, I was not sure whether I was talking to Don Quixote or old Doctor Filgrave—I know he is cousin to them both, for he told me so : he is cousin to everybody in the United States —And besides I was so bored with those niggers hanging around, looking pitiful, that I would have ordered every nigger in the country to go with the old gentleman if he had wanted them. By the way, he is the father of the girl they say is so devilishly pretty, and he asked after you most particularly. Ah, Larry, I am a diplomat. I have missed my calling." And the little lieutenant's eyes twinkled above the bowl of his pipe, which was much the shape of himself, as he looked at his tall, handsome superior.

The engagement about furnishing his negroes rations Dr. Cary was enabled to make, because on his arrival he had fallen in with Hiram Still, who had offered to lend him a sum of money which he said he happened to have by him. Hiram had been down to take the oath of allegiance, he told the Doctor.

"I been wondering to myself what I was to do with that money—and what I turned all them Confed notes into gold and greenbacks for. Fact is, I thought myself a plum fool for doin' it, but I says, Well, gold's gold, whichever way it goes—so I either bought land or gold. But 't does look's if Providence had somethin' to do with it, sure 'nough. I ain't got a bit o' use for it—you can take it and pay me just when it's convenient."

Still had never been a favorite with Dr. Cary, though the latter confessed that he could cite no positive ground for his dislike of him.

As the Doctor and Hiram rode back together toward their homes, Still was so bitter in his denunciation of the Federals and of their action touching the negroes that the Doctor actually felt it his duty to lecture him. They were all one country now, he said, and they had to accept the result as determined. But Still said, "Never!" He had only taken the oath of allegiance, he declared, because he had heard he would be arrested unless he did. But he had taken it with a mental reservation. This shocked the Doctor so much that he rebuked him with sternness, on which Still explained that he did not mean exactly that, but that he had heard that if a man took an oath under threats he was absolved from it.

"There was some such legal quibble," the Doctor admitted, "but he was very sure that no brave man would ever take an oath for such a reason, and no honest one would ever break it."

When Still reached home that evening he was in unusually good spirits, and he was even pleasant to his daughter, who appeared the plainer because of the contrast that her shabby clothes presented to the showy new suit which her brother wore. It was to his son, however, that Still showed his particular good-humor. Wash had just come home for a little visit from the city, where he had been ever since his return from the army, and where he was now studying medicine. He was a tall, slim fellow, very much like his father in appearance, though in place of the rather good-tempered expression which usually sat on the latter's face, Wash's look was usually sullen, sour, and ill-natured.

"Ah, Wash, my son, I did a good stroke of business for you to-day," said his father, at supper, that evening.

"What was it? Did you buy another farm? You'll break, buying so much land," replied his son, pleasantly.

Still put aside the ungraciousness of the reply. He was accustomed to his son's slurs.

"Yes, and no." He winked at Virgy, to whom he had already confided something of his stroke of business. He glanced at the door to see that no one was listening and dropped his voice to his confidential pitch. "I lent the Doctor a leetle money."

Wash became interested, but the next instant attempted to appear indifferent.

"How much? What security did he give?"

"More than he'll be able to pay for some time. And the security's all right. Aha! I thought that would wake you up. I'll lend him some more one of these days and then we'll get the pay—with interest." He winked at his son knowingly. "When you're tryin' to ketch a shy horse don't show him the bridle—When you've got him, then!—" He made a gesture of

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slipping on a halter. This piece of philosophy appeared to satisfy the young man and to atone for the apparent unwisdom of his father's action. He got into such a good-humor that he began to talk quite pleasantly with his sister and to ask her about the young men in the neighborhood.

It was striking to see how she changed at the notice her brother took of her. The listless, unhappy look disappeared, and her eyes brightened and made her face appear really interesting.

Presently the young man said:

"How's Lord Jacquelin?" At the question the blood mounted to the girl's face, and after an appealing look she dropped her eyes quickly.

When the end of the month came Dr. Cary summoned his hands and paid them off one by one, according to contract with Thurston, checking each name as he paid them on a pay-roll he had prepared. Their reception of the payment was curious, and varied with the spirit of the man, some being gay and facetious, and others taking it with exaggerated gravity. It was the first time they had ever received stipulated wages for their services, and it was an event.

The Doctor was well satisfied with the result, and went in to make the same settlement with the house-servants. The first one he met was Mammy Krenda and he handed her the amount he had agreed on with Thurston as a woman's wages. The old woman took it quietly. This was a relief. Mrs. Cary had been opposed to his paying her anything, she had felt sure that the mammy would feel offended. "Why, she is a member of the family," she said. The Doctor, however, thought differently. He had said he would pay all wages and he would do so. So when Mammy took the money with her usual courtesy, in one way the Doctor's spirits rose, though he was conscious of a little tug at his heart, as if the old ties had somehow been loosened. He rallied, however, at the reflection that he could satisfy his wife at last that he knew human nature more profoundly than she did—a doctrine he had never been entirely successful in establishing.

In this satisfactory state of mind, not wishing to sever entirely the tie with mammy, as the old woman still stood waiting, he after a moment said kindly and, as he was conscious, with great dignity:

"Those are your wages, mammy."

"My what! sir?" The Doctor felt a certain chilling of the atmosphere. He looked out of the window.

"Your wages—I—ah—have determined—I—think it better from this time to—ah—" He had no idea it was so difficult. Why had he not gotten Mrs. Cary to attend to this? Why had he not, indeed, taken her advice? Pshaw—he had to face the fact, so he would do it. He turned and looked at the old woman. She was in the act of putting the money on the corner of the table by her, and if the Doctor had difficulty in meeting her gaze she had none in looking at him. Her eyes were fastened on him like two little shining beads, and stuck him like pins. He had to assert himself.

"You see, I promised the Federal officer at the Court-house to pay every one wages," he began with an effort, looking at the old woman.

"How much does you pay Miss Bessie?"

"How much what?"

"*Wages!*" He had no idea one word could convey so much contempt.

"Why, nothing—of course—"

"I'm gwine 'way."

"What!"

"I'm feared you'll charge me bode! I ken git a little house somewhar', I reckon—or I ken go to th' city and nuss—chillun."

"Mammy—you don't understand—" The Doctor was never in such a dilemma. If his wife would only come in! What a fool he was not to have known she knew more about it than he did.

"Won't you accept the money as a gift from me?" he said at last, desperately.

"No!—I ain't gwine *tetch* it!" The gesture was even more final than the tone. With a sniff she turned and walked out, leaving the Doctor feeling like a schoolboy.

He rose after a few minutes and went to his wife's room to find her and get her to make his peace. The door was shut, but he opened it. The scene within was one that remained with him through life.

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His wife was weeping, and the mammy and Blair were in each other's arms. The only words he heard were from the mammy:

"Ef jest my ole marster could come back. He'd know I didn' do it for no wages."

"Oh! mammy, he knows it, too!"

The Doctor was never conscious of being so much alone in his life, and it took some time to make his peace.

In the same way that the old planters and land-owners set in to restore the old places, the younger men went to work. Necessity is a good spur, and pride is another.

Stamper, with Delia Dove "for overseer," as he said, was already beginning to make an impression on his little place. As he had "kept her from having an overseer," he said the best thing he could do was to "let her be one."

"Talk about the slaves bein' free, Mr. Jack! They won't all be free long's Delia Dove's got me on her place." The little sergeant's chuckle showed how truly he enjoyed that servitude. "She owns me, but she treats me well," he chuckled.

The Stamper place, amid its locusts and apple-trees, with its hipped roof and dormer-windows, small as it was, was as old as Red Rock—at least as the new mansion, with its imposing porticos and extended wings built around the big fireplace of the old house—and little Andy, though he never said anything about it, being somewhat taciturn, was as proud of it as he was of being himself rather than Hiram Still. He had gotten an old army wagon from somewhere, and was now beginning his farming operations in earnest. It had had U. S. on it, but though Andy insisted that the letters stood for *US*, not for the United States, Delia Dove had declined to ride in it as long as it had such characters stamped on it. As Delia Dove was obdurate, he finally had to save her sensibilities, which he did by substituting D for U, and making it D. S., which he said would stand either for Delia Stamper or D——d States.

Steve Allen intended to practise law as soon as matters settled themselves and he should be allowed to do so. Just then, however, he could not engage in any profession. He had not yet determined to take the oath of allegiance, and without this nothing could be done. Meantime, to the great happiness of his cousins, especially of Miss Thomasia, who never attempted to conceal her partiality for Steve, he deferred this step, and, moved by the grassy appearance of the once beautifully cultivated fields of Red Rock, pitched into farming. It was very pleasant when his day's work was done to don his old gray jacket, play gentleman once more, and ride across the river of an evening, lounge on the grass under the big trees, and tease Blair Cary about Jacquelin until her eyes flashed and she let out at him, as he used to say, "like a newly bridled filly." So he hitched his war-horses, "Hotspur" and "Kate," to ploughs, and ploughed day by day, while he made his boy Jerry plough furrow for furrow near him, under promise of half of his share of the crop if he kept up and of the worst "lambing" he had ever had in his life if he did not. Jerry was a long, slim young negro, as black as tar and as "smart as light," Steve said, though to most people he appeared a fool. He was the grandson of old Peggy, Steve's mammy, and had come from the South. Where Steve had gotten him no one knew except Steve and Jerry themselves. Steve had picked him up somewhere during the war. Steve said he found him hanging to a tree and cut him down; but that if he had known Jerry as well then as he did afterward he would have left him hanging. At which explanation Jerry always grinned, exhibiting two rows of white teeth which looked like rows of corn from a full ear. Very little experience with Jerry served to show those who came to know him even casually that he was a drunkard, a liar, and a thief. But one thing was certain—he adored Steve, who in return for that virtue bore with delinquencies which no one else in the world would have stood. Jerry had one other trait which recommended him to his master—he was as brave as a lion; he would not have been afraid of the devil himself, unless he had taken on the shape of Mr. Stevenson Allen, of whom alone he stood in wholesome awe.

Steve's bucolic operations came somewhat suddenly to an end. One evening, he had met Wash Still dressed up and

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driving a new buggy near Dr. Cary's gate, and next morning as Steve was working in the field he saw him driving down the hill from his father's house with the same well-appointed rig. Steve stopped and looked at him as he drove down the hill. Just then Jerry came up. His eye followed his master's and his face took on an expression of scorn.

"Umph!" he grunted; "things is tunned sort o' upside down, ain't dey? Overseer' son drivin' buggy and gentmens in de fiel'." Steve laughed at Jerry's use of the plural.

Just after Jerry told Steve this Hiram Still rode by.

"He sutney don' like you, Cun'l," said Jerry, "an' ee don' like the Cap'n neider," by which last he designated Jacquelin. Jerry always gave military titles to those he liked—the highest to Steve, of course. "He say it do him good to see you wuckin' in de fiel' like a nigger, and some day he hope to set in de gret-house and see you doin' it."

Still passed quite close to Captain Allen, and as he did so he reined in his horse and sat looking down at Steve as he came to the end of his row.

"We all have to come to it at last, Captain," he said.

Whether it was his words or whether Steve had intended anyhow to do what he did, he straightened up and shot a glance at him.

"You think so? Well, you are mistaken." He raised his hoe and stuck it in the ground up to the eye.

"There," he said to Still in a tone of command, "take that home. That's the last time I'll ever touch a hoe as long as I live. I've brains enough to make my living by them, and if I haven't I mean to starve." He walked past the overseer with his head so straight that Still began to explain that he had meant no offence. But Steve took no further notice of him.

"Jerry, you can keep on; I'll see that you get your part of the crop."

"Nor—I ain't gwine to hit anurr lick, nurr—I'll starve wid yer." And Jerry lifted his hoe and drove it into the ground, looked at Still, and followed his master with as near an imitation of his manner as he could achieve.

It was only when Steve was out of hearing that Still's look changed, and he clenched his fist and shook it after the young man.

"I'll bring you to it yet," he growled.

That evening Steve announced his intention of beginning the practice of his profession.

CHAPTER VIII

THE young officers at the Court-house meantime had fared very well. It is true that most of the residents treated them coldly if civilly, and that the girls of the place, of whom there were quite a number, turned aside, whenever they met them, and passed by with their heads held high and their eyes straight to the front flashing daggers. But this they were from experience more or less used to.

Brutusville, where they were posted, was a pretty little straggling country village of old-fashioned houses amid groves of fine old trees lying along the main road, where it wound among shady slopes, with the blue mountain range in the distance far over beyond Red Rock.

The county-seat had suffered like the rest of the county during the war; but as it happened, the main body of the enemy had been kept out of the place by high water, and the great trees did much to conceal the scars that were left.

The old brick Court-house in the middle of the green, peeping out from among the trees, with its great classical portico was quite impressive-looking and was esteemed by the residents of the village to be perhaps the most imposing structure in the world. Old Mr. Dockett, the clerk, who had filled this position for nearly forty years, with the exception of the brief period when, fired by martial enthusiasm, he had gone off with Captain Gray's company, told one of the officers of the new troop, Lieutenant Thurston, a day or two after the latter's arrival, that while he had never been to Greece or, indeed, out of the State, he was informed by those who had been there that the Court-house was perhaps in some respects more perfect than any building in Athens. Lieutenant Thurston said he had never been there either, but he was quite sure it was so. He also added that he considered Mr. Dockett's own house a very beautiful one, and thought that it

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showed evidences in its embellishments of that same classical taste that Mr. Dockett admired so much. To which Mr. Dockett, while accepting the compliment with due modesty answered that if he wished to see a beautiful house he should see Red Rock.

From this it will be seen that the little lieutenant was already laying his mines, and preparing to make good his promise to Middleton that if he would trust to him he would engineer him through the campaign, and before it was over would be "warbling ditties" with all the pretty girls in the county in a way to make his cousin Ruth Welch green with envy.

The compliment to the Dockett mansion was not without its effect on the genius who presided in that classic and comfortable abode, and at length Mrs. Dockett, a plump and energetic woman, had with some prevision, though in a manner to make them sensible of her condescension, acceded to the young men's request to take them as boarders and allow them to occupy a wing-room in her house.

Thus Middleton and Thurston were able to write Ruth Welch a glowing account of their "headquarters in an old Colonial mansion," and of the "beautiful maiden who sang them the songs of the South."

The songs, however, that Miss Dockett sang, though, as Thurston said truly, they were in one sense sung for them, were not sung thus in the sense Lieutenant Thurston implied. They were hardly just the sort that Miss Ruth Welch would have approved of, and were certainly not what Mrs. Welch would have tolerated. For they were all of the most ultra-Southern spirit and tendency, and breathed the deadliest defiance to every one and everything Northern. Miss Dockett was not pretty, except as youth and wholesomeness give beauty; but she was a plump, cheery maiden, with blue eyes, a mouth full of white teeth, rosy cheeks, and a profusion of hair; and though she had no training, she had a pleasant voice, and sang like most country girls, naturally and agreeably, at least for one who like Thurston had not much ear for music. Thurston once had the temerity to ask for a song—for which he received a merited rebuff. "Of course she would not sing for a Yankee," she said, with a toss of her head and an increased elevation of her little nose, and immediately left the room. When the young officers were in their rooms, however, she sang all the Southern songs she knew. One in particular she fired off with great spirit. It had just been written. It began:

> Oh! I'm a good old rebel,
> Now, that's just what I am;
> For this "Fair land of freedom,"
> I do not care a—t all.

Another verse ran:

> Three hundred thousand Yankees
> Lay dead in Southern dus',
> We got three hundred thousand
> Before they conquered us;
> They died of Southern fever,
> Of Southern steel and shot—
> I wish they were three million,
> Instead of what we got.

The continued reiteration of this sanguinary melody floating in at the open window once induced the little lieutenant in his own room to raise in opposition his own voice, which was none of the most melodious, in the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner;" but he had got no farther than the second invocation to "the land of the free and the home of the brave," when there was a pounding on his door, and on his opening it Mrs. Dockett bore down on him with so much fire in her eye that little Reely was quite overwhelmed, and when she gave him notice that she "would have no Yankee songs sung in her house, and that he must either quit the house or quit howling," little Thurston, partly amused and partly daunted, and with the wide difference between Mrs. Dockett's fried chicken and beat-biscuit and the mess-table truck before his eyes, promised to adopt the latter course—generally.

The peace and comfort of the young officers, however, were suddenly much threatened by the arrival of a new officer not under their jurisdiction, though under Colonel Krafton, who had sent him up, and specially charged with all matters relating to the negroes.

He arrived one afternoon, and as if already familiar with the ground, immediately applied to Mrs. Dockett for quarters in her house. Even had he preferred his application as a request it might have

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been rejected; but he demanded it quite as a right. The note which he sent up by a negro servant was rather in the nature of an order to Mrs. Dockett to prepare the best room in her house for him as his headquarters. It was signed "Jonadab Leech, Provost Marshal, Commanding," etc., etc. But the new-comer did not know Mrs. Dockett. The order which she received raised a breeze which came near blowing the two young officers whom she had accepted and domiciled in her house, out of the quarters she had vouchsafed them. She sailed down upon them with the letter in her hand—with colors flying and guns ready for action. But fortunately little Thurston was equal to the emergency, as he was to almost any that could arise. He glanced at the paper the enraged lady showed him, and requested to be allowed possession of it for a moment. When he had apparently studied it attentively, he looked up.

"I do not know that I quite comprehend. Do I understand you to insist on taking this man in?" He was never so innocent looking. Mrs. Dockett gasped.

"What! Ta—ke in the man that wrote *that!*" She visibly expanded.

"Because if you do, Captain Middleton and I shall have to move our quarters. I happen to know this man personally—*slightly*—that is, I once had a transaction with him as an officer which resulted unpleasantly. His functions are entirely different from ours, he being charged with matters relating to the freedmen, their care and support, while ours are military and relate to the government of the county and maintenance of peace. While we shall uphold him in all proper exercise of his power, and recognize his authority as an officer within his own jurisdiction, I must say that for personal reasons his presence would be distasteful to me, and I think I can speak for Captain Middleton (here he looked over at his friend inquiringly), and if you wish to take him, I should prefer to remove my own quarters back to camp."

Mrs. Dockett discovered the wind taken completely out of her sails, and found herself actually forced into the position of making a tack and having rather to offer an apology to the ruffled little officer.

She had never dreamed of preferring this new-comer to them—she could not but say that they had always acted in a most gentlemanly way, so far as she was concerned. She had been most agreeably surprised indeed. She had never for a moment dreamed of permitting this impudent upstart, whoever he was, to come into her house. Let him go to some of his colored friends. Of course, if they wished to leave her house, they must do so.

Little Thurston hastened to interpose: Not at all—they were most charmed, etc. Only he didn't know but she might not care to have them remain—and they could not do so if this man came.

"He's not coming. Let him try it," and the irate lady sailed out to deliver her broadside to the new enemy that had borne down on her.

She had no sooner disappeared than the lieutenant's face fell.

"By Gad! Larry, we are undone. It's that Leech who used to live with old Bolter, and about whom they told the story of his persuading his wife to let him get a divorce, and who shirked at the time we enlisted. I never could see why Mrs. Welch took a liking to him. Unless we can get rid of him it's all up. We're ruined."

"Freeze him out," Middleton said, briefly. "You've begun well."

"Freeze—! Freeze a snow-bank! That's his climate. He'd freeze in—!" The little lieutenant named a very hot place.

On receipt of Mrs. Dockett's decisive and stinging reply, Leech immediately made application to Middleton to enforce his requisition; but to his indignation he received reply that they were only boarders and that Mrs. Dockett managed her own domestic affairs, which was no more than the truth. To revenge himself, he took possession of Mr. Dockett's office and opened his bureau in it, crowding the old official into a back-room of the building. Here too, however, he was doomed to disappointment and mortification; for on the old Clerk's representation of the danger to his records, and of their value, enforced by Mrs. Dockett's persuasive arguments, the provost was required by Middleton to surrender possession and take up his quarters in an unoccupied building on the other side of the

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road, in which he opened his office under a flaring sign bearing the words "Freedmen's Bureau."

The effect of his appearance was felt immediately. The news of his arrival seemed to have spread in a night, and next day the roads were filled with negroes.

"De wud had come for 'em," they said. They "had to go to de Cap'n to git de papers out o' dee buro." Only the old house-servants were left, and even they were somewhat excited.

This time those who went off did not return so quickly; and shortly there was excitement among the whites. The news of the action of the Provost spread among them almost as quickly as that of his arrival had done among the negroes.

He was summoning the negroes and enrolling them by hundreds, telling them the most exciting stories of what the Government proposed to do for them, and teaching them the most pernicious lies—that they need not work, and that the Government was going to feed them and give them all forty acres and a mule apiece.

Andy Stamper and several others of the neighbors came to see Dr. Cary about the matter. They had been to the Court-house the day before "to see about things," Andy said, and "had found every nigger in the county piled up in front of the door."

"They're talkin' about every one of 'em gittin' forty acres and a mule, Doctor," said little Andy, with a twinkle in his eye, but a grim look about his mouth. "The biggest men down thar is that Jim Sherwood of yours, that trick-doctor nigger of Miss Gray's, Moses Swift, and a tall, black nigger of General Legaie's named Nicholas Ash. They're doin' most of the talkin'. Well, I ain't got but eighty acres—jest about enough for two of em," added little Andy, the grim lines deepening about his mouth—"but I'm mighty sorry for them two as tries to git 'em. I told Hiram so." The twinkle had disappeared from his blue eyes like the flash on a ripple, and the eyes were as quiet and gray as the water after the ripple had passed. "Hiram he's the chief adviser and friend of the new man. I thought he was hatchin' somethin'. He was down there inside the office—looked like a shot cat when I come in—said he was tryin' to git some hands. You watch him. He's a goin' over. He was at the nigger meetin'-house with him th'other night. I heard some white man was there, but I couldn't git at who 'twas till old Weev'ly let it out."

Dr. Cary told of his conversation with Still a few days before; but the little sergeant was not convinced.

"Whenever he talks, that's the time you know he ain't goin' to do it."

Still's attentions to Miss Delia Dove had not only quickened Andy's jealousy, but had sharpened his suspicion generally, and he had followed his movements closely.

Still had quickly become assured that the two young soldiers in command at the county-seat were not the kind for him to impress. And when the new officer came he at once proceeded to inspect him.

He had been working quietly and had already secretly placed himself in communication with Krafton, the Provost Marshal in the city. Opportunity favored him.

The new Provost was not pleasing to look on. He was a middle-aged man, spare in figure, and with a slight stoop in his shoulders, consequent perhaps on a habit he had of keeping his gaze on the ground. He had a long, sallow face, a thin nose and a chin that ended almost in a point. When he lifted his eyes, which he generally did quickly, there was a lowering look in them which the glasses he wore did not serve entirely to conceal, and which gave him an ill-natured appearance, though he rarely showed temper. He posed rather as a good-natured, easy-going fellow, cracking jokes with anyone who would listen to him, and indulging in laughter which made up in loudness what it lacked in merriment. When he moved it was with a peculiar sinuous motion. The lines in his face gave him so sour an expression that Steve Allen, just after he moved to the Court-house to practise law, said that Leech from his look must be as great a stench in his own nostrils as in those of other people. This speech brought Steve Leech's undying hatred, though he veiled it well enough at the moment and simply bided his time.

He was not a prepossessing person even to Still, but Mrs. Gray's manager had large schemes in his mind, and the new-comer appeared a very likely person to aid him in carrying them out. The intelligence that he was at odds with the officers in com-

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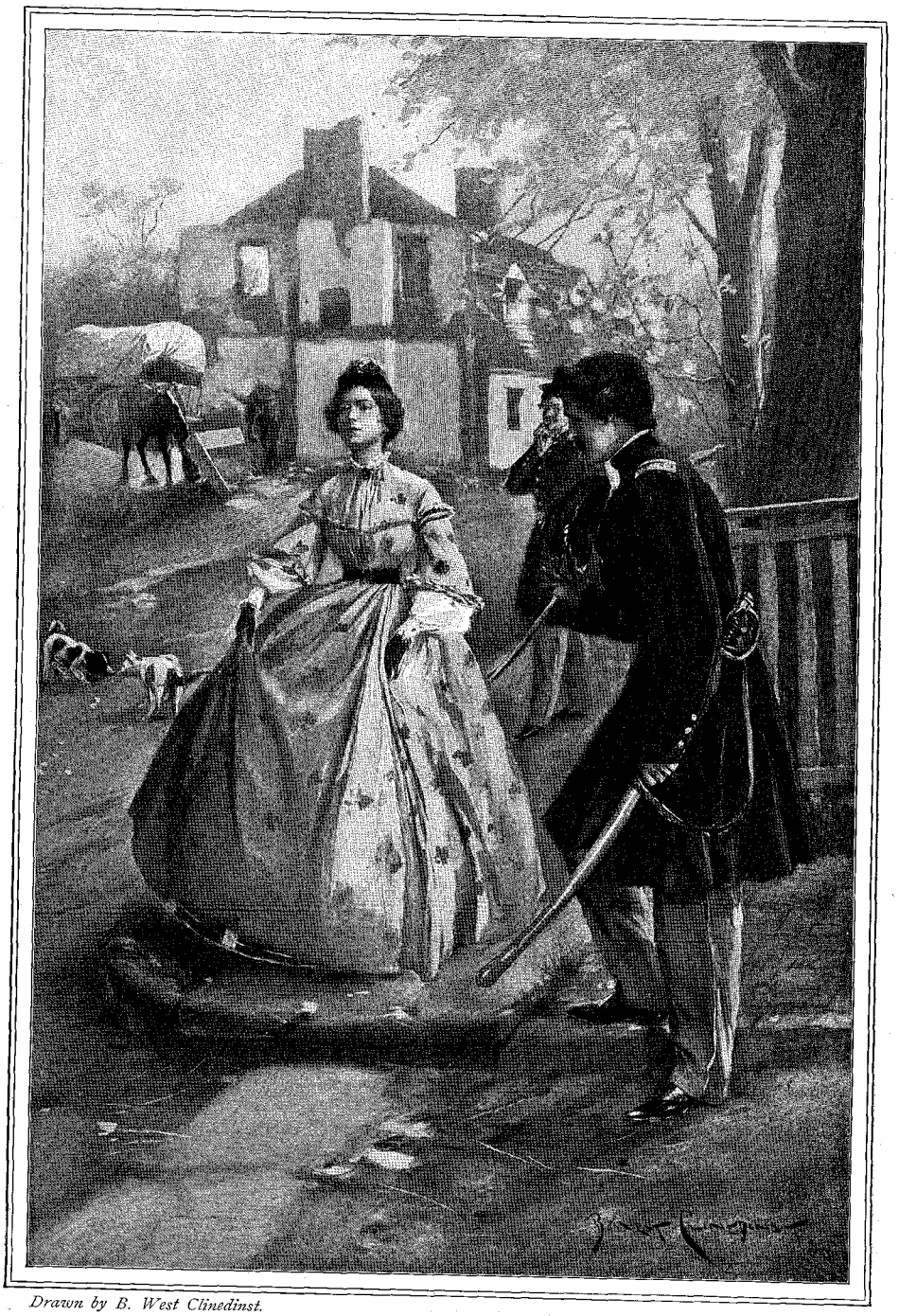

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

The girls of the place turned aside, whenever they met them, and passed by with their heads held high and their eyes straight to the front flashing daggers.—Page 173.

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mand of the company was not at all disagreeable to Still; who informed him, "You can't do nothin' with them two young men; I've done gauged 'em. I know 'em as soon as I see 'em, and I tell you they don't think no more of folks like you and me than of the dirt under their feet. They're for the aristocrats."

He shortly gauged the Provost also.

"When I know what a man wants, I know how to git at him," he said to his son Wash afterward. "He wants to get up—but first he wants money—and we must let him see it. I lent him a leetle, too—just to grease the skillet. When you've lent a man money you've got a halter on him."

"You're a mighty big fool to lend your money to a man you don't know anything about. You'll never get it back," observed Wash.

"Ah! won't I? Trust me; I never lend money that I don't get it back in one shape or another—with interest, too. I don't expect to get that back—I don't want it." He dropped his voice. "That's what I call a purchase—not a loan. Don't try to fry your chicken till you've greased the pan, my son."

"Something in that," admitted the young medical student.

"Ah! Wash, if you trust your old pappy, you'll see some mighty changes in this here county. What'd you say if you was to see yourself some day settin' up in that big hall yonder, with, say, a pretty young lady from acrost the river, and that Steve and Mr. Jacquelin ploughin' in the furrer?"

"By G—d, I'd love it," declared Wash, decisively, his good-humor thoroughly restored.

(To be continued.)

WILTON LOCKWOOD

By T. R. Sullivan

THE artistic career of Wilton Lockwood began in New York during the year 1880, when he entered the draughting-room of John La Farge as an assistant in decorative design for glass. His four years of training there were immensely serviceable to him, and he has never swerved from his allegiance to his first master, for whose skill in all its varied forms he has the highest admiration. He was then at the age of strong impressions, of those youthful enthusiasms which, perceptibly or otherwise, whether they endure or pass away, have in art a life-long effect upon the student. In the present case, the early influence of the master, La Farge, surviving all later stages of development, may be traced not only through the former pupil's appreciative devotion, frankly expressed in words, but also through certain examples of his handiwork. His painting of flowers, for instance, recalls the delicate perception in similar studies which made La Farge famous among amateurs and critics before the world had learned its value. And in Lockwood's larger canvases the figures and accessories are often treated in a way which suggests his sympathy with decorative work and a fundamental knowledge which should enable him amply to fulfil its requirements, were he to undertake a decoration, pure and simple, on a large scale.

It was in 1886 that Lockwood, who even then inclined toward portrait-painting, went over to Paris for the regular course of study in an atelier, which he followed patiently through three seasons without interruption. During this long period of routine his work was criticised and directed in the usual way by many French painters of reputation. The advantages of the Parisian method of instruction are undoubted, and Lockwood labored industriously to turn them to account. All that close application under this system of training could do for him was done. Yet for every artist the hour comes wherein "the patient must minister to himself," and, after a year's visit at home, Lockwood, convinced that he had learned what the schools could teach him, determined now to work out his own salvation. Returning to Europe, he painted for some

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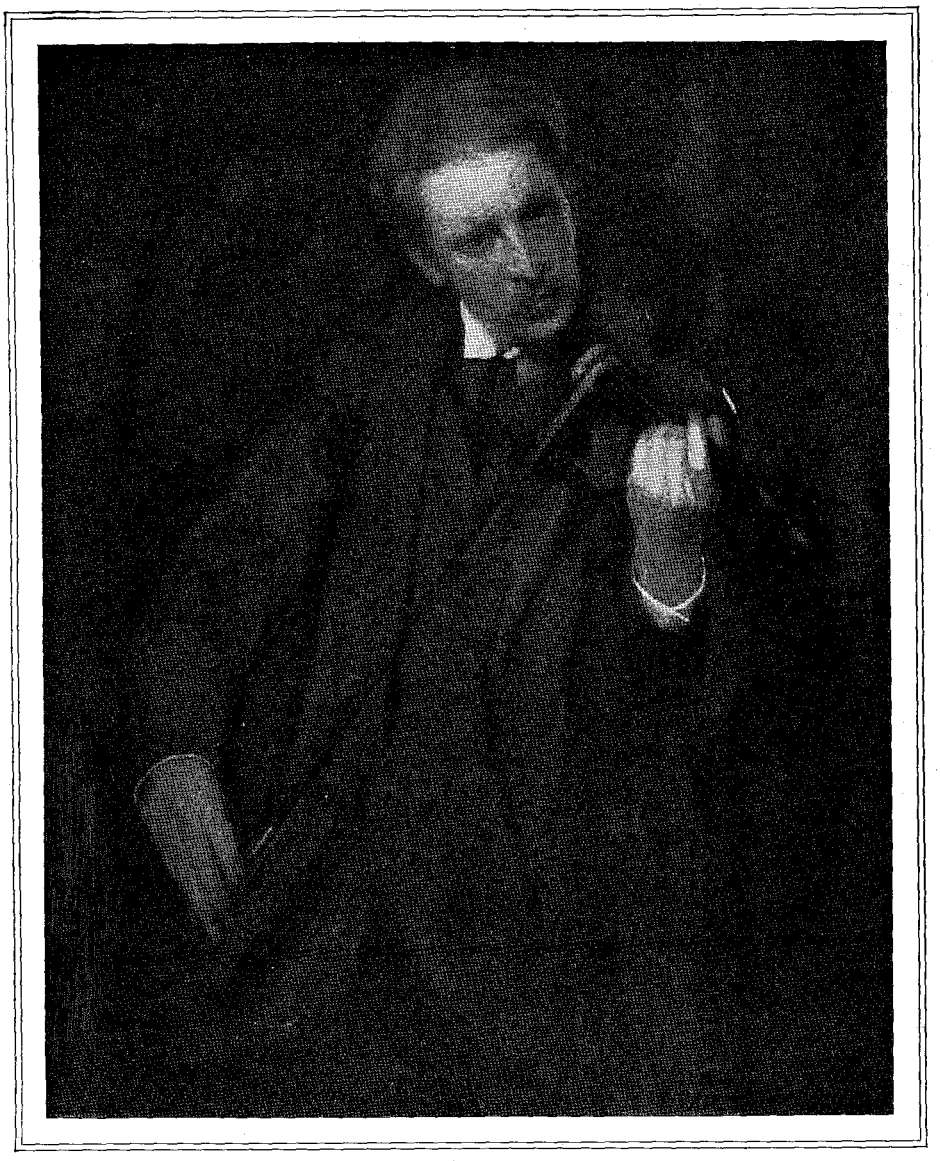

Portrait of Otto Roth, Violinist.

time in Munich and again in Paris, acquiring facility, confidence, and that last lesson of all, the knowledge of his own limitations. But it was not until the spring of 1894, nearly ten years after his transference to the foreign capitals, that he made his first important exhibit—a contribution of six portraits to the Salon of the Champ de Mars. These pictures at once attracted notice; and though certain critics found him too strongly influenced by the modern English school, remarking a preference for the *genre enfumé* whereby his figures were enveloped with an atmosphere of misty twilight, his work was seen to be of exceptional promise. Spurred on by this recognition he redoubled his efforts, and sent a second group of portraits to the Salon of the following year. The marked improvement shown in this work over the former exhibit was instantly noted, and the general praise accorded him had unmistakable heartiness in it. The best judges perceived that his misty *enveloppe*

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had not been assumed to hide defects; they acknowledged with warmth his firm touch, his strong, courageous handling of unconventional subjects, his thoughtfully considered color-scheme. A genuine success repaid him for all the doubts and trials of his long apprenticeship; and the moment was rendered doubly grateful to him by the approval of his former master, La Farge, who happened by a fortunate coincidence to be then in Paris.

This same spring of 1895, which proved (to quote Poe with a difference) Lockwood's most memorial year, was likewise marked by the unqualified success of the studies and portraits sent by him to the Munich International Exhibition and to the Triennial Exhibition of Berlin. The German critics noticed in glowing terms his freedom from sensationalism, the poetic beauty of his composition and color-effects, produced in a simple, masterly way with true artistic skill. At Berlin his most important picture—a portrait of his wife—was pronounced a work of the highest distinction in modern art. He had gained suddenly, as if by a single *tour de force*, his European reputation.

Lockwood now felt that the time had come for returning to his native land. And in the autumn of the same year he arrived in Boston, where, after due consideration, he had decided to establish himself. He came unheralded, a stranger in what, owing to his long absence, was practically a strange land. But the first glimpse of his work impressed his new acquaintances so favorably that he was at once offered the gallery of the St. Botolph Club for a public exhibition. There, accordingly, on December 2, 1895, he introduced himself to his countrymen through a collection of "Portraits, Studies, and Notes"—eighty-three canvases in all—which, including much of the foreign work above mentioned, was thoroughly representative of his achievement up to that time. It immediately awakened a very strong interest which expressed itself not only in private discussion and in cordial notices from the press, but took also the more practical form of commissions for portraits. The new, unknown painter had no cause to regret his choice of domicile, but became a busy man with a growing reputation which soon spread to other cities. Within the last two years he has contributed to the exhibitions of the New York and Philadelphia Academies and the Society of American Artists. The foreign judgments of long ago are confirmed by the result. His early promise has been happily fulfilled.

When an artist, true to himself, has found means to express in a greater or less degree his own ideal, his struggles by the way count for little with the majority of his public. Before the world he "stands on his attainment;" the processes, the experiments, the disheartening failures through which he passed, if realized at all, are ignored or forgotten. Yet the lives of all the masters show that every true success is based upon "these lonely wrestling-matches between the stubborn artist and his rebellious art," as Murger calls them. And even this passing record, necessarily brief, would be incomplete without a word concerning Lockwood's persistent resolution, at every stage of his progress, to make his attainment stand for the best that was in him. Critics will continue, perhaps, to discuss the permanent value of his tones and semi-tones, to find his work alternately reminiscent of Whistler, Manet, Degas, and Carrière, but they must always end, as they have done before, with a conviction of dominant individuality, earnestness, sensibility, and distinction which are Lockwood's own. The French painter, Fromentin, says in his wonderful study of the Dutch galleries, "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois:" "The art of painting is perhaps more indiscreet than any other. It is the incontrovertible evidence of the painter's intellectual condition at the moment when he held the brush. What he cared most to do he has done; what he cared less for is revealed by his indecisive methods; what he cared nothing for is still more clearly betrayed by its absence from his work, whatever he may say and whatever may be said of it. . . . We may detect with certainty the attitude of a conscientious portrait-painter toward his models." If this be true, so far as sincerity of purpose is concerned, Lockwood's subliminal consciousness, to use the language of psychology, has little to fear from the muscular indiscretion of his hand.

Passing from a general study of this interesting painter to individual examples of

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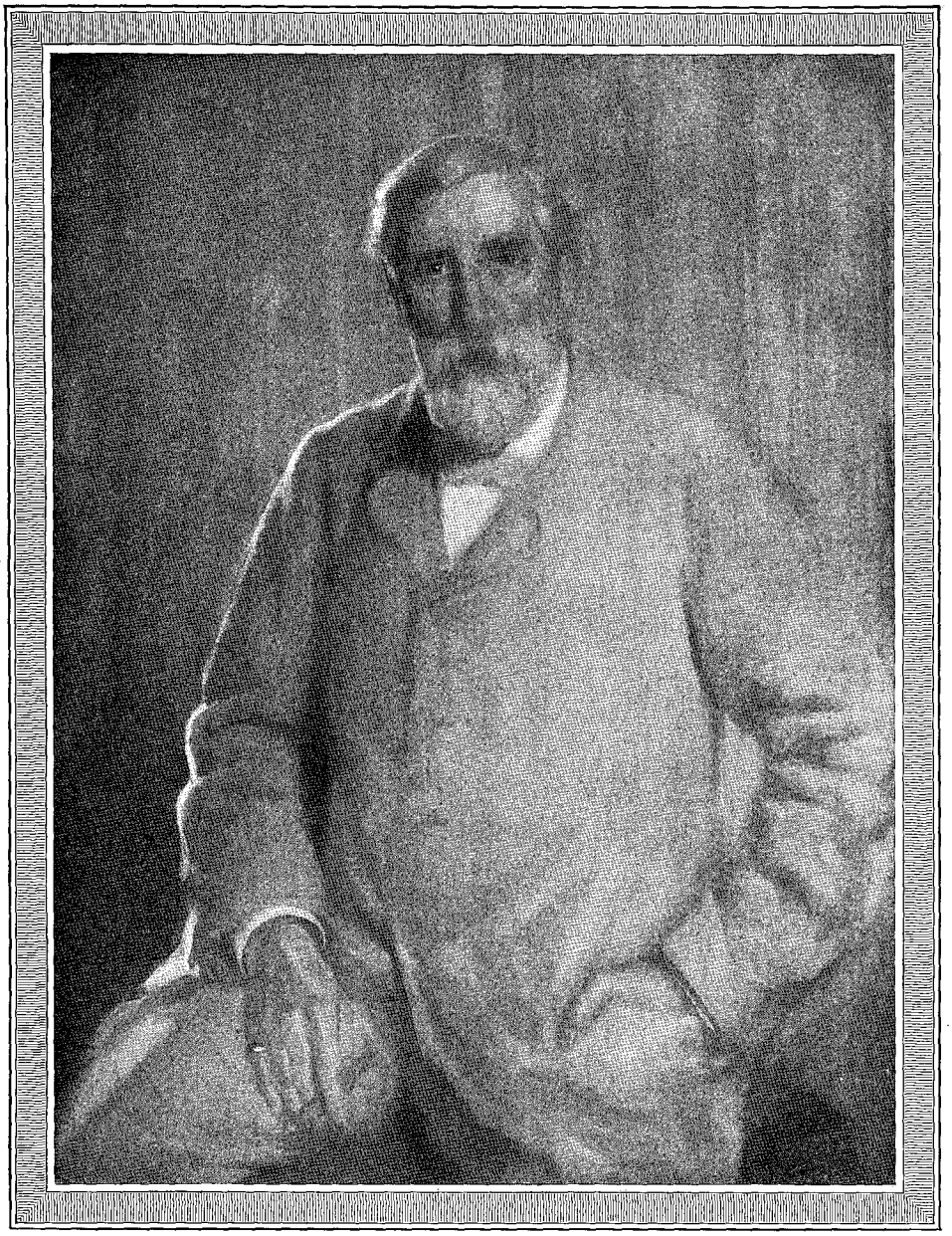

A Portrait.

his work, one need only consider a moment some portrait of a friend to discover that he has the primal requisite for success in portraiture, the faculty of obtaining a likeness. The superficial resemblance without which all the rest would miss the mark is always there. There the effect begins; but this is only a beginning. To sustain the momentary impression, to make it hold and last, to interest and charm the thoughtful observer, *hoc opus, hic labor est* which the artist must aim to accomplish. Photography has taught us to distrust mere accuracy of outline. We all know now that every face has its better side, its better aspect and expression. Unless these possibilities are carefully considered and some fine effect resulting from them is

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caught in a subtle combination of color, light, and shadow; moreover, unless the painter strives to go deeper than the surface, and by skilful touches gives character to his subject, the reproduction will be so hard and lifeless as to leave the spectator cold. Superficial imitation is a marvel in its way, but for a picture we demand something more. These truths have been handed down to us from time immemorial. Delacroix, the most thoughtful of painters, insists upon them constantly in his remarkable journal, and Lord Bacon sums them up in one short sentence when he states that the purpose of art is "to suit the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

It is his evident search for the inner resemblance, the *dessous de choses*, supplementing thus a due sense of proportion and a facile technique acquired by long experience, which distinguishes Lockwood as an artist, and leads thoughtful persons to look long at his pictures and to discuss them. There is an admirable instance of this suggestive quality in his portrait of the violinist, Otto Roth [reproduced on page 179].* This is not only a striking likeness of the man in form and feature; but it is also a likeness of the man at his best, absorbed in his professional work, uplifted by his art above the level of common things, after a manner so spirited and lifelike as to carry his public on with him by the artistic sympathy lying dormant in us all. The soul of the musician, as well as his outward semblance, may be said to have found interpretation there. It is clear that the painter aimed at this effect to which his details, though not slighted in the least, are subordinated. The dark figure, all in shadow, is posed against a dark background, with the light falling aslant into the picture upon the face and the left hand. The reproduction here conveys well the elusive, half-mysterious charm of the original, resulting from a masterly employment of very simple means.

Another side of Lockwood's art is shown in the Portrait of a Man [on page 181], contrasting with his violin-player strongly, yet happily, by a treatment at once original and agreeable. This good example of his lighter vein might be called A Study in Grays, soft, delicate, and harmonious, most effective in their combination. The seated figure in gray stands out well from the background of a darker tone; the pose is easy and natural; the face, carefully modelled, is alert, keen, vivid in expression; while the high light on the hair, shoulder, and arm gives the desired touch of warmth and brilliancy to the composition, relieving it from dulness. The difficult problem which the artist prescribed for himself has been cleverly solved.

The life of a painter, above all of a portrait-painter, is one long succession of such problems, varying with the nature of the subject in kind and degree of difficulty. It follows naturally that his processes must vary, too, requiring a longer or shorter time in the working-out, for which no infallible rule will serve him. In mechanical labor the rate of the machine's pulse may be gauged with certainty, the moment of completion accurately fixed beforehand. But it is not so in art. There, all depends upon conditions that seem to be hourly changing. The mood of the artist; his distrust of the scheme attempted, or his entire confidence in it; the state of his nerves, of his general health, nay, even the state of the weather, all affect his work. One day it advances well; but, on the next, self-criticism steps in to impede him, and he gains nothing. The scoffing Philistine ascribes these halts and retrogressions to the weakness of the artistic temperament. Yet they are due to the work rather than to the workman—to the fact that he follows an art and not a trade. No artist can be entirely exempt from this oppressive influence, which arises afresh at each new effort with as many heads as Hydra. There are those, indeed, who estimate the value of their product by the depth and number of the despairs it has engendered. That Lockwood, in common with his fellow-artists, feels at times these retarding forces, is certain. But, as a rule, he overcomes them quickly. With his course fairly determined, when the mysterious sympathy between artist and model has been once established, the portrait is a question of days with him rather than of weeks; and the solution reached at the end of his first fierce attack upon the problem usually seems to him nearer the truth than any

* Since this article has been put into type Mr. Lockwood has received an "honorable mention" for this portrait at the Annual Exhibition of the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburg.

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Portrait. (In Green and White.)

other. The artist, however, is rarely the best judge of his own performance. At the moment of signing he comes too near to judge of it at all. And whether Lockwood's pictures have been painted in three months or in three days, the quality of the man is always there. The same power to interpret the figure and to set it before us in its best light shines through them all.

Allusion has been made to Lockwood's flower-studies, which, of necessity, must all be made rapidly. They have the charm of the subject, and are very delicately and sympathetically done, showing the strong feeling for Nature of a man who delights in woods and fields. The "Notes" in his first American exhibition were revelations of this feeling. They dealt chiefly with landscape in effects of dawn and sunshine, of morning mist and waning light, recorded at the moment of observation with a quick,

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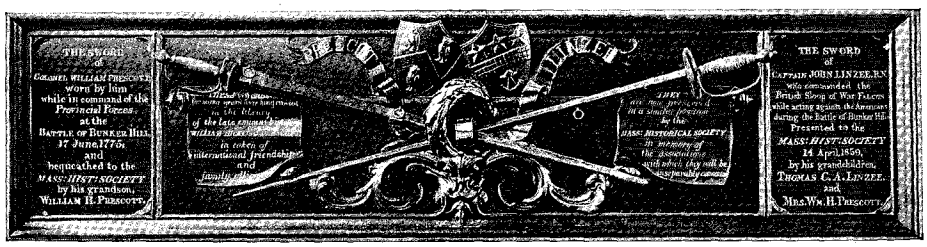
unerring hand. These interesting open-air impressions brought out fully a side of the man which his portrait-painting but half discloses; which, nevertheless, must always be his sustaining force. On the wall of his Boston studio he has written up, as a motto, these verses from Schiller's "Song of the Bell:"

And hence the gift to understand
That man within his heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with his hand.

He might set beside them, with a conviction born of his own experience, this bit of Carlyle's prose philosophy:

The heart that remained true to itself never yet found this big universe finally faithless to it.



THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE SECOND CONGRESS AND THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

THE SECOND CONGRESS

THE Massachusetts farmers had precipitated the crisis. They had fought the British troops and now held them besieged in Boston. Connecticut and New Hampshire had sustained them with men sent to share in the perils of the time and help to lay siege to the British army. Then came the anxious question as to how the rest of the country would look upon what had been done. Hitherto the other colonies had sympathized with the Eastern people strongly, and thus far had cordially supported them; but there was a powerful party, especially in the Middle States, who disliked the actions and suspected the intentions of the New Englanders, and who were strongly averse to independence or to any breach with the mother-country. How would these other colonies act now? Would they still stand by Massachusetts or would they recoil in alarm when blood had been shed and positive action one way or the other was no longer to be avoided? With these questions upon them the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts drew up an official account of the events of April 19th and sent one copy to England and another by express through all the other colonies to South Carolina. A momentous deed had been done, and the anxiety of the doers thereof is shown by the manner in which this official narrative was hurried away to the southward. The Massachusetts delegates who set out for Philadelphia within a fortnight after the Lexington and Concord fight, may well have been beset with these doubts and fears as to the reception which awaited them in Congress.

Samuel and John Adams again led the delegation, but to their little company was now added a man destined to become one of the best-known names of the Revolution, although as an efficient and effective actor his part was small. Rich, well-born, and generous in expense, John Hancock,

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almost alone among the men of wealth, family, and office who then formed the aristocracy of Boston, had espoused openly the side of opposition to Great Britain. Samuel Adams, shrewd judge and manager of men, cultivated his friendship, flattered his vanity, and employed him to excellent purpose. Here he had him now in his company as a Member of Congress, and we shall see presently how he used him there. So the Massachusetts delegates journeyed on together through Connecticut. There they already knew that all was safe and sympathetic. It was when they drew near the Hudson that the real anxiety began. But it came only to be dispelled, for as they approached New York they were met by a company of grenadiers, by a regiment of militia, by carriages, and by hundreds of men on foot. As they passed along into the town the roads and streets were lined with people who cheered them loudly, while the bells of the churches rang out a joyful peal of welcome. They were heroes, it appeared, not culprits. The people were with them here as in New England, and when they left the city they were escorted again by the militia, and again the crowds cheered them on their way. So it was all through New Jersey to Philadelphia. Honors and rejoicings met them everywhere. The people of the sister colonies stood firmly by Massachusetts in striking the first blow.

The second Congress met on May 10th. The leaders of the first were again there, Washington, Henry, Lee, Jay, and the two Adamses. With them, too, were some new men already distinguished or destined to win reputation. Chief among these new members was Benjamin Franklin, the most famous American then living, known throughout Europe by his scientific discoveries; known in England besides as the fearless champion of the colonies; great in science and in statecraft; a statesman and diplomatist; a man of letters and a popular writer, whose wit and wisdom were read in many tongues; just returned from London, and the wisest and most influential man in the Congress. It is worth while to pause a moment to look at Franklin, standing forth now as a leader of revolution, for he was one of the great men of the century. He was then in his seventieth year, but vigorous and keen as ever in mind and body. He could have done more than any other one man to prevent colonial revolt. He was eminently conservative and peace-loving, as well as loyal to the mother-country. The ministry that would have listened to him and been guided by him, would have held America, and fastened it tighter than ever to the Empire. Instead of this, official England set her Solicitor-General to vilify and abuse him in the presence of the Privy Council and before the English people. Franklin listened in silence to the invective then heaped upon him, and the most powerful friend to peace, union, and conciliation was lost to England. Now he had come back to guide his countrymen in the dangers that beset them, and to win allies for them from beyond seas. In the man of science, letters, and philanthropy we are apt to lose sight of the bold statesman and great diplomatist. We think of that familiar face with the fine forehead and the expression of universal benevolence. But there was another aspect. Look at the picture of Franklin where the fur cap is pulled down over his head. The noble brow is hidden, the pervading air of soft and gentle benevolence has faded, and a face of strength and power, of vigorous will and of an astuteness rarely equalled, looks out at us and fixes our attention. This versatile genius, with the sternness of the Puritan mingling with the scepticism and tolerance of the eighteenth-century philosopher, was not one to be lightly reviled and abused. It would have been well for Wedderburn, who, at his death, in the words of his affectionate sovereign, "left no greater knave behind him," if he had not added to the list of ministerial blunders that of making an enemy of Franklin. All these incidents were as well known as Franklin's fame in science, and his distinction in the public service, and we can easily imagine how he was looked up to in America, and how men turned to him when he appeared in Congress. He was the great figure at this second gathering, but not the only one among the new members who deserved remark. From Massachusetts came, as has been said, John Hancock, and from New York George Clinton and Robert Livingston, who were to play conspicuous parts in the Revolution, and in the early years of the new nation which sprang from

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it; while a little later Virginia sent Thomas Jefferson to fill a vacant place.

Never indeed was the best ability of the country more needed, for events had moved fast in the six months which had elapsed since the first Congress adjourned. War had broken out, and this second Congress found itself facing realities of the sternest kind. Yet the members were merely delegates, chosen only to represent the views and wishes of the colonies in regard to their relations with Great Britain. Beyond this they had no authority. Many of them had been irregularly elected by popular meetings. Their instructions varied, but none empowered them to form a government. They had not a square foot of territory which they could control; they had no executive powers; no money; no authority to make laws, and no means to carry them out. And yet the great forces were moving, and they had to face facts which demanded a vigorous and efficient government.

Even as they met on May 10th a British fortress had been seized by the colonists, for Lexington and Concord had set in motion a force which, once started, could neither be stayed nor limited. The first military and political object of England when war came obviously would be to divide New England from New York by controlling the line of the Hudson River to the Vermont lakes. The key of the position was the fortress at Ticonderoga which commanded the lakes, and in this way the road from Canada to New York. Very early in the troubles the New England leaders saw this situation, and when the conflict broke they moved quickly. Adams and Hancock counselled with the Governor of Connecticut and sent an express to Ethan Allen in the Green Mountains to prepare to seize the fort. Then some fifty men went forward from Connecticut and Massachusetts and met Ethan Allen at Bennington. An alarm was sent out, about a hundred hardy men from the mountains joined the detachment from the South, Allen was chosen leader, and on May 8th they started. The night of May 9th they were near the fort, and waited for the day to come. When the first faint flush of light appeared, Allen asked every man who was willing to go with him to poise his gun. Every gun was raised, Allen gave the word and they marched to the entrance of the fort. The gate was shut, but the wicket open. The sentry snapped his fuzee, and Allen, followed by his men, dashed in through the wicket, raised the Indian war-whoop and formed on the parade, covering the barracks on each side. There was but little resistance, and the sentries after one or two shots threw down their arms, while Allen strode forward toward the quarters of the commandant. As he reached the door, Delaplace appeared undressed, and Allen demanded the surrender of the fort. "By what authority?" asked Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," answered Allen. No stranger military summons was ever made with its queer mingling of Puritan phrase and legal form. But it served its purpose better than many an elaborate demand framed in the best style of Louis the Great, for it was perfectly successful. The fort which had cost England several campaigns, many lives, and some millions of pounds, fell into the hands of the Americans in ten minutes. The reason was plain. The Americans were quick-witted, knew the enormous value of the position, and acted at once. Thus by a surprise they succeeded; but none the less real wisdom lay behind Allen's prompt and vigorous action. As a military exploit it was all simple enough; nerve and courage at the right moment, and the deed was done. But the foresight which planned and urged the deed to execution showed military and political sense of a high order. Nor was that all. Seth Warner seized Crown Point, and another party took possession of the harbor of Skenesboro'. The road from Canada to New York was now in the hands of the Americans, a fact fruitful of consequences when a battle which has been set down as one of the decisive battles of the world was to be fought a few years later. Important, too, were the two hundred cannon taken in Ticonderoga and destined to play an important part a few months later in driving the British from their first military foothold in America. Altogether a brave deed, this of Allen and his mountain men; very punctually and thoroughly performed, and productive of abundant results as is usually the case with efficient action, which without criticism, carpings, or doubts drives straight on at the goal to be attained.

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While Ethan Allen and his men were thus hurrying events forward in their own rough-and-ready fashion that pleasant May morning, the members of the second Congress were meeting in Philadelphia. They knew nothing of what was happening far to the north, or of how the men of the Green Mountains were forcing them on to measures and responsibilities from which they still shrank, and which they had not yet put into words. They would learn it all soon enough from messengers hurrying southward from Ticonderoga, but they already had ample food for thought without this addition. The King and his Ministers had rejected and flouted their appeals sent to England six months before, and had decided on fresh measures of coercion. Their friends in Parliament had been beaten. The farmers of Massachusetts had fought the King's troops, and now held those troops besieged in Boston with a rough, undisciplined army. Recognition, reasonable settlement, mutual concessions had drifted a good deal farther off than when they last met. If the situation had been grave in 1774, it was infinitely graver and more difficult now. How were they to deal with it, devoid as they were of proper powers for action and still anxious to remain part of the British Empire? A very intricate question this, but they faced it manfully.

They began, as before, by electing Peyton Randolph President, and when shortly afterward he was called home, they went from Virginia to Massachusetts for his successor. The use of John Hancock now became apparent, and we can see why Samuel Adams had brought him from Boston. He had the wealth, the position, the manners which made him attractive to the delegates from the other colonies. He was free from the suspicion of being too radical and dangerous, which clung to both Samuel and John Adams, despite the fact of his association with them. He was dignified, courtly, well known. It was very important to Massachusetts, which had ventured so far in open rebellion, that Congress should stand by her. To have the President of the Congress, if Virginia, the other strongly resisting colony, did not furnish that officer, was an important step. In itself it carried support and approbation, for John Hancock was a proscribed man, and Benjamin Harrison, as he escorted him to the chair, said we could show Great Britain how much they cared for her proscriptions. Samuel Adams could not have been elected President, John Hancock could be; and accordingly, when Randolph withdrew, he was chosen. He was an excellent presiding officer and accustomed to be governed and guided by Adams. His election meant that the party of firm resistance to England, whose bulwarks were Virginia and Massachusetts, controlled the Congress, something much more essential to them now than six months before. Be it noted also that to fill Randolph's place as delegate there shortly arrived a tall, rather awkward-looking young man, with reddish hair and a pleasant face and look. His name was Thomas Jefferson, and although he proved a silent member, he so won upon his associates that he was placed on important committees and a little later showed that if he would not speak in public, he could write words which the world would read and future generations repeat. Among the delegates who came late we must also remark one named Lyman Hall, from the parish of St. John's in Georgia, where there was a New England settlement. His arrival completed the tale of the American Colonies. The thirteen in one way or another all had representation in the new Congress. The union of the colonies, which was so dangerous to British supremacy, was evidently getting more complete and perfect.

The work of organization done, the Congress faced the situation, and solved the question of lack of authority by boldly assuming all necessary executive powers as events required. In committee of the whole they reviewed the proceedings in Massachusetts, and then ensued a series of contradictions very characteristic of the law-abiding English people, and reminding one strongly of a time when the Long Parliament made war on the king in the king's name. These colonial Englishmen resolved that Great Britain had begun hostilities and at the same time protested their loyalty. They declared they were for peace, advised New York to allow the British troops to be landed from the Asia, and then voted to put the colonies in a position of defence. Under the lead of John Dickinson, they agreed to again petition the King, and authorized addresses

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to the people of England, to the people of Ireland, and to their fellow-colonists of Canada and of Jamaica. When the news of Ticonderoga came, they decided not to invade Canada, and hesitated even about the wisdom of holding the forts they had taken. Then, pushed on by events, they proceeded to exercise the highest sovereign powers by authorizing a small loan and organizing an army. On June 15th, upon the motion of John Adams, and at the request of New England, they chose George Washington to command what was henceforth to be known as the Continental Army, then engaged in besieging the British in Boston. It was a noble choice, one worth remembering, for they took the absolutely greatest and fittest man in America, a feat which is seldom performed, it being too often left to events to throw out the unfit selections made by men and put in their stead those to whom the places really belong. Washington himself, silently watching all that happened with the keen insight which never was at fault, always free from illusions, and recognizing facts with a veracity of mind which was never clouded, knew well that the time for addresses and petitions had passed.

Averse as he had been to independence as an original proposition, he was not deceived by any fond fancies as to the present situation, which had developed so rapidly in a few months. War had begun, and that meant, as he well knew, however men might hesitate about it, a settlement by war. He had already made up his mind fully as to his own course, and when the great responsibility came to him he accepted it at once, without shrinking, solemnly and modestly, stipulating only that he should receive no pay above his expenses, and saying that he did not feel equal to the command. Artemas Ward, then in command at Boston, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam, and Charles Lee, the last an English adventurer, glib of tongue and quite worthless, were chosen major-generals. Horatio Gates, another Englishman, thanks to the same natural colonial spirit which chose Lee, was appointed adjutant-general. Pomeroy, Heath, and Thomas of Massachusetts, Wooster and Spencer of Connecticut, Sullivan of New Hampshire, Montgomery of New York, and the Quaker, Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island, who proved the most brilliant of them all, were appointed brigadiers.

Thus, while they petitioned the King, shrank from independence, and sought conciliation and peace by addresses and memorials, the second American Congress at the same time took into their service an army already in the field, and sent the greatest soldier of the time to command it and to fight the troops of the Sovereign whom they still acknowledged. Very contradictory and yet very human and natural all this, for great causes are not carried out, nor do great forces move upon the straight lines marked out by the critic or the student, but along the devious and winding paths which human nature always traces for itself when it is brought face to face with difficulties and trials which it would fain avoid and must meet.

THE REPLY TO LORD SANDWICH

While Congress was thus debating and resolving, the people were acting. After the Concord fight some sixteen thousand armed men gathered about Boston and laid siege to the town. They were under different and independent commands, undisciplined, ill-armed, with no heavy guns fit for siege operations. But through their zeal in a common cause, for the time, at least, they made up in activity what they lacked in organization and equipment. They managed to cut off Boston from the surrounding country, so that actual distress began to prevail among the inhabitants, and thousands who sympathized with the patriots abandoned the town and made their way to the neighboring villages. With no regular works anywhere, the Americans still contrived to have men at all important points, and in some fashion to prevent communication with the country. In addition they swept the harbor-islands clean of cattle and sheep, and this work led to frequent skirmishes, in one of which the Americans destroyed two British vessels and drove off the royal troops. An effort to provision Boston with sheep brought from the southward was frustrated by the people of New Bedford, who fitted out two vessels, captured those of the enemy with the live-stock on board, and beat off a British sloop-of-war. It is not easy to under-

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stand how the Americans, ill-equipped as they were, were able to thus maintain the lines around Boston and hold besieged regular troops amounting at that time to over five thousand men, and very soon afterward to more than ten thousand. The fact can only be explained by the utter incompetency of the British commander, General Gage. With the troops under him he ought at any time to have been able to break the extended American line and drive them from point to point. Indeed, he should never have permitted them to close in on him. Instead of taking vigorous action, however, he occupied himself with making treaties with the selectmen of the town for the withdrawal of the inhabitants and with issuing fierce proclamations, while he allowed the enemy to hold him a virtual prisoner. It is not to be wondered at that when Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe arrived with reinforcements they should have been amazed that the King's troops had not long since beaten and driven off the "peasants," as they called them, who surrounded the town. Yet the new generals seem only to have added to the sum total of British incompetency. With largely increased forces they still did not attack the Americans or drive them away. On the contrary, the attack came from the "peasants," and not from the army of veterans imprisoned in Boston. The Americans were spurred on to action by reports that the British were about to seize certain strategic points and fortify them, and that expeditions were preparing for this purpose. In order to be beforehand with them the council of war prepared a plan for a series of works and redoubts on the northern side of the city, reaching from what is now Somerville to the hills of Charlestown, which bordered on the river and harbor. General Ward and others of the commanding officers naturally opposed this plan so far as it related to the extreme point of the hills in Charlestown, for the very excellent reason that they had but little powder and no cannon, and that without these essential aids it seemed rash in the extreme to take a position near the British lines which threatened Boston itself. While they were debating the question news came from a trustworthy source that on June 18th the British intended to seize Dorchester Heights, to the south of the town, and it was clear that if they should be successful in this movement it would not only absolutely protect Boston, but would make the American positions difficult if not untenable. Considerations of prudence were therefore laid aside, and the committee of safety decided that it was necessary to at once occupy Charlestown Neck and Bunker Hill. General Ward and the others were quite right in thinking this a desperate undertaking for which they were totally unprepared, and yet the committee of safety and the final decision were on the broadest grounds correct. It was essential to hold the British where they were in the town. If they once got possession of the commanding points outside, it would be impossible to drive them out of Boston, and one of the principal American cities would remain in the enemies' hands. If, on the other hand, the Americans seized a position close to the British lines and became the aggressors, then whether they failed or succeeded in holding their ground permanently, they would, by fighting, prevent the enemy from making an advance movement, and from so strengthening and extending his lines that he could neither be closely besieged nor forced from the town.

Thus it came about, either by sound military instinct or by equally sound reasoning, that the order was issued to occupy and fortify Bunker Hill in Charlestown, and late in the afternoon of June 16th the troops selected for this duty were ordered to parade. Three Massachusetts regiments, two hundred Connecticut men as a fatigue party, and an artillery company with two field-pieces formed the detachment. Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed. Then the word was given, and with Colonel Prescott in command and at the front, and with their intrenching tools in carts bringing up the rear, they started as the darkness fell and marched to Charlestown. When they reached the Neck they halted, and a small party was detached to guard and watch the town while the main body went on to Bunker Hill. Here they halted again, and a long discussion ensued as to where they should intrench. The orders said plainly Bunker Hill, but the nature of the ground

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said with equal plainness Breed's Hill, which was farther to the front, nearer to the river, and more threatening to the city. The dispute went on until the engineer begged for a speedy decision, and they then determined to throw up the intrenchments on Breed's Hill and fortify Bunker Hill afterward.

Then the work began. Gridley marked out the lines for the intrenchment and did it well. He was an accomplished engineer and had seen service at Louisburg and in the old French war. The redoubt he laid out in haste that night excited the admiration of the enemy the next day. The lines drawn, a thousand men set to work with spades to raise the earthworks. These American soldiers, called hastily from their farms, lacked organization and military discipline, but they were intelligent, independent men, accustomed to turn their hand to anything. They could shoot and they could also dig. They were able to handle the spade as dexterously and effectively as the rifle. It was well for them that they could do so, for the June night was short, and quick work was vital. Close by them along the river-front lay five men-of-war and several floating batteries, all within gunshot. On the other side of the stream the British sentinels paced up and down the shore. Prescott, when the work began, sent a small detachment under Maxwell to patrol Charlestown and guard the ferry. Twice during the night he went down himself to the edge of the water and listened intently to catch the drowsy cry of "All's well" from the watch on the British ships. The work, therefore, had to be not only quick but quiet, and it is a marvel that no British sentry, and still more, no sailor on the men-of-war, detected the movement on the hill or heard the click of the spades and the hum and stir of a thousand men toiling as they never toiled before. But the Americans labored on in silence under the summer starlight, faster and faster, until the gray dawn began to show faintly in the east. When the light came, the sailors on the nearest sloop suddenly saw that intrenchments six feet high had sprung up in the night and were frowning at them from the nearest hill. The sight of the works was a complete surprise, and the captain of the Lively, without waiting for orders, opened fire. The sound of the guns roused Boston. British officers and townspeople alike rushed out to see what had happened. To the former that which met their eyes was not an encouraging sight, for with those Charlestown hills fortified and in the hands of the enemy, Boston would be untenable and they would be forced to abandon the town. Gage at once called a council of officers and they determined that the works on Breed's Hill must be taken immediately and at all hazards, and the Americans driven off. Unwilling, on account of Ward's army at Cambridge, to land on the Neck and thus assail the redoubt from behind, and thoroughly despising their opponents, of whom they knew nothing, they decided to make a direct attack in front, and orders went forth at once to draw out the troops and transport them by boats to Charlestown.

Meantime the battery on Copps Hill and the water-batteries had been firing on the American works. The fire, however, was ineffective, and the Americans continued their task of finishing and perfecting their intrenchments and of building the interior platforms. Made in such haste, they were rude defences at best, but all that could be done was done. At first when a private was killed by a cannon-ball there was some alarm among the men unaccustomed to artillery fire, and Colonel Prescott therefore mounted on the parapet and walked slowly up and down to show them that there was no real danger. The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view of the enemy gave confidence at once, and there were no more murmurs of alarm, although when the tide was at flood some of the war-ships were able to enfilade the redoubt and pour in a better-directed fire. So the day wore on with its accompaniment of roaring cannon, the Americans waiting patiently under the hot sun, tired and thirsty, but ready and eager to fight.

At noon the British troops marched through the streets of Boston, and began to embark under cover of an increased and strongly sustained fire from the ships and floating batteries. By one o'clock they had landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and formed in three lines. Not liking the looks of the redoubt now that he was near

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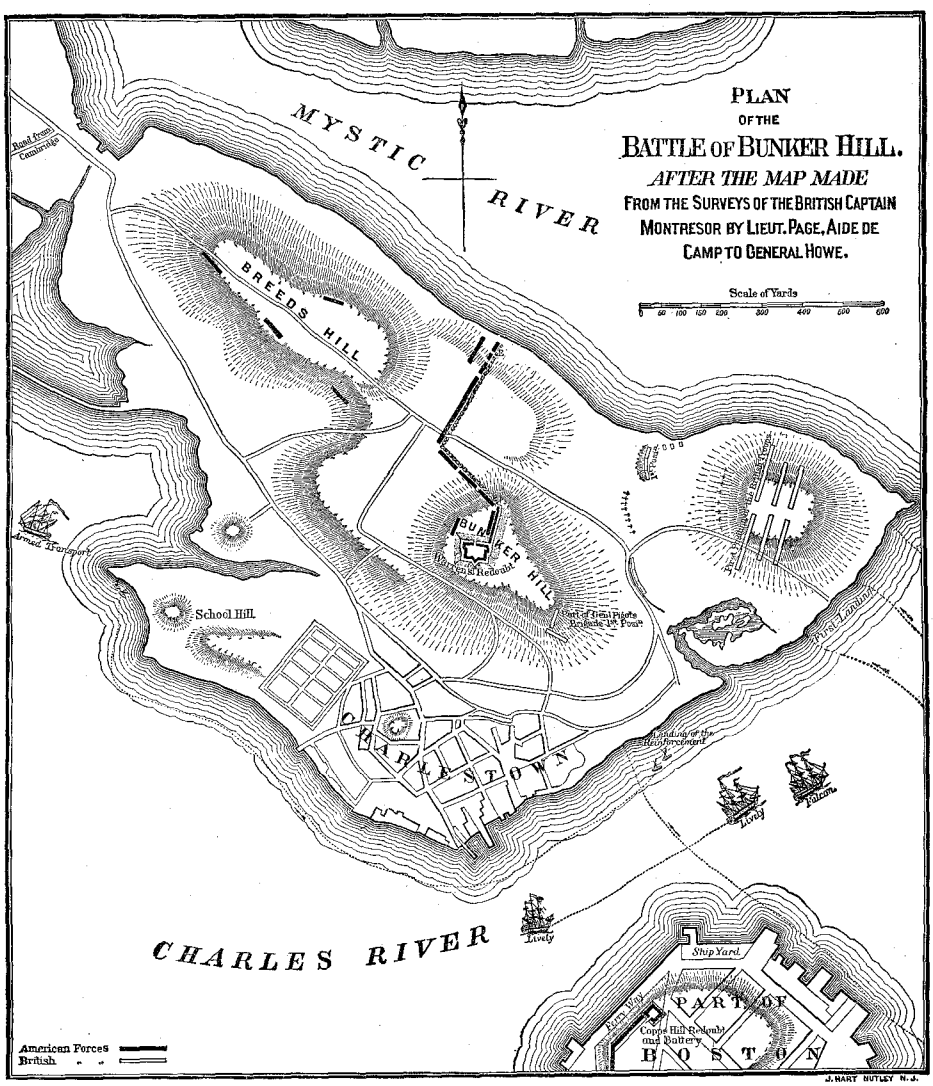

to it, General Howe sent for reinforcements, and while he waited for them his men dined. Prescott, too, early in the morning had sent for reinforcements, and the news that the British had landed, caused a great stir in the camp at Cambridge, but owing to the lack of organization only a few fresh troops ever reached the hill. Some leaders arrived, like Warren and Pomeroy and General Putnam, who did admirable service throughout the day. John Stark came over with his New Hampshire company, declining to quicken his step across the Neck, which was swept by the British fire, and brought his men on the field in good condition. But with some few exceptions of this sort, Prescott was obliged to rely entirely on the small detachment he had himself led there the night before. Seeing a movement on the part of the British which made him believe that they were going to try to turn his position on the left, with the true military instinct and quick decision which he displayed throughout the day Prescott detached Colonel Knowlton with the Connecticut troops and the artillery to oppose the enemy's right wing. Knowlton took a position near the base of the hill, behind a stone fence with a rail on top. In front he hastily built another fence

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and filled the space between the two with freshly cut grass from the meadow. It was not such a work as a Vauban would have built, or foreign military experts would have praised, but the Americans of that day, instead of criticising it because it was not on the approved foreign model, made the best of it and proceeded to use it to good purpose. While Knowlton was thus engaged he was joined by Stark and the New Hampshire men, and with their aid was enabled to extend and strengthen his line.

At last the forces were in position. The long hours of quiet waiting in the burning sun were drawing to an end. The British forces were at length in line, and soon after three o'clock Howe briefly told his men that they were the finest troops in the world, and that the hill must be taken. Then he gave the word, and under cover of a very heavy fire from the ships, the batteries, and the artillery, they began to advance, marching in admirable order with all the glitter and show of highly disciplined troops. They were full of cheerful, arrogant confidence. They despised the Provincials and looked with scorn on the rude works. They had been taught to believe also that the Americans were cowards. Had not Lord Sandwich and other eminent persons, whom they were bound to credit, told them so? They expected a short, sharp rush, a straggling fire, a panic-stricken retreat of the enemy, and an easy victory to celebrate that evening in Boston.

Howe led the attack on the flank in person, aiming at the rail fence and the collection of "rustics," as he would have called them, who were gathered there. General Pigot led the assault in front upon the redoubt itself. On they marched, very fine to look upon in their brilliant uniforms and with their shining arms. Onward still they went, the artillery booming loudly over their heads. They began to draw near the works and yet the enemy gave no sign. The sun was very hot, and they had heavy knapsacks just as if they were going on a march instead of into action, which was natural from their point of view, for they expected no battle. The grass, too, was very long, and the fences were many. It was harder getting at the Americans, the heat was greater, the way longer, than they had imagined, but these things after all were trifles, and they would soon be on the rebels now. Still all was silent in the redoubts. They came within gunshot. There were a few straggling shots from the fort, quickly suppressed, and it looked as if the officers were going round the parapet knocking up the guns. What could it all mean? Were the Provincials going to retreat without firing at all? It would seem that they were more cowardly than even the liberal estimate made by Lord Sandwich allowed. Perhaps most of them had slipped away already. In any event, it would soon be over. On then fast, for it was well within gunshot now. Forward again quickly, and the separating distance is only ten or twelve rods. Suddenly they heard from the fort the sharp order to fire. A sheet of flame sweeps down from the redoubt. It is a deadly, murderous fire. The execution is terrible. Officers fall in all directions. The British troops, and there are in truth no finer or braver in the world, return the fire sharply, but not well. The lines waver and gaps open everywhere in the ranks. Meantime the fire from the fort continues, steady, rapid, effective, evidently aimed by marksmen whose nerves are in good order.

How were they faring meanwhile at the rail fence, where General Howe was leading his men in person? Not quite so silent here. The two little American field-pieces opened effectively as the British advanced. There were some straggling shots from the fence, quickly suppressed as on the hill, but they drew the fire of the troops who came on, firing regularly as if on parade. It would not take long to dispose of this flimsy barrier. On, then, and forward. They came within gunshot, they came within ten rods, and now the rail fence flamed as the American fire ran down the line. This, too, was a deadly fire. The officers were picked off. The troops began to break, so savage was the slaughter. On hill and meadow, before redoubt and rail fence, the British columns gave way. They could not stand the execution that was being done upon them. Pigot ordered a retreat, and Howe's men broke and scattered. As the British troops recoiled and fell back, cut up by the American fire, the Americans sprang forward with cheers eager to pursue, restrained only by their officers, and shouting, "Are the Yankees cowards?" Lord Sandwich was answered. Whatever the final result, the

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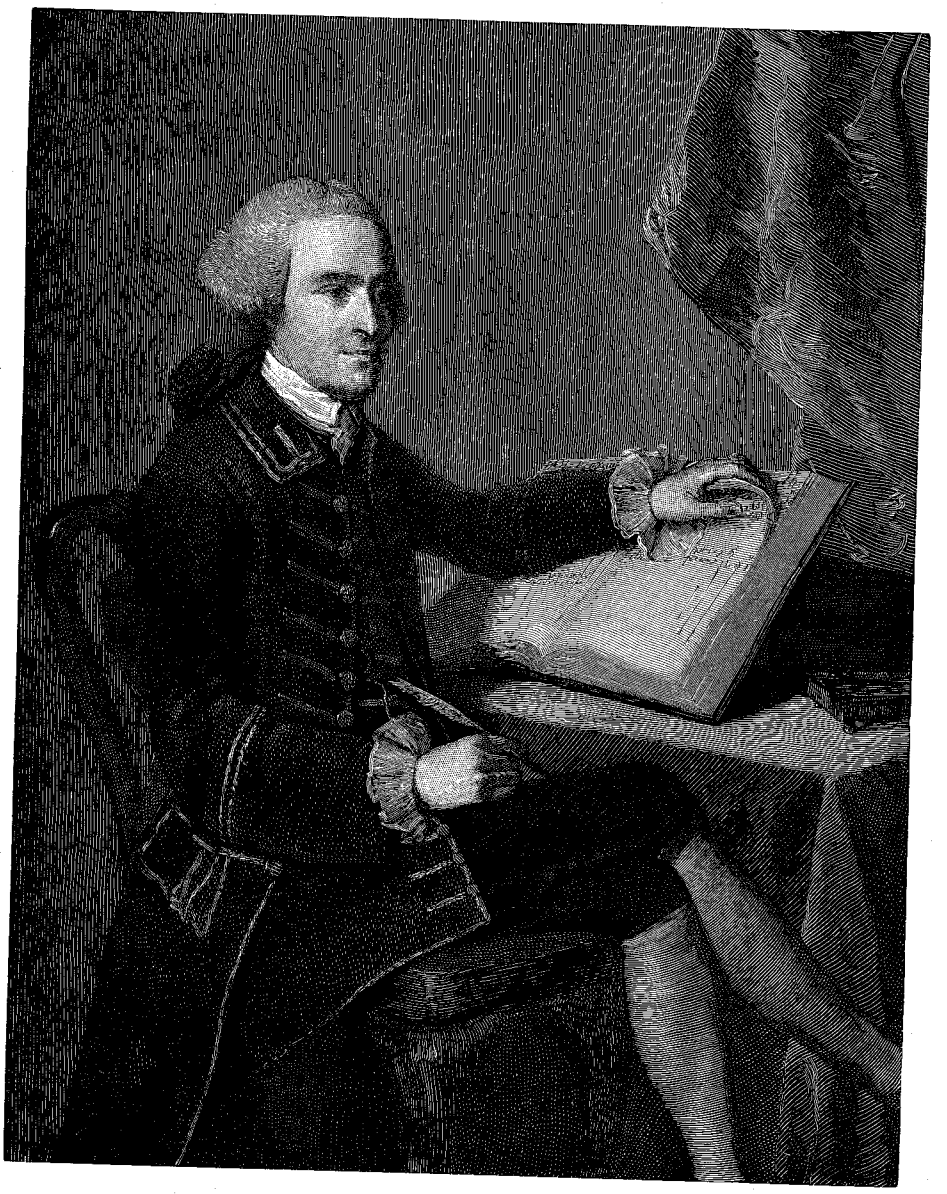

John Hancock.

Engraved from the portrait painted by Copley in 1774. Now in possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

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The Ruins of Ticonderoga, looking Northwest, showing the Ruins of the Bastion and Barracks.

men who had met and repulsed that onslaught were not cowards.

General Howe soon rallied his surprised and broken troops and formed them again in well-drawn lines. The British then set fire to the village of Charlestown, a perfectly wanton and utterly useless performance, as the wind carried the smoke away from the redoubt. The ships renewed their bombardment with increased fury ; the artillery was advanced on the right, where it could do much more execution upon the defenders of the rail fence, and with the little town in flames on their left, the British moved forward to a second assault. They advanced firing, their march encumbered now not only by long grass and fences, but by the bodies of their comrades fallen in the first attack. Their fire did little execution, for they aimed too high. Still they moved on with their well-ordered lines. Again the redoubt was silent. They came within gunshot, within ten rods, still silence. Now they were within six rods and now came again that sheet of flame and the deadly fire. This time they were not taken by surprise. They knew now that there were men behind those rude earthworks who could and would shoot straight, and who had not run away at their approach. They staggered under the shock of this first volley, but rallied gallantly and came on. Could the Americans maintain their ground after one volley? It appeared that they could. Colonel Prescott said there was a " continuous stream of fire from the redoubt." So continuous, so rapid, and so steady was it, that the British never got across the short distance that remained. They struggled bravely forward, many falling within a few yards of the redoubt and on the very slopes of the embankment. Then they gave way, this time in confusion, and fled. Some ran even to the boats. It was the same at the rail fence. Despite the artillery playing on their left, the Americans stood firm and poured in their fatal volleys when the enemy came within the prescribed line. Howe's officers and aides fell all about him, so that at times he was left almost alone, a gallant figure in the thick of the slaughter, in the midst of dead and dying, his silk stockings splashed with blood and still calling to his soldiers to come on. The men who shot down his staff spared him. Perhaps the memory of the equally gallant brother whom they had followed in the Old French War, and of a monument to that brother placed in Westminster Abbey by the province of Massachusetts, turned aside the guns which could have

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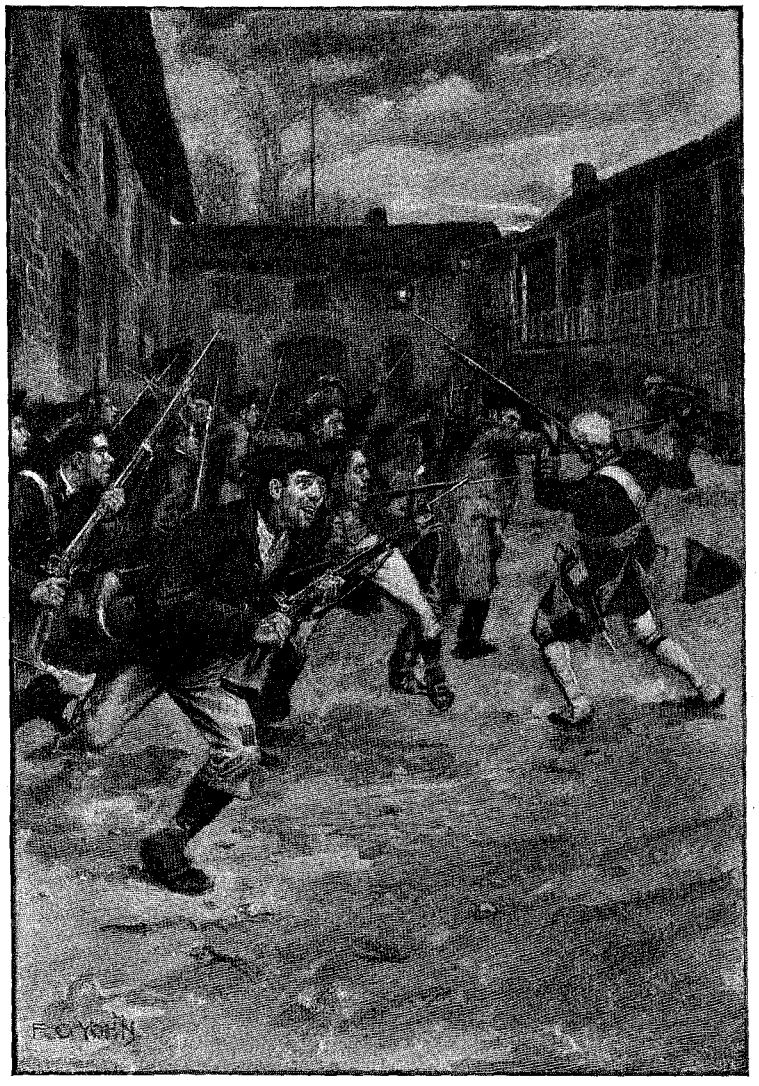

The Capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen.

There was but little resistance, and the sentries after one or two shots threw down their arms.—Page 186.

picked him off as they did his companions in arms. But at that moment no personal courage in the commander could hold the troops. They broke as the main column had broken on Breed's Hill before the sustained and fatal fire of the Americans, and swept backward almost in a panic to the shore and the boats.

This second repulse was far more serious both in losses and in moral effect than the first. So long a time elapsed before the British moved again that some of the American officers thought that the enemy would not try the works a third time. The interval of delay, however, served only to disclose the inherent weakness of the American position. The men had behaved with steady courage, and fought most admirably, but they were entirely unsupported, and without support the position was untenable against repeated attacks from a superior force. The American army at Cambridge had no real military organization, the general was without a staff, and, though a brave man, was unable to supply the deficiencies by his own en-

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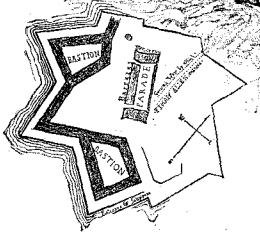
A Near View of the Ruins of the Officers' Quarters at Ticonderoga.



Ground Plan Showing Barracks and Officers' Quarters. The covered way by which Allen entered is also indicated.

ergy and genius. Prescott had sent early in the day for reinforcements, but such confusion prevailed at Cambridge that none were despatched to his assistance in an intelligent and effective manner. A number of companies, indeed, started from Cambridge for Charlestown. Some turned back, unwilling to face the fire of the ships which swept the Neck. Stark came through, as has been said, early in the day, and did splendid service with his men at the rail fence; but the others for the most part never came into action at all. Orders were disobeyed, contradictory commands issued, and men straggled away from their regiments, some to retreat, some to join in desultory and independent fighting from outlying positions. Therefore, despite the great efforts of some of the officers, and especially of General Putnam, such men as really succeeded in reaching Charlestown remained in confusion on Bunker Hill in the rear of the redoubt. Even worse than the failure to support Prescott with troops, which was due to lack of discipline and leadership, was the failure to send him powder. He found himself face to face with a third attack, with no fresh soldiers, but only his own men who had been digging all night and fighting all day, and with scarcely any powder. Most of his men had only a single round, none more than three, and they broke up the cartridges of the cannon to get a last pitiful supply. With the shadow of certain defeat upon him, Prescott saw the British prepare for a third assault. Howe, not without difficulty, had rallied his men and reformed his ranks, while a reinforcement of four hundred marines had landed and joined him. He had also learned a lesson, and had found out that he had a dangerous enemy before him. This time the British soldiers laid aside their knapsacks, and advanced in light order. This time, too, only a feint was made at the rail fence, and the whole attack, as well as the artillery fire, was concentrated on the redoubt. Prescott knew that without powder, and with scarcely any bayonets, he could not shatter the columns before they reached the breastworks, nor repel an enemy capable of a bayonet charge once they had reached the parapet. Nevertheless, he determined to stand his ground, and make to the last the best fight he could. The British moved forward, this time in silence. "Make every shot tell," said Prescott to his men, and when the British were within twenty yards, the Americans, standing their ground firmly under the artillery fire, poured in a withering volley. The British line staggered, but came on. As they mounted

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the parapet another light volley did even more execution, but it was the last. The American powder was exhausted, and the minute-men could only meet the bayonet with clubbed musket. It was a useless and hopeless waste of life to contend with such odds under such conditions, and Prescott gave the word to retreat. His men fell back from the redoubt, he himself going last, and parrying bayonet thrusts with his sword. Now it was that the Americans suffered most severely, and that Warren, one of the best beloved of the popular leaders, was killed. Nevertheless, the men drew off steadily and without panic. The brave troops at the rail fence who had fought so well all day, checked the British advance and covered the retreat of the main body under Prescott. All that was left of the little American band retreated in good order across the Neck. They were not pursued. General Clinton, who had joined before the last attack, urged Howe to follow up his victory, but Howe and his men had had enough. They took possession of Bunker Hill with fresh reinforcements, and contented themselves with holding what they had gained. The Americans established themselves upon the hills on the other side of the Charlestown Neck. They had been driven from their advanced position, but one great result had been gained. The losses had been so severe that the British plan to take Dorchester Heights had to be given up. If the colonists could have held Breed's Hill, the British would have been compelled to abandon Boston at once; but the fact that they failed to hold it did not give the British a position which enabled them to command the American lines, or to prevent a close siege which would ultimately force evacuation.

General William Howe.
From an engraving after the portrait by Dodd, May 13, 1786.

Such was the battle of Bunker Hill. The victory was with the British, for they took the contested ground and held it. But the defeat of Bunker Hill was worth many victories to the Americans. It proved to them that British troops were not invincible, as they had been so confidently assured. It proved their own fighting capacity, and gave strength and heart to the people of every colony. Concord and Lexington had made civil war inevitable. Bunker Hill showed that the Revolution, rightly led, was certain to succeed. The story of Bunker Hill battle has been told in prose and verse many times, and there is nothing to be added to the facts, but there was a meaning to it which was entirely overlooked at the moment, and which has never been sufficiently emphasized since. The fact that the British carried the hill is nothing, for they lost thirteen colonies in consequence. But it is in the statistics of the battle that the real lesson lay, a lesson which showed how disastrous a day it really had been for the British army, and which if taken to heart by the Ministry, a thing quite impossible under the circumstances, might have led even then to peace and concession. The price paid for that hill on June 17, 1775, was enormous, without regard to more remote results. Never had the British troops behaved with more stubborn bravery; never had they been more ruthlessly sacrificed, and never up to that time had British soldiers faced such a fire. They brought into action something over three thousand men, and not more than thirty-five hundred. The official British returns give the killed and wounded as 1,054. The Americans in Boston insisted that the British loss reached 1,500, but let us take only the official return of 1,054. That

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The Bunker Hill Intrenching Party.

Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed.—Page 189.

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Vicinity of the Washington Elm, Cambridge, at the Present Time.

In the background, enclosed by a fence and with a tablet marking it in front, is the historic tree under which Washington took command of the army.

means that the British loss was a trifle over thirty per cent. The significance of these figures can only be understood by a few comparisons. The statistics of losses in Marlborough's battles are rough and inexact, but so far as we know the allies lost at Blenheim, where only 16,000 of the 55,000 were British troops, about twenty-five per cent.; at Ramillies about seven per cent.; at Malplaquet less than twenty-five per cent.; at Fontenoy, where the Duke of Cumberland, the "Martial Boy, *sans peur et sans avis*," hurled the British force at the centre of the French line in a charge as magnificent and desperate as it was wild and foolish, there were 28,000 English soldiers in the army, and the loss in killed and wounded was somewhat over fourteen per cent. Thus we see the correctness of the statement that no English soldiers had at that time ever faced such a fire as they met at Bunker Hill. In later times the British loss at Waterloo was nearly thirty-four per cent., and the loss of the allied army about fifteen per cent.; while at Gettysburg the Union army lost about twenty-five per cent., and these were two of the bloodiest of modern battles. Waterloo lasted all day, Gettysburg three days, Bunker Hill, an hour and a half. At Gravelotte, the most severe battle of our own time, and with modern weapons, the German loss was less than fourteen per cent. Take another significant feature at Bunker Hill. One hundred and fifty-seven British officers were killed or wounded. Wellington had four hundred and fifty-six killed or wounded at Waterloo. If the Bunker Hill proportion had been maintained he should have lost nine hundred and forty-two. The American loss was less than the British, because the men fought from behind intrenchments, and it was sustained chiefly in the last hand-to-hand struggle. Nevertheless, it was very severe. At different times the Americans appear to have had in Charlestown between two and three thousand men, but Washington, who was most accurate and had careful returns, stated that they never had more than fifteen hundred men engaged, which agrees with the best estimates that can be now made of the number of men who fought

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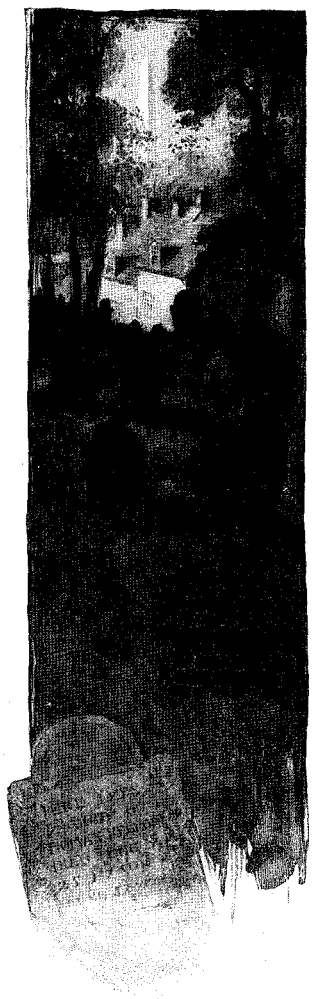
at the redoubt and behind the rail fence. The American loss was, from the best reports available, four hundred and eleven killed and wounded, at least twenty per cent. of the whole force actually engaged.

These statistics of the British loss, when analyzed, show the gallantry of the English soldiers, which no other race at that time could have equalled, and a folly on the part of their commanders in attempting to rush an earthwork held by such opponents, which it is hard to realize. Yet it is in the reasons for that very folly that we can find an explanation for the American Revolution, and for the disasters to the British arms which accompanied it.



A Glimpse of Bunker Hill Monument from Copp's Hill Cemetery.

On this hill was the battery which destroyed the town of Charlestown during the battle of Bunker Hill.

Englishmen generally took the view that the people of the American Colonies were in all ways inferior to themselves, and particularly in fighting capacity. Lord Sandwich was not exceptional in his ignorance when he declared that the Yankees were cowards. Weight was given to what he said merely because he happened to be a peer, but his views were shared by most public men in England, and by most of the representatives of the English Crown in America, both military and civil. The opinion of statesmen like Chatham, Camden, or Burke, was disregarded, while that of Lord Sandwich and other persons equally unintelligent was accepted. It was this stupidity and lack of knowledge which gave birth to the policy that resulted in colonial resistance to the Stamp Act, and later to the assembling of the first Revolutionary Congress. It seems very strange that intelligent men should have had such ideas in regard to the people of the American Colonies, when the slightest reflection would have disclosed to them the truth. The men of New England, against whom their wrath was first directed, were of almost absolutely pure English stock. They were descendants of the Puritans, and of the men who followed Cromwell and formed the famous army which he led to a series of unbroken victories. Whatever the faults of the Puritans may have been, no one ever doubted their ability in public affairs, their qualities as citizens, or, above all, their fighting capacity. In the one hundred and twenty-five years which had elapsed since that period, what had happened to make their descendants in the New World degenerate? The people of New England had made a hard fight to establish their homes in the wilderness, to gather subsistence, and, later, wealth from an ungrateful soil and from the stormy seas of the North Atlantic. They had been engaged in almost constant warfare with the Indians and French and had formed a large part of the armies with which Pitt had wrested Canada from France. Surely there was nothing in all this to weaken their fibre or to destroy their fighting qualities. Frontiersmen and pioneers whose arms were the axe and the rifle, sturdy farmers and hardy fishermen from the older settlements, of almost pure English blood, with a slight mingling of Scotch-Irish from Londonderry, were not, on the face of things, likely to be timid or weak. Yet these were the very men whom Lord Sandwich and the Minis-

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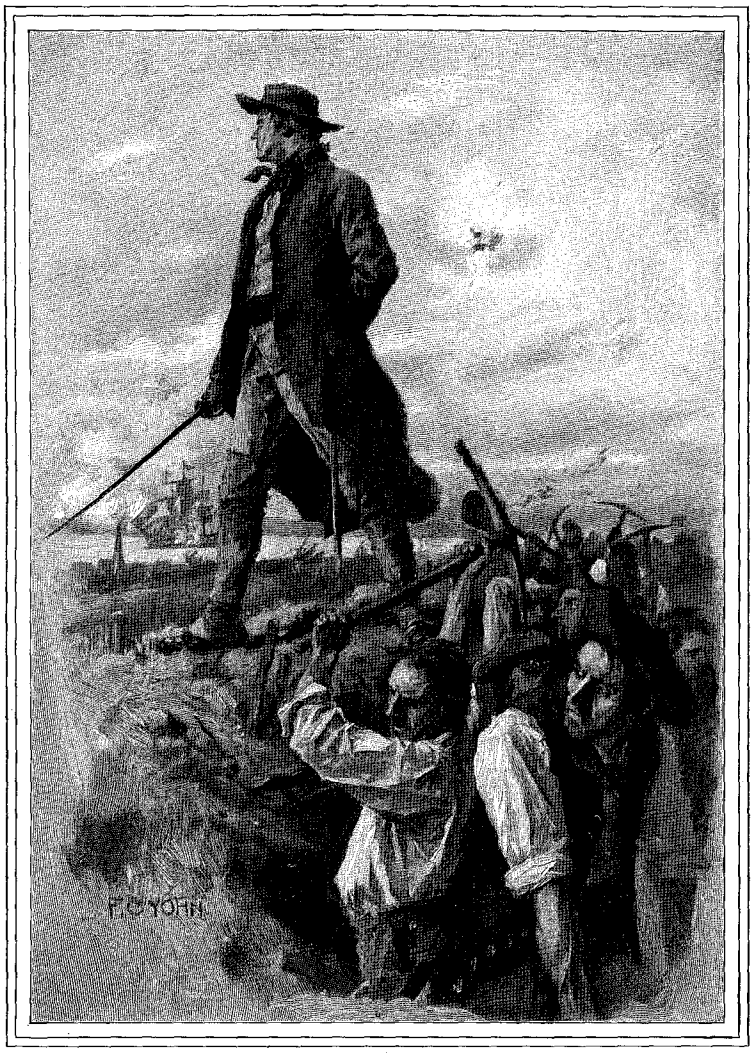

Prescott on the Parapet at Bunker Hill.

The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view of the enemy gave confidence at once.—Page 190.

try, and England generally, set down as cowards, who would run like sheep before the British troops. While the resistance to the English policy of interference was confined to the arena of debate and of parliamentary opposition, they found the representatives of these American people to be good lawyers, keen politicians and statesmen, able to frame state papers of the highest merit. Untaught, however, by the controversy of words, they resorted to force; and when the British generals, on the morning of June 17th, beheld the rude earthworks on Breed's Hill, their only feeling was one of scorn for the men who had raised them, and of irritation at the audacity which prompted the act. With such beliefs they undertook to march up to the redoubt as they would have paraded to check the advance of a city mob. When they came within range they were met by a fire which, in accuracy and in rapidity, surpassed anything they had ever encountered. As they fell back broken from the slopes of the hill their one feeling was that of surprise. Yet all that had happened was the most natural thing in the world. To men who had

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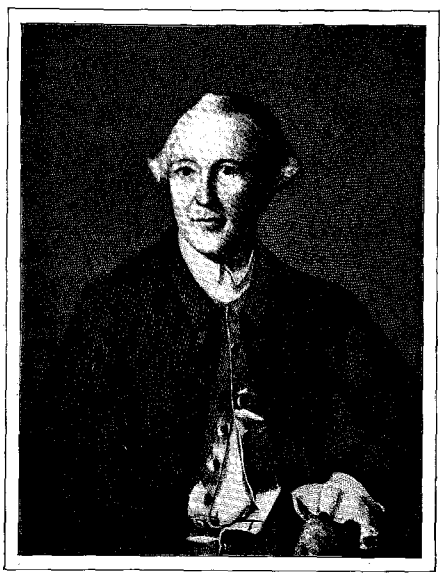
fought in the French and Indian wars, who had been bred on the farm and fishing smack, who were accustomed to arms from their youth, who, with a single bullet, could pick off a squirrel from the top of the highest tree, it was an easy matter, even though they were undisciplined, to face the British soldiers and cut them down with a fire so accurate that even stubborn British courage could not withstand it. Contempt for all persons not living in England, and profound ignorance of all people but their own, were the reasons for the merciless slaughter which came upon the British soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill. The lesson of that day was wasted upon England, for insular contempt for every other people on earth is hard to overcome. It was, however, a good beginning, and the lesson was ultimately learned, for the same ignorance and contempt which led to the reckless charges against the Charlestown earth-works dictated the policy and sustained the war which cost England the surrender of two armies and the loss of thirteen great colonies. Perfect satisfaction with one's self, coupled with a profound ignorance and openly expressed contempt in regard to other people, no doubt tend to comfort in life, but they sometimes prove to be luxuries which it is expensive to indulge in too freely.



Joseph Warren, Killed at Bunker Hill.
From a portrait painted by Copley in 1774.

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

BUNKER HILL revealed at once the strength and weakness of the Americans. At Bunker Hill, as at Concord and Lexington, it was the people who had risen up and fought, just as fifteen years later it was the people of France who rose up and defied Europe, unchaining a new force which the rulers of Europe despised until it crushed them. So England despised her colonists, and when they turned against her they started the great democratic movement and let loose against the mother-country a new force, that of a whole people ready to do battle for their rights. The power which this new force had and the native fighting qualities of the American soldiers were vividly shown at Bunker Hill, and there, too, was exhibited its weakness. The popular army was unorganized, divided into separate bands quite independent of each other, undisciplined, and unled. Hence the ultimate defeat which provision, organization, and tenacity of purpose would have so easily prevented. What the people could do fighting for themselves and their own rights was plain. Equally plain was the point where they failed. Could they redeem this failure and eradicate the cause of it? Could the popular force be organized, disciplined, trained, and made subordinate to a single purpose? In other words, could it produce a leader, recognize him when found, concentrate in him all the power and meaning it had, rise out of anarchy and chaos into order and light, and follow one man through victory and defeat to ultimate triumph? These were the really great questions before the American people when the smoke had cleared and the bodies had been borne away from the slopes of Breed's Hill.

In such a time few men look below the surface of events. They must deal with the hard, insistent facts which press close against them. No one realized that the American people had been brought sud-

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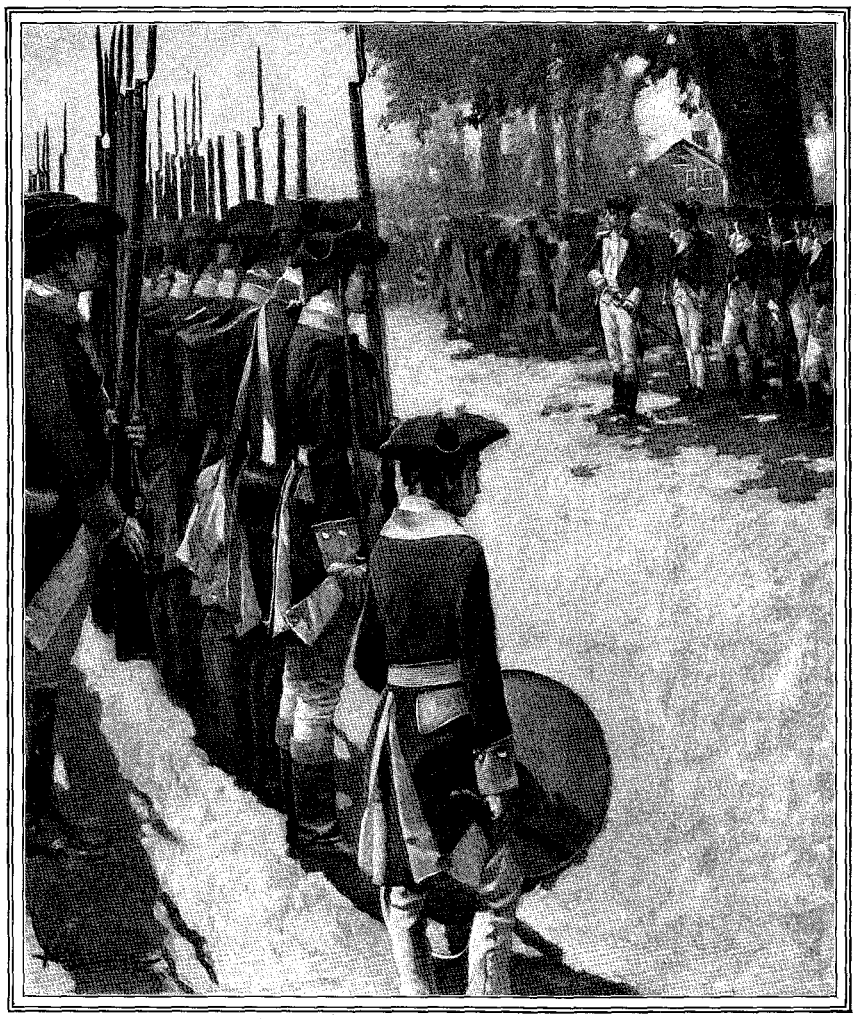

Washington Taking Command of the Army.

On July 3, 1775, at about nine in the morning, Washington, with several of the general officers, went on foot (not mounted, as he is often represented) to the elm still standing by the edge of Cambridge Common, and there said a few words to the assembled troops, and drew his sword and took command of the Continental Army.

denly to a harder trial than facing British bayonets. No one understood at the moment that it must quickly be determined whether the popular movement was able to bring forth a leader, and then submit to and obey him, or whether after an outburst of brave fighting it was to fall back into weakness, confusion, and defeat.

Yet this mighty question was upon them, and even while they were still counting their dead in Boston and Cambridge, the leader was on his way to put his fortune, which was that of the American Revolution, to the test. On June 21st Washington started from Philadelphia. He had ridden barely twenty miles when he met the messengers from Bunker Hill. There had been a battle, they said. He asked but one question, "Did the militia fight?" When told how they had fought, he said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," and rode on. Give him men who would fight and he would do the rest. Here was a leader clearly marked out. Would the people risen up in war recognize the great fact and acknowledge it?

A pause in New York long enough to put Philip Schuyler in charge of military affairs in that colony, and Washington pushed on through Connecticut. On July

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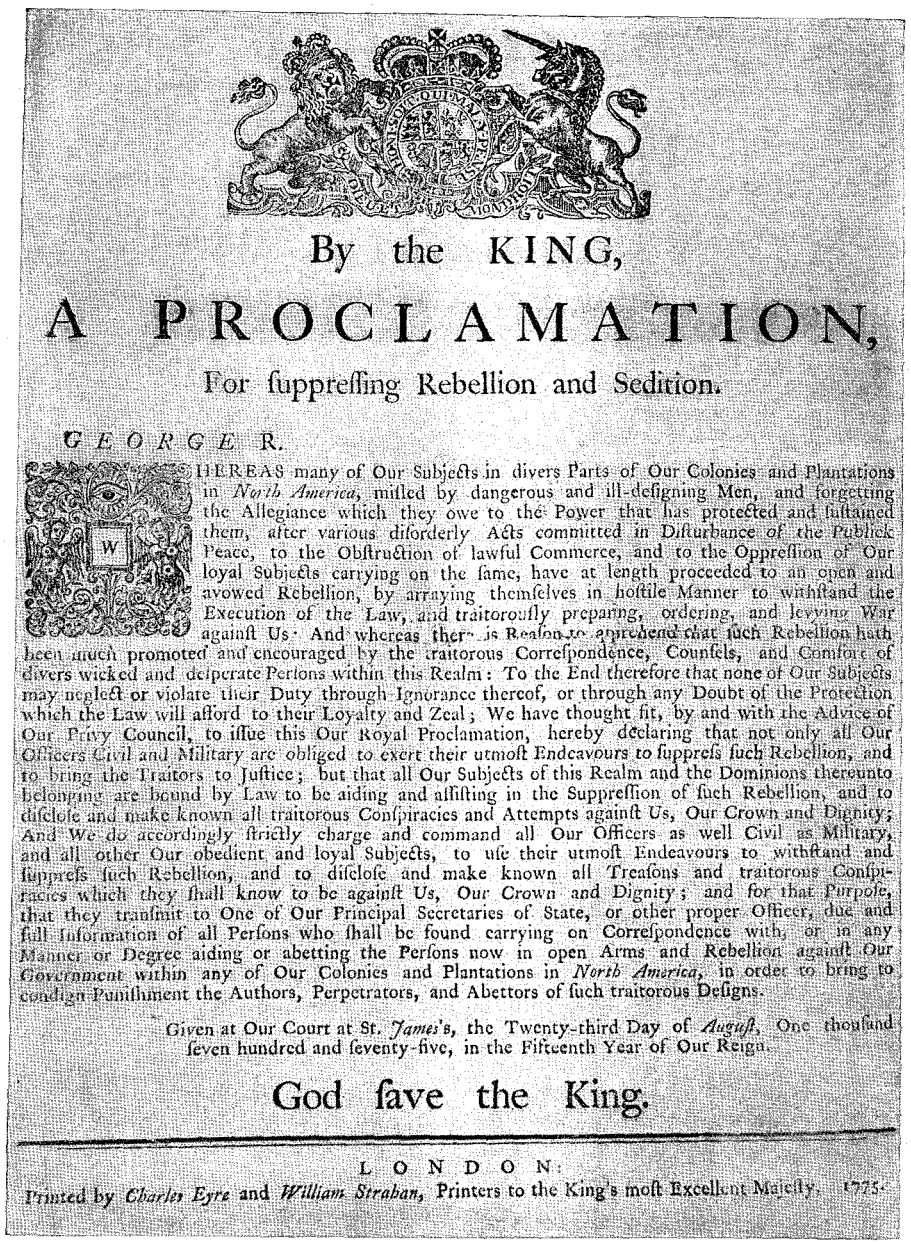

By the KING,

A PROCLAMATION,

For ſuppreſſing Rebellion and Sedition.

GEORGE R.

WHEREAS many of Our Subjects in divers Parts of Our Colonies and Plantations in *North America*, miſled by dangerous and ill-deſigning Men, and forgetting the Allegiance which they owe to the Power that has protected and ſuſtained them, after various diſorderly Acts committed in Diſturbance of the Publick Peace, to the Obſtruction of lawful Commerce, and to the Oppreſſion of Our loyal Subjects carrying on the ſame, have at length proceeded to an open and avowed Rebellion, by arraying themſelves in hoſtile Manner to withſtand the Execution of the Law, and traitorouſly preparing, ordering, and levying War againſt Us: And whereas there is Reaſon to apprehend that ſuch Rebellion hath been much promoted and encouraged by the traitorous Correſpondence, Counſels, and Comfort of divers wicked and deſperate Perſons within this Realm: To the End therefore that none of Our Subjects may neglect or violate their Duty through Ignorance thereof, or through any Doubt of the Protection which the Law will afford to their Loyalty and Zeal; We have thought fit, by and with the Advice of Our Privy Council, to iſſue this Our Royal Proclamation, hereby declaring that not only all Our Officers Civil and Military are obliged to exert their utmoſt Endeavours to ſuppreſs ſuch Rebellion, and to bring the Traitors to Juſtice; but that all Our Subjects of this Realm and the Dominions thereunto belonging are bound by Law to be aiding and aſſiſting in the Suppreſſion of ſuch Rebellion, and to diſcloſe and make known all traitorous Conſpiracies and Attempts againſt Us, Our Crown and Dignity; And We do accordingly ſtrictly charge and command all Our Officers as well Civil as Military, and all other Our obedient and loyal Subjects, to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to withſtand and ſuppreſs ſuch Rebellion, and to diſcloſe and make known all Treaſons and traitorous Conſpiracies which they ſhall know to be againſt Us, Our Crown and Dignity; and for that Purpoſe, that they tranſmit to One of Our Principal Secretaries of State, or other proper Officer, due and full Information of all Perſons who ſhall be found carrying on Correſpondence with, or in any Manner or Degree aiding or abetting the Perſons now in open Arms and Rebellion againſt Our Government within any of Our Colonies and Plantations in *North America*, in order to bring to condign Puniſhment the Authors, Perpetrators, and Abettors of ſuch traitorous Deſigns.

Given at Our Court at St. *James's*, the Twenty-third Day of *Auguſt*, One thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-five, in the Fifteenth Year of Our Reign.

God ſave the King.

LONDON:

Printed by *Charles Eyre* and *William Strahan*, Printers to the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty. 1775.

A Proclamation by King George III., August, 1775.

Reproduced from one of the original broadsides in Dr. Emmet's collection now in the Lenox Library.

2d he was at Watertown, where he met the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. An hour later, being little given to talk, he rode on to Cambridge and reached head-quarters. The next day the troops were all drawn out on parade, and in their presence, and that of a great concourse, Washington drew his sword and formally took command of the American army. The act performed, cheers and shouts broke forth, and the booming of cannon told the story to the enemy in Boston. The people were evidently with him. They looked upon him as he rode down the lines and were content. The popular movement had found its leader, and the popular instinct

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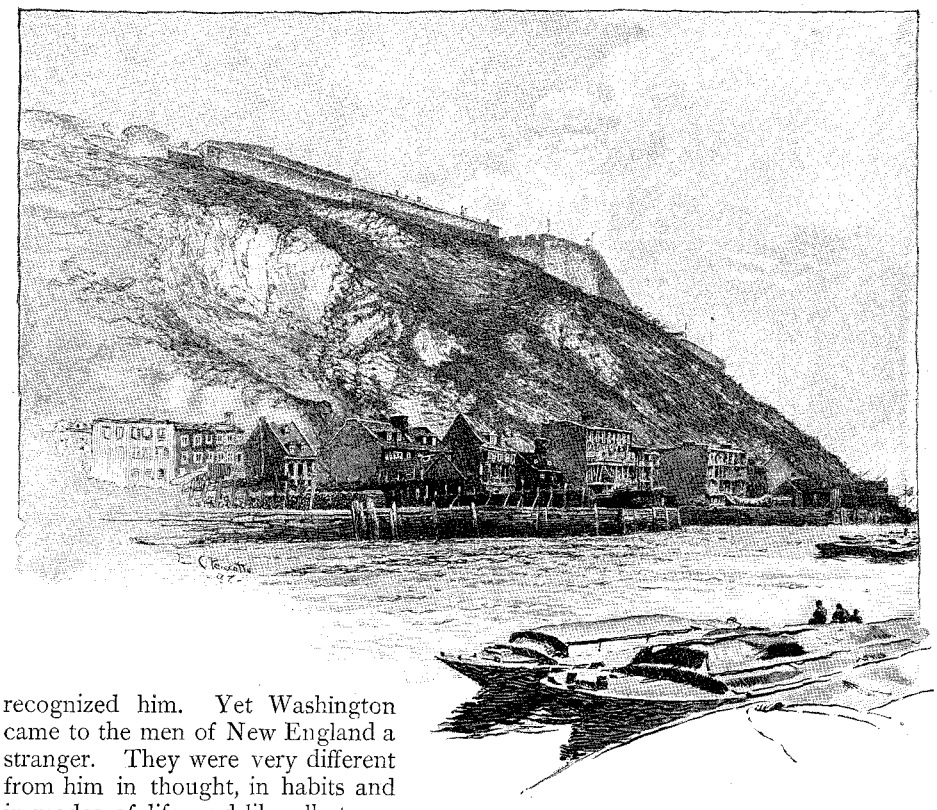

Cape Diamond and the Citadel, Quebec.

At a narrow point under Cape Diamond, Montgomery, who was leading the first division in the attack on Quebec, was killed.

recognized him. Yet Washington came to the men of New England a stranger. They were very different from him in thought, in habits and in modes of life, and like all strong people they were set in their own ways and disposed to be suspicious of those of others. But these men of New England none the less gave their entire confidence to Washington at once and never withdrew it. As General in the field, and later as President, he always had the loyal support of these reserved, hard-headed, and somewhat cold, people. They recognized him as a leader that morning on Cambridge Common, for there was that in his look and manner which impressed those who looked upon him with a sense of power. He was a man to be trusted and followed, and the keen intelligence of New England understood it at the first glance.

Washington did not understand them quite as quickly as they understood him, for with the people it was an instinct, while with him understanding came from experience. At first, too, it was a rough experience. He found his new soldiers independent in their ways, as unaccustomed to discipline as they were averse to it, electing and deposing their officers, disposed to insubordination, and only too ready to go off in order to attend to their domestic affairs, and return in leisurely fashion when their business was done. To a soldier like Washington this was all intolerable, and he wrote and said many severe words about them, no doubt accompanying his words sometimes when he spoke with the outbursts of wrath before which the boldest shrank. The officers and contractors troubled him even more than the men, for he found them hard bargainers, sharp, and, as it often seemed to him, utterly selfish. He dealt with these evils in the effective and rapid way with which he always met such difficulties. In his own plain language he made "a good slam" among the wrong-doers and the faint-hearted. He broke several officers, put others under arrest, and swiftly changed the whole tone of the army. He had less trouble with the rank and file than with the officers, but all soon came straight, the criticisms of his troops disappear from his letters, and six months later he praises them in

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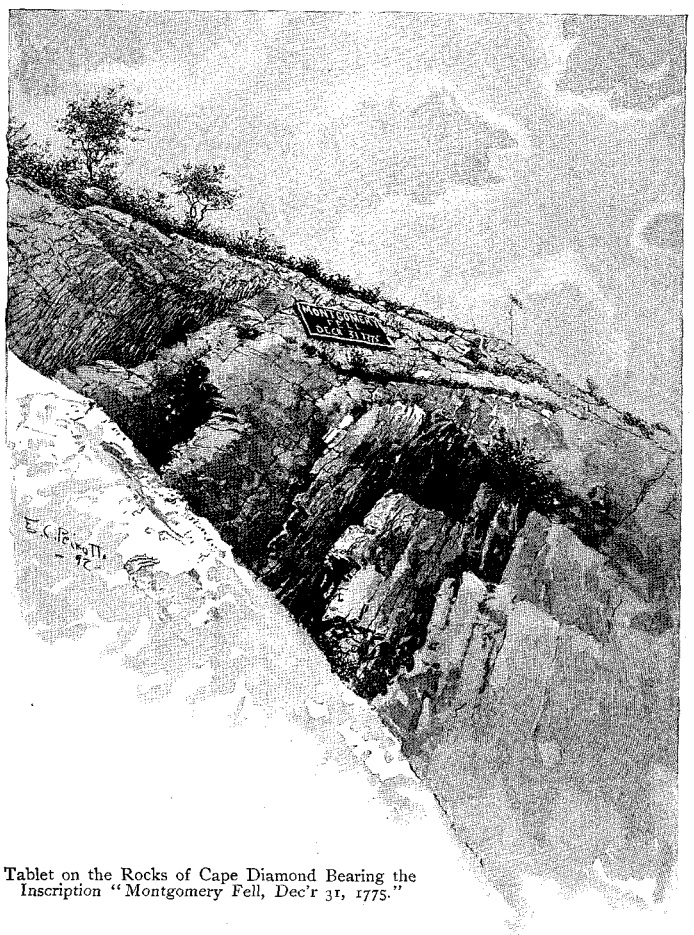

Tablet on the Rocks of Cape Diamond Bearing the Inscription "Montgomery Fell, Dec'r 31, 1775."

high terms. He entered on the war with an army composed wholly of New England men. He ended the revolution with an army, after seven years' fighting, largely made up from the same New England people, and then it was that he said that there were no better troops in the world. The faults which annoyed him so at the outset had long since vanished under his leadership, and the fine qualities of the men, their courage, intelligence, endurance, and grim tenacity of purpose had become predominant.

Washington, a great commander, had the genius for getting all that was best out of the men under him, but the work of organizing and disciplining the army at Cambridge was the least of the troubles which confronted him when he faced the situation at Boston. Moreover, he knew all the difficulties, for he not only saw them, but he was never under delusions as to either pleasant or disagreeable facts. One of his greatest qualities was his absolute veracity of mind; he always looked a fact of any sort squarely in the face, and this is what he saw when he turned to the task before him. The town of Boston, the richest, and next to Philadelphia the most populous in the colonies, was in the hands of the enemy, who had some twelve thousand regular troops, well armed, perfectly disciplined, and thoroughly supplied with every munition of war. This well-equipped force had command of the sea, and how much the sea-power meant, Washington understood thoroughly. He knew with his broad grasp of mind what no one else appreciated at all, that in the sea-power was the key of the problem and the strength of the English. That gone, all would be easy. While England commanded the sea the struggle was

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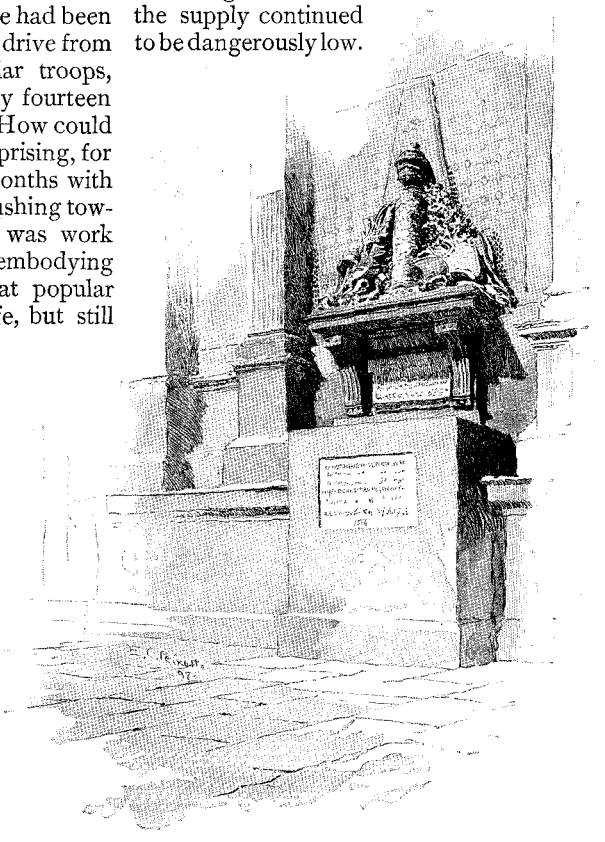
certain to be long and doubtful. All the later years of the war, indeed, were devoted by Washington to a combination by which through the French alliance he could get a sea-control. When he succeeded, he swept the chief British army out of existence, and ended the war. But here at the start at Boston the enemy had control of the sea, and there was no way of getting it from them. The set task of getting the British out of Boston must be performed, therefore, while they commanded the sea, and had a powerful fleet at their backs. What means did Washington have to accomplish this formidable undertaking? An unorganized army of raw men, brave and ready to fight, but imperfectly armed, and still more imperfectly disciplined. The first thing that Washington did on taking command was to count his soldiers, and at the end of eight days he had a complete return, which he should have obtained in an hour, and that return showed him fourteen thousand men instead of the twenty thousand he had been promised. What a task it was to drive from Boston twelve thousand regular troops, supported by a fleet; and only fourteen thousand militia to do it with. How could it be done? Not by a popular uprising, for uprisings do not hold out for months with patient endurance and steady pushing toward a distant aim. No, this was work that must be done by one man, embodying and leading, it is true, the great popular force which had started into life, but still one man. It was for George Washington, with such means as he had or could create, to take the town, and the story of the siege of Boston is simply the story of how he did it.

Very rapidly discipline improved, and the militia took on the ways and habits of a regular army. The lines were extended and every strategic point covered, so that in a short time it was really impossible for the enemy to get out except by a pitched battle fought at great disadvantage. Observers in the army and on the spot could not explain just how this was all brought about, but they knew what was done, and they saw the new general on the lines every day. By the end of July the army was in good form, ready to fight and to hold their works. Then it was suddenly discovered that there was no gunpowder in the camp. An extensive line of works to be defended, a well-furnished regular army to be besieged, and only nine rounds of ammunition per man to do it with. There could hardly have been a worse situation, for if under such conditions the enemy were to make a well-supported sally, they could only be resisted for a few minutes at most. Washington faced the peril in silence and without wavering. Hard-riding couriers were despatched all over the country to every village and town to ask for, and, if need be, seize powder. A vessel was even sent to the Bermudas, where it was reported some gunpowder was to be had. By these desperate efforts enough powder was obtained to relieve the immediate strain, but all through the winter the supply continued to be dangerously low.



The Monument to Montgomery, St. Paul's Church, New York City.
Erected by the order of Congress, January 25, 1776.

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The Attack on Quebec.

The Second Division under Arnold attacking. Arnold who led this part of the attack was completely disabled by a musket-wound in the knee, and was obliged to leave the field.

The anxieties and labors of the army and the siege were enough to tax the strongest will and the keenest brain to the utmost, and yet Washington was obliged to carry at the same time all the responsibility for military operations everywhere. He was watching Johnson and his Indians in the valley of the Mohawk, and Tryon and the Tories in New York. He was urged to send troops to this place and that, and he had to consider every demand and say "no" as he did to Connecticut and Long Island when he thought that the great objects of his campaign would be injured by such a diversion. At the same time he planned and sent out expeditions aimed at a distant but really vital point which showed how he grasped the whole situation, and how true his military conceptions were. He saw that one of the essential parts of his problem was to prevent invasion from the north, and that this could be

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done only by taking possession of Canada. Success in this direction was possible, if at all, only by an extremely quick and early movement, for in a very short time the British would be so strong in the valley of the St. Lawrence that any attempt on their positions would be quite hopeless. He therefore sent one expedition under Montgomery by Lake Champlain to Montreal, and another under Arnold through Maine to meet the New York forces at Quebec. Montgomery met with entire success. He passed up the lake, after a siege took St. Johns, and then pressed on to Montreal, which he captured without difficulty. Meantime Arnold, with some eleven hundred men, was making his desperate march through the forests of Maine. Even now a large part of his route is still a wilderness. He encountered every obstacle and hardship that it is possible to conceive —hunger, cold, exposure, terrible marches through primeval woods, voyages down turbulent streams, where boats were sunk and upset with the drowning of men and loss of provisions and munitions. Still Arnold kept on with the reckless daring and indomitable spirit so characteristic of the man. With a sadly diminished force he came out at last in the open country, and after a short rest pushed on to the St. Lawrence. When he reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec, there was no Montgomery to meet him. He crossed the river, but his force was too small to attack, and he withdrew. Meantime Burr, disguised as a priest, reached Montreal, and Montgomery came down the river and joined Arnold, but only with some three hundred men. It was now December and a Canadian winter was upon them. Nevertheless, the united forces to the number of a thousand made a desperate attack upon the city. Montgomery was killed in the assault, and his men repulsed. Arnold penetrated into the city, was badly wounded, and forced to leave the field. Carleton, enabled by the defeat of Montgomery to concentrate his defence, forced Morgan, who had succeeded to the command after some desperate fighting in the streets, to surrender. This was really the end of the attempt on Canada. Arnold, with only five hundred men, held Carleton besieged in Quebec all winter. But although new generals came, and in the spring Washington at great risk detached reinforcements from his own army to aid the men in the north, on the breaking up of the ice in the river the Americans were compelled to withdraw from Quebec and later from Montreal. The attempt had failed, the north and the valley of the St. Lawrence remained open to England, and Canada was lost to the Americans. It was a well-conceived, boldly planned expedition, defeated by a series of unforeseen obstacles here, and a little delay there; but its failure was very fruitful of consequences, both near and remote, just as its success would have been in another direction.

Planning and carrying on bold schemes like this against Canada, was far more to Washington's taste than the grinding, harassing work of slowly organizing an army, and without proper material pressing siege-operations. Still he kept everything well in hand. He chafed under the delays of the work at Boston; he knew that at this juncture time helped England, and he wanted to make the fullest use of the first energy of the popular enthusiasm. Early in September he proposed an attack on Boston by boats and along Roxbury Neck, and a little later another of similar character. In both cases his council of officers went against him, and he had not reached that point of discipline where he could afford to disregard them and follow his own opinion alone, as he so often did afterward.

Councils of officers, however, were not his only trouble or hindrance. Congress wanted speed; while his officers thought him rash, Congress thought him slow, and demanded the impossible. They wondered why he did not at once secure the harbor without ships, and urged him to set up batteries and open on the town when he had neither siege-guns nor powder. Congress had to be managed, and so did the Provincial Congresses, each unreasonable in its own way, and from them, moreover, he had to procure money and supplies and men. With infinite tact and patience he succeeded with them all. Enlistments expired, and he was obliged to lose his old army and replace it with a new one—not a pleasant or easy undertaking in the presence of the enemy and in the midst of a New England winter. But it was done. Privateers began to appear, and rendered great service by their attacks on the enemy's commerce. They brought in many valuable prizes, and

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Washington had to be a naval department, and, in a measure, an admiralty court. Again the work was done. Gage treated American prisoners badly. With dignity, firmness, and a good deal of stern vigor, Washington brought him to terms and taught him a much-needed lesson both in humanity and manners.

So the winter wore on. Unable to attack, and with no material for siege-operations, he could only hold the British where they were and make their situation difficult by cutting off all supplies by land with his troops, and by water with his privateers. It was dreary work, and no real advance seemed to be made, until in February the well-directed efforts began to tell and light at last began to break. Powder by great diligence had been gathered from every corner, and they now had it in sufficient quantity to justify attack. Henry Knox, sent to Ticonderoga, had brought thence on sledges over the snow the cannon captured by Ethan Allen that memorable May morning. Thus supplied, Washington determined to move. His first plan was to cross the ice with his army and storm the city. This suited his temperament, and also was the shortest way as well as the one which would be most destructive and ruinous to the enemy. Again, however, the officers protested. They prevented the crossing on the ice, but they could no longer hold back their chief. If he could not go across the ice, then he would go by land, but attack he would. On the evening of Monday, March 4th, under cover of a heavy bombardment, he marched a large body of troops to Dorchester Heights, and began to throw up redoubts. All night long Washington rode up and down the lines encouraging his men and urging them to work. He knew them now, they had always believed in him, and under such leadership and with such men, the works grew rapidly. When morning broke there was, as on June 17th, great stir and excitement in Boston, and it was plain that the British meant to come out and attack. Washington's spirits rose at the prospect. He had had enough of siege-work, and was eager to fight. Meantime his men worked on hard and fast. The British troops made ready, but a gale came up and they could not cross the bay. The next day there was a storm and heavy rain. The next day it was too late; the works were too strong to be attempted successfully. Then the Ticonderoga guns began to send shot and shell into Boston, and parleys were opened. Howe, through the selectmen, promised to evacuate if not molested, but if attacked declared that he would burn the town. Washington assented to this proposition, but still Howe delayed, and Washington, not fond of delays or uncertainties, advanced his works. The hint was enough, and on March 17th, amid disorder and pillage, leaving cannon and much else behind, eleven thousand British troops with about a thousand Boston Tories went on board the fleet, while Washington marched in at the other end of the town. The fleet lingered at the entrance to the harbor, closely watched by Washington, for a few days, and then sailed away to Halifax.

The victory was won. Boston was in the hands of the Americans, and so remained. Except for raids here and there, and an attack on Newport, the war in New England was over and those colonies the richest and most populous, with their long coast-line and ample harbors, were set free to give all their strength to the general cause without being held back or distracted by fighting for their own firesides. To have driven the British from New England and from her capital city in this complete and rapid fashion, was not only a victory, but an achievement of immense importance toward the success of the Revolution.

It was, moreover, in a purely military way, a very remarkable feat of arms. We cannot improve on Washington's own statement, simple, concise, and sufficient as his statements always are. "To maintain," he said, "a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without powder, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty odd British regiments is more, probably, than was ever attempted." It was a daring attempt, and the success was extraordinary. The attempt came from the armed people of the colonies. The victory was won by the genius of Washington, to whom the people had the wisdom to submit and the sense and strength to follow.

The Americans outnumbered the British, but not more than in the proportion of three to two, and this was little enough,

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as they had to hold the outer and besieging line. They were inferior to their opponents in discipline, equipment, organization, experience, and, worst of all, they had no sea-power whatever. All English soldiers were brave, and there could be no question about the unflinching courage of the men who had stormed the works at Bunker Hill. How was it then that with all the odds in their favor, when they should have broken the American lines and defeated the American army again and again, how was it that they were taken in an iron grip, held fast all winter, reduced to great straits, and finally driven ignominiously from the town by the army and the general they despised? The answer is really simple, difficult as the question seems on the face. The American troops were of just as good fighting quality as the British, and they were led by a great soldier, one of the great soldiers, as events showed, of the century. The British were commanded by some physically brave gentlemen of good family and slender intellect. Such men as these had no chance against a general like Washington so long as he had men who would fight and enough gunpowder for his cannon and muskets. He closed in on them, using to the utmost his inferior resources, and finally had them in so tight a grip that there was nothing for them but flight or a bloody defeat in the streets of a burning town. It was neither by accident nor by cowardice that the British were beaten out of Boston; it was by the military capacity of one man triumphing over extraordinary difficulties of his own and helped by unusual stupidity and incompetence on the part of his enemy whom he accurately estimated.

How was it, to go a step farther, that such men as Gage and Clinton and Howe were sent out to conquer men of their own race in arms and led by George Washington? For the same reason that the British soldiers were marched up the slopes of Bunker Hill as if they were going on a holiday parade. It was because England's Ministers and people knew nothing of the Americans, wanted to know nothing, despised them, thought them cowards, and never dreamed for one moment that they could produce a great general. There was absolutely no reason in the nature of things why the Americans should not be able to fight and bring forth great commanders. As a matter of fact they did both, but as they were no longer native Englishmen, England believed that they could do neither. Bunker Hill threw some light on the first theory; George Washington riding into Boston in the wake of a flying British army, illuminated the second. England learned nothing from either event, except that coercion would require larger forces than she had anticipated; still less did she suspect that the men who could write the State papers of Congress could also be diplomatists and find powerful allies. She was about to win some military successes, as was to be expected with the odds so largely in her favor. Encouraged by them, she paid no real heed either to Bunker Hill or Boston, and neither revised her estimate of the American soldier, nor paid much attention to his chief. Yet both events were of inestimable importance, for one showed the fighting quality of the American people, the other the military capacity and moral force of Washington, and it was by the fighting of the American soldier and the ability and indomitable courage of Washington that the American Revolution came to victory. Much else contributed to that victory, but without Washington and the soldiers who followed him, it would have been impossible.

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"SILVERSPOT"

THE STORY OF A CROW

By Ernest Seton Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

HOW many of us have ever got to know a wild animal? I do not mean merely to meet with one once or twice, or to have one in a cage, but to really know it for a long time while it is wild, and to get an insight into its life and history. The trouble usually is to know one creature from his fellow. One fox or crow is so much like another that we cannot be sure that it really is the same next time we meet. But once in awhile there arises an animal who is stronger, or wiser than his fellow, who becomes a great leader, who is, as we would say, a genius, and if he is bigger or has some mark by which men can know him, he soon becomes famous in his country, and shows us that the life of a wild animal may be far more interesting and exciting than that of many human beings.

Of this class were Courtrand, the bob-tailed wolf that terrorized the whole city of Paris for about ten years in the beginning of the fourteenth century; Gimpy, the lame grizzly bear that in two years ruined all the hog-raisers, and drove half the farmers out of business in the upper Sacramento Valley; Lobo,* the king wolf of New Mexico, that killed a cow every day for five years, and the Soehnee panther that in less than two years killed nearly three hundred human beings—and such also was Silverspot, whose history, as far as I could learn it, I shall now briefly tell.

Silverspot was simply a wise old crow; his name was given because of the silvery white spot that was like a nickel, stuck on his right side, between the eye and the bill, and it was owing to this spot that I was able to know him from the other crows, and put together the parts of his history that came to my knowledge.

Crows are, as you must know, our most intelligent birds—"Wise as an old crow" did not become a saying without good reason. Crows know the value of organization, and are as well drilled as soldiers—very much better than some soldiers, in fact, for crows are always on duty, always at war, and always dependent on each other for life and safety. Their leaders not only are the oldest and wisest of the band, but also the strongest and bravest, for they must be ready at any time with sheer force to put down an upstart or a rebel. The rank and file are the youngsters and the crows without special gifts.

Old Silverspot was the leader of a large band of crows that made their headquarters, near Toronto, Canada, in Castle Frank, which is a pine-clad hill on the northeast edge of the city. This band numbered about two hundred, and for reasons that I never understood did not increase. In mild winters they stayed along the Niagara River; in cold winters they went much farther south. But each year in the last week of February, Old Silverspot would muster his followers and boldly cross the forty miles of open water that lies between Toronto and Niagara; not, however, in a straight line would he go, but always in a curve to the west, whereby he kept in sight of the familiar landmark of Dundas Mountain, until the pine-clad hill itself came in view. Each year he came with his troop, and for about six weeks took up his abode on the hill. Each morning thereafter the crows set out in three bands to forage. One band went southeast to Ashbridge's Bay. One went west up the Don, and one, the largest, went northwestward up the ravine. The last old

*See "The King of Currumpaw," by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1894.

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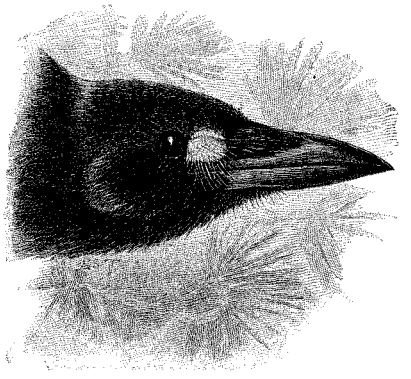
Silverspot led in person. Who led the others I never found out.

On calm mornings, they flew high and straight away. But when it was windy the band flew low, and followed the ravine for shelter. My windows overlooked the ravine, and it was thus that in 1885 I first noticed this old crow. I was a newcomer in the neighborhood, but an old resident said to me then "that there old crow has been a-flying up and down this ravine for more than twenty years." My chances to watch were in the ravine, and Silverspot doggedly clinging to the old route, though now it was edged with houses and spanned by bridges, became a very familiar acquaintance. Twice each day in March and part of April, then again in the late summer and the fall, he passed and repassed, and gave me chances to see his movements, and hear his orders to his bands, and so, little by little, opened my eyes to the fact that the crows, though a little people, are of great wit, a race of birds with a language and a social system that is wonderfully human in many of its chief points, and in some is better carried out than our own.

One windy day I stood on the high bridge across the ravine, as the old crow, heading his long, straggling troop, came flying down homeward. Half a mile away



"A wise old crow."

I could hear the contented "*All's well, come right along!*" as we should say, or

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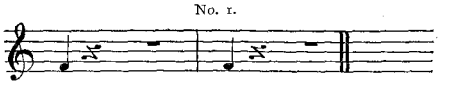


Caw Caw

as he put it, and as also his lieutenant echoed it at the rear of the band. They were flying very low to be out of the wind, and would have to rise a little to clear the bridge on which I was. Silverspot saw me standing there, and as I was closely watching him he didn't like it. He checked his flight and called out, "Be on your guard," or

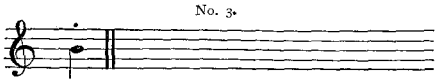
No. 2.

Caw

and rose much higher in the air. Then seeing that I was not armed he flew over my head about twenty feet, and his followers in turn did the same, dipping again to the old level when past the bridge.

Next day I was at the same place, and as the crows came near I raised my walking stick and pointed it at them. The old fellow at once cried out "*Danger*,"

No. 3.



Ca

He gloated over them like a miser.—Page 216.

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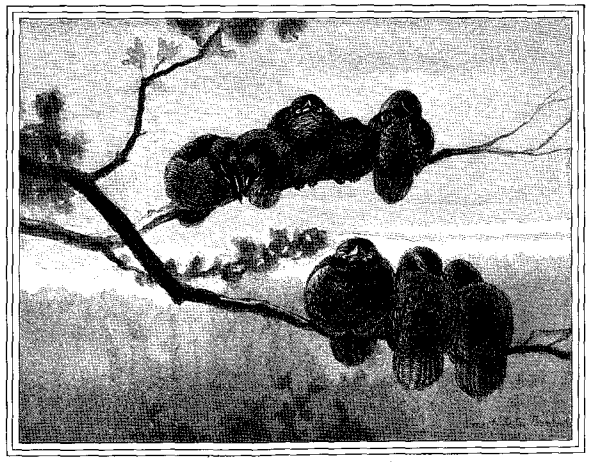

And roost in a row like big folks.

and rose fifty feet higher than before. Seeing that it was not a gun, he ventured to fly over. But on the third day I took with me a gun, and at once he cried out, "*Great danger—a gun.*" His lieutenant

No. 4.

ca ca ca ca Caw

repeated the cry, and every crow in the troop began to tower and scatter from the rest, till they were far above gun shot, and so passed safely over, coming down again to the shelter of the valley when well beyond reach. Another time, as the long, straggling troop came down the valley, a red-tailed hawk alighted on a tree close by their intended route. The leader cried out, "*Hawk, hawk,*" and stayed his flight,

No. 5.

Caw Caw

as did each crow on nearing him, until all were massed in a solid body. Then, no longer fearing the hawk, they passed on. But a quarter of a mile farther on a man with a gun appeared below, and the cry, "*Great danger—a gun, a gun; scatter for your lives,*" at once caused them to scatter widely and tower till far beyond range. Many others of his words of command I learned in the course of my long acquaintance, and found that sometimes a very little difference in the sound makes a very great difference in meaning. Thus while No. 5 means hawk, or any large, dangerous bird, this means "*wheel around,*"

No. 6.

ca ca ca ca Caw

No. 7.

Caw Caw ca ca ca ca

evidently a combination of No. 5, whose root idea is danger, and of No. 4, whose root idea is retreat, and this again is a

No. 8.

Caw Caw

mere "*good day*" to a far away comrade. This is usually addressed to the ranks and means "*attention.*"

No. 9.

Early in April there began to be great doings among the crows. Some new cause of excitement seemed to have come on them. They spent half the day among the pines, instead of foraging from dawn till dark. Pairs and trios might be seen

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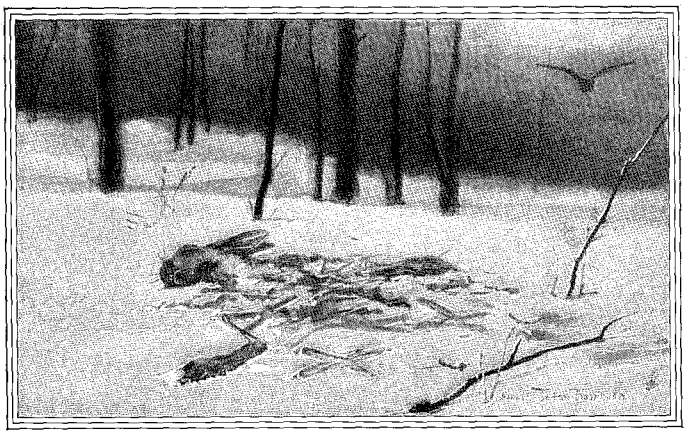
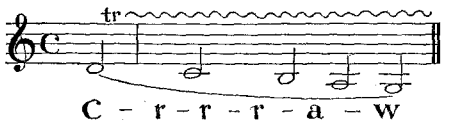


What had killed him was a mystery.—Page 218.

chasing each other, and from time to time they showed off in various feats of flight. A favorite sport was to dart down suddenly from a great height toward some perching crow, and just before touching it to turn at a hairbreadth and rebound in the air so fast that the wings of the swooper whirred with a sound like distant thunder. Sometimes one crow would lower his head, raise every feather, and coming close to another would gurgle out a long note like

No. 10.



What did it all mean? I soon learned. They were making love and pairing off. The males were showing off their wing powers and their voices to the lady crows. And they must have been highly appreciated, for by the middle of April all had mated and had scattered over the country for their honeymoon, leaving the sombre old pines of Castle Frank deserted and silent.

II

THE Sugar Loaf hill stands alone in the Don Valley. It is still covered with woods that join with those of Castle Frank, a quarter of a mile off. In the woods, between the two hills, is a pine-tree in whose top is a deserted hawk's nest. Every Toronto school-boy knows the nest, and, excepting that I had once shot a black squirrel on its edge, no one had ever seen sign of life about it. There it was year after year, ragged and old, and falling to pieces. Yet, strange to tell, in all that time it never did drop to pieces like other old nests.

One morning in May I was out at gray dawn, and stealing gently through the woods, whose dead leaves were so wet that no rustle was made. I chanced to pass under the old nest, and was surprised to see a black tail sticking over the edge. I struck the tree a smart blow, off flew a crow, and the secret was out. I had long suspected that a pair of crows nested each year about the pines, but now I realized that it was Silverspot and his wife. The old nest was theirs, and they were too wise to give it an air of spring-cleaning and housekeeping each year. Here they had nested for long, though guns in the hands of men and boys hungry to shoot crows were carried under their home every day. I never surprised the old fellow again, though I several times saw him through my telescope.

One day while watching I saw a crow crossing the Don Valley with something white in his beak. He flew to the mouth of the Rosedale Brook, then took a short flight to the Beaver Elm. There he dropped the white object, and looking about gave me a chance to recognize my old friend Silverspot. After a minute he picked up the white thing—a shell—and walked over past the spring, and here, among the docks and

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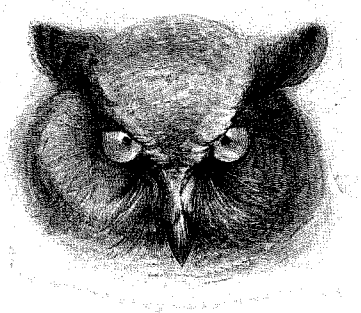
the skunk-cabbages, he unearthed a pile of shells and other white, shiny things. He spread them out in the sun, turned them over, lifted them one by one in his beak, dropped them, nestled on them as though they were eggs, toyed with them and gloated over them like a miser. This was his hobby, his weakness. He could not have explained *why* he enjoyed them, any more than a boy can explain why he collects postage-stamps, or a girl why she prefers pearls to rubies; but his pleasure in them was very real, and after half an hour he covered them all, including the new one, with earth and leaves, and flew off. I went at once to the spot and examined the hoard; there was about a hatful in all, chiefly white pebbles, clam-shells, and some bits of tin, but there was also the handle of a china cup, which must have been the gem of the collection. That was the last time I saw them. Silverspot knew that I had found his treasures, and he removed them at once; where, I never knew.



The fierce-eyed owl.—Page 218.

During the space that I watched him so closely he had many little adventures and escapes. He was once severely handled by a sparrowhawk, and often he was chased and worried by kingbirds. Not that these did him much harm, but they were such noisy pests that he avoided their company as quickly as possible, just as a grown man avoids a conflict with a noisy and impudent small boy. He had some cruel tricks, too. He had a way of going the round of the small birds' nests each morning to eat the new laid eggs, as regularly as a doctor visiting his patients. But we must not judge him for that, as it is just what we ourselves do to the hens in the barnyard.

His quickness of wit was often shown. One day I saw him flying down the ravine with a large piece of bread in his bill. The stream below him was at this time being bricked over as a sewer. There was one part of two hundred yards quite finished, and, as he flew over the open water just above this, the bread fell from his bill,

The fell destroyer was too strong.—Page 218.

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and was swept by the current out of sight into the tunnel. He flew down and peered vainly into the dark cavern, then, acting upon a happy thought, he flew to the down stream end of the tunnel, and awaiting the reappearance of the floating bread, as it was swept onward by the current, he seized and bore it off in triumph.

Silverspot was a crow of the world. He was truly a successful crow. He lived in a region that, though full of dangers, abounded with food. In the old, unrepaired nest he raised a brood each year with his wife, whom, by the way, I never could distinguish, and when the crows again gathered together he was their acknowledged chief.

The reassembling takes place about the end of June—the young crows with their bob-tails, soft wings, and falsetto voices are brought by their parents, whom they nearly equal in size, and introduced to society at the old pine woods, a woods that is at once their fortress and college. Here they find security in numbers and in lofty yet sheltered perches, and here they begin their schooling and are taught all the secrets of success in crow life, and in crow life the least failure does not simply mean begin again. It means *death.*

The first week or two after their arrival is spent by the young ones in getting acquainted, for each crow must know personally all the others in the band. Their parents meanwhile have time to rest a little after the work of raising them, for now the youngsters are able to feed themselves and roost on a branch in a row, just like big folks.

In a week or two the moulting season comes. At this time the old crows are usually irritable and nervous, but it does not stop them from beginning to drill the youngsters, who, of course, do not much enjoy the punishment and nagging they get so soon after they have been mamma's own darlings. But it is all for their good, as the old lady said when she skinned the eels, and old Silverspot is an excellent teacher. Sometimes he seems to make a speech to them. What he says I cannot guess, but, judging by the way they receive it, it must be extremely witty. Each morning there is a company drill, for the young ones naturally drop into two or three squads according to their age and strength. The rest of the day they forage with their parents.

When at length September comes we find a great change. The rabble of silly little crows have begun to learn sense, The delicate blue iris of their eyes, the sign of a fool-crow, has given place to the dark brown eye of the old stager. They know their drill now and have learned sentry duty. They have been taught guns and traps and taken a special course in wireworms and greencorn. They know that a fat old farmer's wife is much less dangerous though so much larger than her fifteen-year-old son, and they can tell the boy from his sister. They know that an umbrella is not a gun, and they can count up to six, which is fair for young crows, though Silverspot can go up nearly to thirty. They know the smell of gunpowder and the south side of a hemlock-tree, and begin to plume themselves upon being crows of the world. They always fold their wings three times after alighting, to be sure that it is neatly done. They know how to worry a fox into giving up half his dinner, and also that when the kingbird or the purple martin assails them they must dash into a bush, for it is as impossible to fight the little pests as it is for the fat apple-woman to catch the small boys who have raided her basket. All these things do the young crows know; but they have taken no lessons in egg-hunting yet, for it is not the season. They are unacquainted with clams, and have never tasted horses' eyes, or seen sprouted corn, and they don't know a thing about travel, the greatest educator of all. They did not think of that two months ago, and since then they have thought of it, but have learned to wait till their betters are ready.

September sees a great change in the old crows, too. Their moulting is over. They are now in full feather again and proud of their handsome coats. Their health is again good, and with it their tempers are improved. Even old Silverspot, the strict teacher, becomes quite jolly, and the youngsters, who have long ago learned to respect him, begin really to love him.

He has hammered away at drill, teaching them all the signals and words of command in use, and now it is a pleasure to see them in the early morning.

"*Company 1!*" the old chieftain would

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cry in crow, and Company 1 would answer with a great clamor.

"*Fly!*" and himself leading them, they would all fly straight forward.

"*Mount!*" and straight upward they turned in a moment.

"*Bunch!*" and they all massed into a dense black flock.

"*Scatter!*" and they spread out like leaves before the wind.

"*Form line!*" and they strung out into the long line of ordinary flight.

"*Descend!*" and they all dropped nearly to the ground.

"*Forage!*" and they alighted and scattered about to feed, while two of the permanent sentries mounted duty—one on a tree to the right, the other on a mound to the far left. A minute or two later Silverspot would cry out, "A man with a gun!" The sentries repeated the cry and the company flew at once in open order as quickly as possible toward the trees. Once behind these, they formed line again in safety and returned to the home pines.

Sentry duty is not taken in turn by all the crows, but a certain number whose watchfulness has been often proved are the perpetual sentries, and are expected to watch and forage at the same time. Rather hard on them it seems to us, but it works well and the crow organization is admitted by all birds to be the very best in existence.

Finally, each November sees the troop sail away southward to learn new modes of life, new landmarks and new kinds of food, under the guidance of the ever-wise Silverspot.

III

THERE is only one time when a crow is a fool, and that is at night. There is only one bird that terrifies the crow, and that is the owl. When, therefore, these come together, it is a woful thing for the sable birds. The distant hoot of an owl after dark is enough to make them withdraw their heads from under their wings and sit trembling and miserable till morning. In very cold weather the exposure of their faces thus, has often resulted in a crow having one or both of his eyes frozen, so that blindness followed and therefore death. There are no hospitals for sick crows.

But with the morning their courage comes again, and arousing themselves they ransack the woods for a mile around till they find that owl, and if they do not kill him they at least worry him half to death and drive him twenty miles away.

In 1893 the crows had come as usual to Castle Frank. I was walking in these woods a few days afterward when I chanced upon the track of a rabbit that had been running at full speed over the snow and dodging about among the trees as though pursued. Strange to tell, I could see no track of the pursuer. I followed the trail and presently saw a drop of blood on the snow, and a little farther on found the partly devoured remains of a little brown bunny. What had killed him was a mystery until a careful search showed in the snow a great double-toed track and a beautifully pencilled brown feather. Then all was clear—*a horned owl.* Half an hour later in passing again by the place, there, within ten feet, was the fierce-eyed owl himself, in a tree over the bones of his victim. I had no gun, so I did the next best thing and made the sketch of him which appears on page 216.

Two days afterward at dawn there was a great uproar among the crows. I went out early to see, and found some black feathers drifting over the snow. I followed up the wind in the direction from which they came and soon saw the bloody remains of a crow and the great double-toed track which again told me that the murderer was the owl. All around were signs of the struggle, but the fell destroyer was too strong. The poor crow had been dragged from his perch at night, when the darkness had put him at a hopeless disadvantage. I turned over the remains, and by chance unburied the head—then started with an exclamation of sorrow. Alas! It was the head of old Silverspot. His long life of usefulness to his tribe was over—slain at last by the owl that he had taught so many hundreds of young crows to beware of.

The old nest on the Sugar Loaf is abandoned now. The crows still come in springtime to Castle Frank, but without their famous leader their numbers are dwindling, and soon they will be seen no more about the old pine-grove in which they and their forefathers had lived and learned for ages.

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A BOOK-LOVER'S WISH

By Clinton Scollard

I ſtray wood-ward, not for me
The loudeſt warbler in the tree,
But rather one that ſings apart
The ſimple ſongs that touch the heart
And ſo, although I may aſpire,
Be mine the temperate deſire—
Not for the miſſal-marvel old
Illumed with mediæval gold,
Not for the rare black-letter text
O'er which his ſoul a Caxton vext,
Nor what some ſeek through ſhine and ſnow,
A priceleſs Shakeſpeare folio!

BUT only this—one little book
Wherethrough do bird and bee and brook,
In their melodious employ,
Sing on and on and on of Joy;
And where, amid the Maytime flowers,
Love, without rival, rules the hours.
One little book—whoſe title date
Reads quaintly, *1648;*
In Saint Paul's churchyard, we are told,
Sold at the Crown and Marygold.
One little book—if fortune pleaſe—
Herrick, a 'firſt' Hesperides!

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THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

By Mary Tappan Wright

AN October wind, laden with dust, was sweeping along the broad city street, and Cortelyou, holding on his hat, had stopped midway in order to take a leisurely survey up and down.

There was no danger of being run over. The wide, light thoroughfare—from the gigantic buildings which blocked it at one end up to the thin black line where, miles away, it merged in a colorless, cloudy sky—was dotted with passers as leisurely as himself; and, in spite of the gray day, the distracting wind, and the gritty haze which set men's teeth on edge, both people and place wore a cheerful, holiday air that Cortelyou, considering the present stage of human development, stigmatized as an unfeeling anachronism. For his own part, he was not disposed to be pleased with anything he saw. He had been born in a different part of the country, and his alien prepossessions were a sacred inheritance, a sort of mental opera-glass—which his traditions compelled him to use inverted. Moreover, he had been interrupted in an absorbing piece of work by an imperative summons abroad, and was snapping and growling at circumstances with something of the ungovernable irritation of a dog who has been dragged from his bone.

He continued on his way now to the other side of the street, where an exhibition of pictures at the St. Bardolph Club promised to beguile, in a measure, the desperate tedium of a day's sojourn in a strange place. Passing through the ante-room he reached the gallery, still conscientiously morose. Even the little school-girl who paced slowly down the room—declaring, with the air of a connoisseur, that while Monet's drawing was undoubtedly fine she nevertheless "did not think his color was anything to speak of"—had no power to divert him. The ingenuous naïveté of youth was utterly without charm just then to a man compelled to take a flying trip abroad in order to gratify the caprices of a school-girl of his own.

The gallery, too, was becoming most uncomfortably crowded. "Is it possible that there is only one of that fellow?" grumbled Cortelyou, viewing, with extreme disfavor, a magnificent young athlete with auburn locks. "I seem to see him every way I turn, and there's not a soul in the room he doesn't know. Hair like that should be refused admission at the door—it kills all the delicate color in the pictures. Still, you can't expect these people to know how to manage anything. They are a material lot, the whole of them. I don't believe there are fifteen here capable of appreciating what they have come to see. It makes me think of a respectable Sodom, a sort of moral Gomorrah!" And with a captious expression of discontent he began to wander up and down the room, scanning the faces he met and apparently counting.

"'And if there be ten righteous among them they shall not perish," he graciously granted, somewhat appeased by the whimsicality of his own proceedings.

But lo, the ten were not forthcoming! "Peradventure there may be five," he thought; but even five seemed far too many, and after having gone the length of the gallery a second time he returned to one of the long divans in the middle of the floor and sat down, discouraged. "And if there be but one," he conceded, meekly, "it shall suffice."

He had placed himself facing the door which led into a dark, richly furnished ante-room, and entering this from the yellow glare of a hall beyond was a girl, or a woman—he did not stop to analyze, as for a moment she stood tranquilly watching the passing crowd. At last, crossing the floor, she came toward him; automatically he made room for her; she bent her head with gentle gravity and seated herself at his side.

She had flitted in out of the shadows with a sort of shy self-possession, a timid boldness. There was something about

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her at once brilliant and subdued, like a southern sunset, and Cortelyou found himself thinking of the blending of wonderful dusky dyes and stray threads of gold in certain rare, silken fabrics that, as a child, he was wont to touch, timidly, with delicate, reverent finger.

"And if there be but one righteous among them—it shall suffice!" he repeated.

She turned upon him, astonished and offended, but, compelled by the regretful consternation of his eyes, her wrath gave way to amusement. "You must not ask too much," she answered, seriously.

"Sometimes," he said, "a gracious thing befalls, unsolicited." It was an experiment, this speech; but when she arose and walked away a sharp sensation of chagrin apprised Cortelyou of the value he had set upon success.

"This is an idiotic place to exhibit pictures in!" he commented, spitefully, as an opening in the throng gave him a fleeting vision of chaotic blues and purples put on in coarse, waving strokes of the brush. "Still, one might as well practise resignation. Life nowadays consists mainly of detail; there is no getting away from anything far enough to see what it means! Of course she is married," his gaze turning wistfully in the direction of the newcomer. "If she were not she would be more conventional. Thank Heaven, she doesn't know Rufus! that red head. But by staring after her I shall only increase the burden of my offences!" and with a little sigh he resolutely directed his attention the other way.

The stranger, in the meantime, was debating with herself: "What a nice boy! And he did not intend to be impertinent. I hope that he does not imagine that at my age I was stupid enough to feel annoyed; I really ought to go back. Of course if he were a gorgeous creature like that," glancing at the pervasive young giant with the red hair, "it would be quite out of the question, but as it is—" and coming slowly down the room she seated herself again in her old place.

To Cortelyou life's details, for the moment, became less obtrusive, but he made no sign of recognition; on the contrary, his attention seemed wholly fixed upon a conversation which a man and woman behind them were incautiously carrying on in Italian.

"I told you that they had met before," said the woman, triumphantly. "Here she is again; he has been searching for her nearly an hour."

"He never saw her in his life until ten minutes ago," said the man. "Great Heavens, what wonderful coloring! It would be money in one's pocket to paint her."

"It would be if you could make a success like that picture of De Graf's," said the woman, sceptically. "But he looks younger than it does—do you not think so?"

"Oh, I give him forty," said the man.

"Nonsense! he has not passed thirty."

"Forty," the man insisted. "You did not notice his expression; tired, keen, far-seeing; your man of twenty-five hasn't had time to acquire that look about the eyes."

"You should have been here when she came in. He did not look twenty then," said the woman.

"But I tell you," said the man, moving away impatiently, "this is the first time he ever set eyes on her."

"And I tell you," persisted the woman, speaking louder as she followed him, "that he worships the ground she treads on!"

During this conversation Cortelyou's neighbor had been studying his face with painful enlightenment, and as his eyes now involuntarily met hers she rose in hurried confusion. He sprang up before her, his eagerness to persuade her to remain overcoming his resolution not to intrude upon her a second time.

"You understood?" he asked. "You are going?"

"It is late," she murmured.

"It is not half-past three o'clock; the doors are not closed until four. Thirty minutes is but a little space of time to grant—to Monet."

She looked at him doubtfully.

"As for me," he added, carelessly, "I am here to-day and gone to-morrow; the passing shadow of a cloud, nothing more."

"I am a stranger also," she faltered. "I know no one——"

"Then why," he began, impetuously, "do you allow a pair of idiots?—" he stopped—"but they shall not drive you

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away," he continued, more slowly. "I was about to leave myself." He bowed a little ceremoniously, and turned toward the door.

"I cannot permit this," she cried, in tones of distress. "Oh, why did those people open my eyes to the fact that you were not a boy? A nice, amusing, inconspicuous boy?"

A curious expression came over Cortelyou's face. "Surely I am no more conspicuous now than I was when you first made up your mind about me," he said.

"N—no, of course you are not," she murmured. "You are only—older."

"Ah! Is age, then, the disqualification? But for that I might remain?"

"I—I—hardly know."

"Suppose you try to feel old yourself," he suggested, "quite old, and restore the original proportion. Fifty might do; seventy, perhaps, would be safer."

For the first time she laughed. "The experiment is too dangerous; a woman is only as young as she feels."

"Not by any means! That delightful excuse for folly is the prerogative of man," said Cortelyou, eagerly. "I am glad to be reminded of it; it makes me twenty again; I look it, too, as you heard. Help me to keep up the illusion—it is only for half an hour. If you let me stay, I shall be as young as you could wish, and perhaps, in consequence, I may be nice, even amusing—all your requirements, you see."

There was an undercurrent of something almost joyous in his tone; she drew back a step, startled.

"Think of the opportunity," he pleaded, "of the heresies we might utter, unafraid; of the enthusiasms we might let fly, and never a single one come home to roost!"

"I have always felt that enthusiasms were curses," she said.

The speech jarred upon Cortelyou, like the cynicisms of an imitative child.

"She has picked it up from her husband," he thought; "very likely he is a brute. We might even curse with impunity," he added aloud, "for the beauty of the whole situation consists in its being entirely without consequences. I shall make no surmises, ask no questions; if I saw the clew to your identity lying at my feet I should not stoop to pick it up."

With a delightful, childish movement of anxiety she looked down upon the floor. Cortelyou laughed outright.

"It is not there," he said; "and it is just as well, for I should be sorry to be put to the test. May I stay? To-morrow will probably find us starting for opposite corners of the earth; I sail for Europe on Wednesday."

"And I," she said, after a slight hesitation, "start for the West in the morning."

"Then—why not let me stay?"

For a moment she lost color, and the hand that held her catalogue trembled. "She can't be frightened," thought Cortelyou. "She has seen too much of the world for that." Then his heart gave a short, quick throb as she turned slowly toward the pictures, and, since she had not forbidden him, he followed, wondering at the irrational elation of his feelings.

He came to her side at the end of the gallery, where she lingered a moment before a picture of some sunlit cliffs that rose up ruddy and bold against a sky dark with illimitable blue.

"Feel the breeze," he said, "blowing in, strong and warm, over the waters."

For answer, she only sighed.

"And the sands," he continued, "fairly simmer; long after sundown, if you place your hand upon the rocks, they will feel hot beneath your touch, and the slow, deep breathing of the waves——"

He stopped, startled by the sensitive quiver of her lip.

"Is all that there?" she asked, unsteadily.

"It is if any one chooses to put it there," returned Cortelyou, dogmatically.

"And you see the world after that fashion—yet?"

"Even—yet," he repeated, hardly well pleased.

"You have never stepped to the door in the morning and found that for you the grass was green no longer, that the dew had ceased to sparkle, and that the shadows of the clouds upon the hillsides were shadows—nothing more?"

Cortelyou's eyes darkened and softened. "Those are the dregs of the cup of bitterness," he said. "We all drain them once, but the spell passes, and we get our second sight—it is better than our first; yet—there is vision even clearer."

"Clearer?"

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"A time may come," said Cortelyou, absently, "when for you the smooth, fine grass will lie below the trees, green, with a tender beauty you never knew before. The sun will glisten on the leaves, and in the distance, splendid and peaceful, the hills will rest beneath the sailing clouds that purple every smiling slope with moving, velvet shade; but the pain of it! The pain of it never passes, for the clearness of that vision is immortal; its source is sorrow."

"Ah," she cried, "hush! prophecy is dangerous pastime."

They had been moving together, a step at a time, and now, with unconscious accord, they stopped; before them wound a sullen, sluggish river laden with floating cakes of sodden ice. An angry sun was going down, rayless, in the bitter air, that remained unwarmed in spite of the universal reddish mist pervading it.

"Do you always illustrate your discourses?" she asked. The tone was light, almost malicious, but after the first shock of finding that he was not taken seriously Cortelyou was relieved.

"This is not sorrow," he said; "it is bitterness."

She looked at it gravely, nodded assent, and turned to another corner of the room, where a row of young willows, pink with the promise of spring, were mirrored in the glassy surface of a frozen pond; little ridges of ice and snow broke up the lines of reflection, and the blue sky again was filled with reddish mist.

"And this," she asked, "is this also bitterness?"

Cortelyou smiled. "This is the root of bitterness," he said. "When I look at it my heart gives a little flutter; I feel as if life were to live again; all sorts of vague old dreams return to me. At twenty the world looked thus, when I was in love, and happiness brought out the colors."

"Since when has happiness been the flower of love?"

"Not since then," said Cortelyou, quickly. "The root of bitterness blooms once in every twenty years, and I am not quite forty yet."

She laughed without a trace of consciousness. "But it is not happiness exclusively that makes a man see nature in this way," she said, indicating the picture before them. "It is an exalted mood, and whatever its cause—be it misery or bliss—it is the only thing that makes a man's work supreme."

Cortelyou shook his head in half dissent.

"But, yes," she insisted, "and not merely supreme in art; supreme in literature. Here is Cortelyou, for example;" and she held toward him a book she had been carrying. "What else puts him far and away above every other man of his guild? Nothing more nor less than that same mood. He lives in his work; his people, good and bad, are all alive. You walk on his uplands; you are beaten by his storms. Do you not feel it?"

A deep flush spread over Cortelyou's face; he opened his mouth and then closed it again in dumb confusion.

"Do you mean to say you don't know Cortelyou?" she asked, incredulously.

"At this present moment," he stammered miserably, "I—I—hardly think I do know Cortelyou. In fact, I don't believe he would know himself."

"That means you do not like him."

"You must acknowledge," he proceeded, haltingly, "that of late Cortelyou has been pretty severely handled."

"You read the *Censor*, evidently."

"No," he said, shortly, "I prefer to do my own grumbling."

"I see; you are one of his critics."

Cortelyou looked about him, as if searching for a way of escape.

"Are you one of his critics?" she asked, severely.

"Yes; I am," he answered, defiantly, "and by those who know me—and by those who also know Cortelyou—I am conceded to be about the severest and the most unsparing critic he has."

They had been moving farther and farther back from the pictures, for people were gradually leaving the gallery, and now, finding a divan behind her, she sat down.

"Then you know him personally?" she said, looking up at him, her eyes full of interest and excitement. "Tell me about him."

"You would not like him. He is an old, hard, tired, cynical, selfish, disappointed man."

"You are quite incapable of appreciat-

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ing him," she protested. "If you want something that really embodies your description you had better look much nearer home."

"Do not let us discuss him," said Cortelyou, laughing, in spite of himself. "We shall never agree."

"But we must," she insisted. "I cannot permit you to go on injuring him through a mere indisposition on your part to learn what he really is."

Cortelyou sat down by her side. His eyes were full of amusement. A bubble of delighted laughter rose in his throat. This was better even than being twenty again; at that age a man never knows when he is well off.

"Proceed," he said. "Any extenuating circumstances in Cortelyou's character or career I shall be glad to take under consideration."

This attitude seemed to displease her. "Insincerity is a weariness," she said, with a little yawn, and rising moved toward the pictures.

"But can you not see," insisted Cortelyou, following her, "that my interest is so sincere as to be almost painful?"

Suddenly she stopped. "It is curious," she said, "how offensive things are when they are personal, and yet"—with pensive second thought—"how uninteresting they can become when they are not."

"And in what respect is Cortelyou personal?" he asked, stiffly.

"Cortelyou—is myself."

"Is it possible? I had always been under the impression that Cortelyou was a man."

"Oh, a man!" she repeated; "there may be a man Cortelyou somewhere in the world, but except as a necessary implement one almost resents his existence. The real Cortelyou is a living spirit."

"Ah!" he said, struggling in vain with carnal laughter.

"And there lies the personality. It is vanity, I know"—she hesitated—"but the attraction of that man's work is, for me, overwhelming. Chaotic thoughts which I have never been able to formulate find shape only in him. He has been the one tremendous influence of my life. I see nature as he sees it; I understand humanity as he understands it."

"So much the worse for you," he cried, aghast at this responsibility. "Cortelyou's books are not meant for women; they had better let him alone. Read something more cheerful, less intense. Life is not all made up of——"

"The usual hackneyed criticisms. Everybody knows them by heart!" she interrupted.

"Then, by Jove! there must be something in them!" exclaimed Cortelyou, wrathfully.

"How you hate him! What has he done?"

"He has spoiled my half hour. See," he held out his watch, "there is hardly anything left of it."

"And I had meant to air all my heterodoxies at once!" she cried, regretfully. "I suppose you have never known what it was to feel an overwhelming impulse of that kind?" She turned toward him, appealingly, and his face brightened again with boyish amusement.

"That is a craving I have frequently gratified, only it required a somewhat more extended opportunity. Do you think you could have got all your heterodoxies into thirty minutes?"

"Yes," she answered, gravely, after a moment's silent computation. "Yes, I think I could. There are a good many of them, but they have been compressed so long, and so—hard, that they occupy very little space."

"It has not been easy, then?"

She shook her head, a gesture that, while it answered him, denied further confidence; but he would not be deterred.

"And where is this uncompromising home of orthodoxy to be found?"

"You were to ask no questions," she said, "but even if I were to answer you it would do you no good. I am never going back to that place again! Never, thank God!"

He was startled at this sudden flaming up of something fierce and resentful; in spite of all her gentle helplessness she seemed like one of those small, wild creatures whom no petting can tame. He felt that she should not be left to her own guidance. He wanted to think, to arrange some plan of action—and the half hour was ending!

A servant in the club livery had entered some minutes before, and after draw-

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ing the portières with a great rattling of rings, had begun to wander about the gallery, picking up stray catalogues, and regarding the few lingering picture-lovers in evident embarrassment.

"He wants us to go," she said, catching sight of the man's puzzled face. "See, he is really turning us out."

The man had stepped to the portière, and was holding it suggestively aside. As if panic-stricken, the groups of loiterers crowded toward the doorway, and she moved to join them.

"Let them pass," said Cortelyou, feeling savagely impatient, as he racked his brain for some pretext to detain her. "And so you go West to-morrow?"

"To Colorado," she answered.

"What possible attraction can that hideous flat country hold forth?" began Cortelyou; but she interrupted him.

"You have forgotten the mountains, far, blue, transparent, rising up, up from the level earth—mountains that are mountains, not bristling hillocks of scraggy pine; mountains that take your breath away. Ah, it is my heaven, my dream, to go back there!"

"Your heaven? Your dream?"

"Yes, to travel, evening after evening, straight into the sunset; to see the yellow, arching skies, and the wide purple reaches of prairie. To lie upon the ground listening to the grasses whisper for miles around me, and to breathe the suave, soft, heavy, inland air; then at night to see the stars—all the stars at once! Ah, my wide, beautiful, generous West! To think that I had forgotten you!"

"Do people forget their heavens and their dreams so lightly?"

"They do if they are wise," she said, with one of her incongruous lapses into cynicism. "I was going to Europe through mere force of habit; my passage is engaged on the Viga."

"Is?" said Cortelyou, eagerly.

"I wrote to give it up this morning, but I have not mailed the letter."

"You can't give your passage up at this late date; the ship sails Wednesday."

"And I start for Colorado in the morning."

"But this is absurd!" exclaimed Cortelyou, unaccountably annoyed.

"That is its highest charm!" she said, gently; and, with a little gesture of farewell, she joined the last group of people who were crowding the ante-room.

Something attracted the attention of the servant, and he dropped the curtain. Cortelyou stood a moment alone in the gallery, staring at the brown plush barrier in front of him; then twisting it into a whirl, he followed, and was furiously pushing his way toward the outer door when the only man he knew in that whole city detained him. It was but a moment, but when he escaped he found that she was gone!

He was very angry. "It matters nothing to her, of course, whether she ever sees or hears of me again, but common courtesy should have prompted her at least to make an effort to mask her indifference."

And, grumbling at everything he saw, he took his way to a picture dealer's, where he had heard that there were some casts tinted in imitation of the antique.

Seating himself in disdainful criticism before a shrimp-colored Hermes with horse-chestnut eyes, and a jaundiced Aphrodite with gilded hair, he continued his reflections. "On the whole," he told himself, "it ended very artistically, just in time, and I should be almost sorry to see her again. In fact, I would rather avoid another meeting; it might spoil the—the—" his thoughts broke off abruptly, and he turned his head toward a screen behind him. A gentle, familiar voice was laying down the law to Coriani, the picture-dealer. "And when you have done this, send the casts to The Priory—Clifton," it concluded.

Cortelyou held his breath lest he should miss a word. He had never been in Clifton, but he knew the Priory. His daughter had been there at school for three years.

"And have you severed your connection with the Seminary?" added Coriani.

"Quite," she answered; "I shall probably never go back to Clifton again."

The screen stood at the head of the stairs. Cortelyou sprang to his feet and hurried around it, but when he reached the landing on the other side Coriani and his customer had already descended, and were lost to view in the crowded showroom below. The next instant he caught sight of the bowing Coriani closing the outer door. She had left the shop.

He went down the steps with a whirr

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like a drumming partridge, and, leaving a foaming wake of wrath behind him, cleaved his way to the open air. She had crossed the sidewalk, and was trying to mail some letters in the high box, when the banging of the shop-door caused her to turn her head. Seeing Cortelyou, she started, and half a dozen large, square envelopes were scattered over the paving. Without speaking, he stooped to pick them up, drawing a curious, quick breath of amazement as the strongly individual character of the writing on the backs met his eye—it was more than familiar, it was unmistakable—a clew! In fact, all the letters he had ever received from Mademoiselle Martin of the Priory, in regard to his daughter's studies, had been written in this hand.

He turned toward her impulsively, only to remember that he had agreed to ask no questions. Mademoiselle Martin herself had given him to understand that she was an old woman. Who then was this? Her amanuensis? And—one of the letters was addressed to the agency of the Viga!

"It was impossible to avoid seeing this," he said, holding it out to her, after he had put the others in the box. "The writing is as large as a sign-board."

"But why do you not mail it?"

"Because—I am sailing on the Viga myself."

A dark, red flush mounted to her forehead. She took the letter from his hand, and stood undecided, turning it over and over.

"Will you not keep it until morning?" he asked, trying to appear indifferent.

"That will be too late."

"You can telegraph."

She shook her head.

"Keep it an hour, then, only one hour," he entreated.

"But what is to be gained by that?"

"Oh, time!" cried Cortelyou, desperately. "Time, unlimited by certainty. Let us go to the exhibition at the Academy; there is a portrait there you might like to see."

"You mean De Graf's picture of Cortelyou? Coriani said it was the only thing they had worth looking at."

"We will take Cortelyou last."

"I shall take him first," she said, resentfully.

"First and last! I will present him to you!" he cried, joyously. "Only take him, and let me come as witness to the deed of gift."

They had begun to walk slowly toward the great public building that blocked the street, and as they passed into the court she put the letter into her pocket. "Are you willing to agree never to say or write anything more against him?" she asked, abruptly.

"I will devote my life to his fame!"

Her heavy eyebrows drew together in a slight, distracted frown. "This is too absurd!" she murmured.

"That is its highest charm."

"But going to Colorado is different," she protested, recognizing her own words. "That is merely unconventional; this is improper."

"I beg your pardon. It is nothing of the kind."

"Ah, well, it may not be! Perhaps I am not a competent judge. Still, I hope that no account of my present escapade will reach the ears of any of my former parents—Mr. Cortelyou, for example."

"And which of your parents was Mr. Cortelyou!"

"He was a father, and a very bad one, too; we had his daughter in our school."

"In what respect, pray, was he a bad father?" said Cortelyou, suddenly acquiring a very stiff, military bearing.

"Oh, in every respect," she said, briefly; "that is another of the things that endeared him to all of us. We had Evelyn three years, and he never gave us any advice. Ah, it is not possible that there is going to be a shower!"

They had reached the other side of the court, where, softened and beautified by a thin veil of descending rain, a long perspective of little red shops, diversified by an occasional tower or church spire, rose before them framed in the archway of the outer door. Already the broad, dusty terrace at the front of the building was stippled in fine spray, and the plump, bronze backs of the little equestrian heroes at the corners were beginning to glisten with moisture. She shook her head at it despairingly and drew back within the shelter of the arch.

"The Academy is barely five minutes' walk from here," said Cortelyou, "and you have an umbrella."

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"It is new; and so is my hat. You do not know the misery of having to choose between your umbrella and your hat."

"It is a warning to the extravagant," he said, solemnly; "what are you going to do?"

"I shall be compelled to take a cab. A hansom," she added, as one of those vehicles caught her eye, "seems to me more proper than a coupé; besides, I have always wanted to try a hansom;" and signalling the driver she ran across the flagged pavement.

Fuming and completely at a loss, Cortelyou followed. "Where shall I tell him to go?"

"To the Academy, of course. Are you not coming, also?"

He climbed in after her and shut the door. An irrepressible smile came over his face as they rattled away; she looked at him inquiringly.

"I am trying to place myself in the attitude of a parent," he said, by way of excuse.

"Don't do it; it is a very disagreeable attitude."

"But I shall try to emulate Cortelyou and not Mademoiselle Martin's good, conscientious parents, the kind who always give advice."

The smile left her face and she grew quite pale. "This is unfair," she said. "How long have you known me? You agreed to ask no questions, make no surmises."

"I have not broken my agreement," protested Cortelyou, "and further than the fact that you have severed your connection with the Priory I know nothing, not even your name."

"You do not know my name?"

"How should I find it out?" he cried, impatiently. "All I know was gathered in a second while you were talking to Coriani in the picture-gallery. I was on the other side of the screen—anyone might have heard you. I could not avoid doing so."

"I think I must ask you to stop the cab," she said.

"But that is unreasonable! Come, let us talk of something else. Tell me about Mademoiselle Martin. What kind of an old lady is she? I have always wanted to know."

"Mademoiselle?" she said, hesitatingly. "I—I—am hardly in a position to speak very freely of Mademoiselle. May I ask what you have heard of her yourself?"

Cortelyou's conscience abruptly reminded him of the semi-deception he was practising in not confessing his recognition of the writing he had seen upon the backs of the envelopes, but that involved the telling of his own name, and he was reluctant as yet to face the consequences of a frank avowal. "I know very little of her beyond the accounts of some of her pupils," he said, after a pause. "She seemed to inspire a sort of adoring terror; there must have been something essentially conventional about her, too—those girls had such a morbid dread of small transgressions in matters of etiquette."

"I beg your pardon," she said, sharply; "it never struck me in that light!"

Cortelyou smiled the smile of superior insight. "That is because you have been so long subject to the same influence," he said; "it is impossible not to perceive in you, almost at a glance, the stamp of an individuality stronger and much more fixed than your own."

"You find it?" she said, courteously.

"And it is curious, too," he continued, beguiled by the extreme interest of her tone, "to note in you the sense of chafing and revolt that has been produced through grafting upon an unusually gentle and unsuspicious nature the pessimistic cynicisms of a hard, witty, worldly, calculating, money-making old Frenchwoman."

"But this is atrocious!" she cried, suddenly. "I forbid you to speak of her in such a manner!"

For the first time Cortelyou became aware of a slight foreign accent in her speech. "I beg your pardon," he said, impulsively. "It never occurred to me that she might be a relative."

She looked at him disdainfully as if about to speak, and then resolutely closed her mouth.

Cortelyou glanced at the rich, beautiful red which had risen to her cheek, the soft, dark waves of her heavy brown hair, and the unmarked youthful contour of her face. "She is about twenty-four," he said to himself; but at that instant she turned away, and he noted here and there a scattered

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thread of white winding through the thick coil that covered the back of her head. It gave him a sinking of the heart to see it, and yet: "What does it matter?" he thought, as with an abrupt change of manner she faced him again, laughing a little at her own petulance.

"What does it matter?" she said, curiously echoing the words of his thought while she contradicted the sentiment—"whether you understand her or not; she goes West to-morrow with me, and we shall never see you again. What!" as the driver drew up at the Academy, "are we here already?"

Before she could remonstrate Cortelyou had ordered the man to drive around the block and return. "Why should you go West to-morrow?" he asked, leaning forward to see her eyes. "What possible attraction can it have for you?"

"But I was born there! My father and mother were French—they came to this country forty years ago."

"Did Mademoiselle Martin come with them?"

"N-no; she came three or four years later."

"Is she your aunt, then?"

"Oh, a much nearer relation than that!" she answered, laughing.

"Your sister—or perhaps your half-sister?"

"Ah, yes—my half-sister."

"And it is on her account that you have changed your plans?"

"Entirely on her account."

Cortelyou frowned. "It strikes me ——"

"Not another word against her!" she interposed. "I owe to her everything I have in the world."

"Except freedom, apparently."

"Including freedom—that is the largest item of my debt."

"Ah, then," said Cortelyou, joyously, "why could you not ask her to reconsider the plan of going West?"

"Because she prefers Colorado to Europe, which is an old story for both of us."

Cortelyou seemed to be thinking.

"Are you happy with her?" he asked at last, abruptly.

"Oh," she answered, with a burst of inconsistent merriment. "I am not happy with her at all, but there are certain ties which one does not lightly sever—even though they chafe."

"I shall come and see her to-morrow, and try to persuade her myself."

She smiled incredulously.

"You think that I do not know where she is? I saw her address in the paper this morning among the arrivals at the Fenton. I shall certainly come."

"You must not think of such a thing!" she exclaimed, beginning to look frightened and annoyed.

"There is no cause for alarm. You will find that she knows all about me."

"She knows no more about you than I do myself."

"If she only knew as much!" he breathed, softly.

She was looking anxiously forward into the rain and did not hear. "I shall leave you at the Academy," she said, "and be driven directly home."

"And Cortelyou!"

"Who is Cortelyou?" she said, perversely.

"Apparently not the same man he was an hour ago!" he responded, bitterly.

"How unreasonable of you to be annoyed when you know you do not like him."

Cortelyou leaned back in his corner of the hansom, and folded his arms; two or three minutes passed in silence.

"Are we never going to get to the Academy?" she cried, her voice tense with alarm.

"We are there," said Cortelyou, "but you must come in and see that picture; you owe it to me and to yourself."

"I cannot perceive the obligation."

"I want to prove to you that the confidence you have shown in your own judgment has not been misplaced."

"What has the picture to do with it?"

"Everything!" Throwing open the doors, he sprang out, and, taking the hand he offered, she stepped down. It was raining hard.

"Wait here," she said to the driver. "I shall be out in a minute."

Cortelyou followed her into the building, and made his way behind her up the stairs where a crowd of young people were seated, listening to a small orchestra on the upper landing. They moved grudgingly to let her

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pass, and then glanced at her escort with startled eyes.

"Ask someone where it is," she said, as they stopped on the landing.

"I know," he answered.

Surprised at the number of heads that were turned as they passed, she walked with him down the long rooms until they came to the end. A picture hung on a wall by itself; he led her toward it, and stepped aside.

From the canvas, he was looking at her still; the same blue eyes with intensely black lashes; the same short, fair, slightly curling hair; the same worn, half-scoffing, penetrating face; and, above all, the same intangible quality which had at first attracted her—the immortal youthfulness of genius.

"Does it look like a parent?" he asked; "a bad parent?"

She did not answer for some time, and when at last she turned to him her eyes were full of tears.

"Do you not think I might venture to come and see Mademoiselle Martin after all our correspondence last winter?"

"You recognized my writing?" she whispered.

"How could I help it?"

"Then you *have* known me, all along?"

"I knew nothing but what you have chosen to tell. Of course when you dropped the letters I inferred that you probably had acted as Mademoiselle Martin's amanuensis, but that you should turn out to be her half-sister was a great surprise, especially as Evelyn never mentioned you. You knew my daughter?"

"Evelyn?" she said. "Ah, you are going to Evelyn? Do you know how much she needs you?"

"It is not imagination then," said Cortelyou; "she is really unhappy?"

"So unhappy that I had meant to go to her myself. I can start for Colorado now with a mind much more at ease."

"But you are not going to Colorado! You cannot go!" He was speaking almost passionately, while she with terrified eyes was watching the people about them, who drew a little to one side as they passed and stared after them curiously.

"Oh, pray be careful!" she implored; "we are attracting attention."

"Impossible! There is nothing unusual about us."

"But there is—something very unusual about us."

"What?" looking her over incredulously.

"But you!" she cried, impatiently. "Don't you know that you are horribly conspicuous? Are you entirely unaware of your own fame?"

"Bah!" said Cortelyou. Still she hurried on to the top of the crowded stairway, where all the upturned eyes, once so resentful, took on an expression of friendly admiration, and a narrow path opened willingly before them. Half way down Cortelyou trod on something and very nearly fell headlong.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he said, recovering himself, and, picking up a small silver bonbonnière, crushed shapeless, he looked ruefully for the owner. The little school-girl of the St. Bardolph Club was gazing up at him with adoring eyes, her beautiful, enthusiastic face full of emotion.

"It is mine," she said, taking the flattened object reverently from his hand. "Oh, thank you. I shall always keep it."

Cortelyou flushed, laughed, and went on again with a little cough. She reminded him of Evelyn.

But as they came to the outer door his mind flew to other things. "Say that you will not go West," he implored.

"I cannot promise."

"You can promise to wait a day."

She seated herself in the hansom and closed the door. He stood with his hat off in the rain that was falling like little strings of diamonds, under the light of an electric lamp overhead. He could see the soft lustre of her eyes in the shadow.

"May I come to-morrow?" he said, softly.

"Yes," she whispered.

The cab rattled off, and for a few moments she remained leaning back in gentle, unreasoning content, seeing before her a long procession of happy days, and then, suddenly aware of the fierce pain of her burning cheeks, she covered them with her hands.

"Shall you never grow old?" she upbraided herself. "What will he think?"

But her doubts were short-lived.

"A middle-aged woman," she reasoned, "meets, quite by accident, a middle-aged man. They see a few pictures,

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they make a few remarks—where is the harm? The harm," she murmured half aloud, "lies in the fact that their middle-aged observations were, unfortunately, not made in a wholly middle-aged manner."

Suddenly and wilfully she laughed. "Why should I always insist on spoiling things?" she asked herself, and, taking down her hands, she leaned forward to watch the passing reflections on the wet, smooth surface of the asphalt. "And why," she added, after a moment, "should I not be happy—at least for awhile—by way of change?"

On either side of the way great globes of white light hung out over the street, converging far off in a long line of tiny lanterns like pearls on a string; the swimming pavement below was bright with broad bars of alternate silver and gold, where people and vehicles came and went in strong black silhouette, reminding her of boats on a ripple of moonshine.

"In this place," she sighed, "one remembers that it is good to live. I had almost forgotten that such a view were possible."

The cabman turned with a whirl into a side street and drew up before the Fenton, a large house on the next corner. Without removing her hat she went directly to the dining-room, and, discouraging the overtures of chance acquaintance, she ate her dinner in silence and went upstairs.

Her room was still unlighted, but the electric lamp on the opposite corner of the street shadowed the patterned leaves of the lace curtains in the flickering squares of white upon the walls and floor, and the common surroundings took on an unfamiliar refinement that was almost beauty. She came in, and, closing the door behind her, drew a deep breath. A draught of warm, scented air was blowing through an open sash at the far end of the room. She went, and, leaning her arm on the window-sill, looked down upon the tumbled masses of Virginia creeper that covered the trellised roof of the porch beneath. Soft droppings and whisperings came up from the little trees and shrubs in the garden at the back of the house, and, mingled with the faint autumnal odor of dead leaves, the sweet, heavy perfume greeted her afresh.

What was it? It moved her strangely; she could feel her heart beat against her folded arms, slowly and heavily, like the surges after a storm.

And why not sail on the Viga? She had lived long enough like a nun. That school had been a cloister, a veritable cloister even in the midst of the world! Men always talked to her in the respectful, tolerant tones reserved for the mothers of large and absorbing families. "Ah, how weary, how weary I am of everything I ever did!" she sighed. "It must have been that I had no vocation, decidedly, no vocation. Now, this afternoon——"

A quick patter of rain passed over the leaves on the trellis, and the sleepy perfume from the garden mounted heavier than before.

There was jasmine in it—jasmine and heliotrope!

Once, years ago ——

"Ah, no! that wound is closed!" But even as she spoke memories, like drops of scalding blood, fell hot upon her spirit.

Then, Life was beautiful, with youth and summer, and a marvellous Southern night. Now—"Ah, well knew the ancients!" she cried; "their Love remained forever young. At thirty-six he becomes a repulsive anachronism, and increasing age means but augmented pain. I dare not risk it!"

For awhile she remained looking up at the pale violet reflections on the soft, woolly clouds overhead. The under sides of the telegraph wires shone like strings of silver, and high on the topmost twig of a poplar-tree a diamond shivered before it fell. An electric-car passed thundering down the cobbled street, dragging a broad wake of gleaming scales in green and red and gold behind it, and into the silence that followed, dropping with the rain, came a few notes upon the piano. She shivered slightly.

"That hurts," she murmured. "He plays it too well." But the musician went on inexorably, and she hid her face in her hands to listen while the rain blew unheeded in beads of dew upon her smoothly waving hair.

At last she closed the window, and, lighting the gas, seated herself at a desk and took up a pen; but instead of writing letters she began to trace idly upon the paper,

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while her thoughts, following an intricate series of figures of eight, wound tortuously back to the gallery of the Art Club. Lying near her was the book which she had carried throughout the afternoon, and by a natural sequence of ideas she made a motion as if to pick it up, but, hastily withdrawing her hand, she glanced about like a guilty child, and in involuntary confusion rose from her chair.

Turning toward a dressing-table, she made a pretence of arranging some small articles in front of the mirror, until, looking up, she caught sight of her own face.

"Ah, fool!" she said, "is it you again? Will you always be afraid?" and, going back to the desk, she took up the book and began to read, resting at first in a temporary and provisional attitude on the arm of her chair. Gradually, however, as she turned the pages she let herself sink to the seat, for each sentence now breathed a personal memory of the man who had written it. She understood Cortelyou as never before; the recollection of his tones and expression lent clearness to her insight, and the charm of his compelling genius held her late into the night. At last she allowed the book to fall into her lap and sat there dreaming.

"A wonderful man," she whispered, "famous, fêted, set apart! What senseless vanity prompts me to fancy——" She stopped at the thought of Cortelyou's voice as he bent to see her eyes in the shadow of the hansom, "*May I come to-morrow?*" and her heart beat heavily in dull, tumultuous response.

"I am going," she said; "for Love is eternally young—the Ancients knew better than I guessed, and thirty-six years in my case is a mere jest of time."

It was late when she finished her preparation for the voyage, and once in bed she slept heavily until wakened by the rolling of carts and cars in the early morning. The sky in the east was gray and the garden was dim with mist, but she began to dress hurriedly in order to be ready to explain her change of plan to the expressman.

"I shall tell him to come again at twelve," she said to herself, standing in front of the mirror and unbraiding her hair. The process of arranging it was a tedious one, for her hair was very long, and as she slowly passed the comb to and fro she stepped absently to the window. Through a gap between the houses she caught a glimpse of the eastern sky, already touched with rose. "The sun will soon be up," she murmured, nervously quickening her motions; "it is after six o'clock! I must hurry!" Suddenly the strand of hair she was holding twisted, and the comb drew through it with a painful jerk; involuntarily she stopped to see how much she had pulled out—one curling thread of silver reached from the level of her hand nearly to the floor.

"A white hair!" she said aloud, and her voice held a little thrill of consternation. "A white hair!"

Forgetful of the need for haste, she stood, looking at it; while on her face a cynical expression, worthy of Cortelyou's "witty, worldly, calculating, old Frenchwoman," perceptibly deepened.

Then, smiling, she took a pair of scissors and cut a fragment of brown velvet from the ribbons which ornamented the dress she had worn the day before, and, allowing her hair to curl down upon it in a large ring, she fastened one end with a stitch of thread. Putting this into an envelope she sealed it carefully and directed it to Cortelyou. "He will understand," she said; "we are of a piece! More's the pity!"

But this done, she finished dressing in the wildest haste, and summoned a maid to aid in repacking for the journey West. The expressman, in spite of his being late, was called upon to assist in closing the gaping trunks.

"There's a hansom outside, ma'am," he panted, red and breathing with exertion; "you'd better let me call it, for you've just missed a trolley, and you'll never get down there in the world if you wait for the next."

"A hansom!" she cried—"Will you drive me mad with your hansoms? I am going down on the wagon with the trunks, and we must make the train. It is a case of life and death!"

Spurred by this announcement, the man drove through the city at a desperate pace, and she made her train in a dash, with various of her belongings clasped to her heart.

For awhile she was too much shaken

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and unnerved to think, but in time the steady grind of the wheels seemed to sooth her.

She was bound at last for the yellow West, the clear, broad skies, the wilderness of stars, her heaven, and the fulfilment of her dream! She had turned her back upon Europe, and upon that sea whereon only those eternally young might venture to set sail. Behind her and her gray hairs the sunrise lay forever.

"Oh, the joy of getting old!" she murmured, clasping her hands. "The freedom, the clear sight, the unclouded judgment of an age that knows no peradventure! Give me the cycle of Cathay! The broad unconventionality, the unfettered mind, the impersonal dreams, and self-possession free from intrusion!"

Then, turning her head discreetly from view, she cried, as she looked out of the window, and the unconventionality of Cathay gave place to personal memories of Cortelyou. "But I shall forget him," she assured herself. "I shall certainly forget him—if I can."

When the maid at the boarding-house gave the note which had been intrusted to her care to the gentleman who came that morning to inquire for Mademoiselle Martin, she was assisted in the performance of her duty by as many witnesses as could conveniently spare sufficient time from their daily occupations to wait for his appearing.

"And are they both gone?" asked Cortelyou incredulously.

"Both?" said the maid.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Martin and her sister."

"Mademoiselle has no sister."

"I mean the young lady with the dark eyes and hair; she wears a brown dress——"

"That is Mademoiselle herself," said the landlady.

Cortelyou stood frowning at her, hugging his dulness, loath to entertain the conclusions which were forcing themselves upon him.

"Mademoiselle Martin was the owner of the great school at Clifton," explained the landlady, speaking slowly and very loudly, as some people do to a foreigner or deaf-mute. "And although she looks younger, she is at least thirty-five years of age. There is no mistake, because she always stays here when she comes to the city, and I have—known—her—for—years!"

Stunned by the ponderous volume of the last words, Cortelyou looked appealingly at the maid.

"Mademoiselle told me to tell you that the note would explain," said the girl, sympathetically—"and she wanted me to ask, sir, if you wouldn't be so kind as to send the telegram she was speaking of yesterday."

To the infinite disappointment of every one Cortelyou left the house without opening his letter, and in the interested discussion that arose as the door closed behind him no one thought to peep through the curtains; so he stood on the steps unobserved and tore open the envelope.

The wind was blowing the leaves from a row of poplar-trees on the opposite side of the street, and, as he unfolded the little strip of velvet which was apparently the only enclosure, it caught deftly at the long thread of white hair and spun it out like a filament of spiders' web. Cortelyou's eyes followed its enormous length in stupid astonishment.

"The note would explain," he murmured. "A—ah, a white hair!"

It was a moment of enlightenment and of loss; for the wind, swooping down with a whirl of leaves, caught the curl from its insecure fastening, and in an instant it was gone beyond recovery.

For two whole days Cortelyou was very angry, and, being a good sailor, his indignation even carried over the first twenty-four hours on the Viga; but toward the end of the second evening of the voyage, as he leaned over the railing musing and thinking of many things, he found, to his dismay, that his rage was abating.

"Ah, well," he sighed, at last, "after all I am not so much disappointed as I would like to be!"

Beyond the vast gray hillocks of sad, tossing waters a strip of yellow sky broke through the bank of clouds that obscured the sunset.

Cortelyou threw his cigar far into the waves, and, standing upright, bared his head.

"Oh," he said, softly, "that beautiful, generous, unattainable West!"

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FIRE WITH FIRE

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

THERE are creeping flames in the near-by grass,
There are leaping flames afar,
  And the wind's black breath
  Is hot with death—
The worst of the deaths that are.

And north is fire, and south is fire,
And east and west the same—
  The sunlight chokes—
  The whole earth smokes—
The only light is flame!

But what do I care for the girdle of death,
With its wavering wall and spire?
  I draw the ring
  Where I am King
And fight the fire with fire!

My blaze is not as wide as the world,
Nor tall for the world to see—
  But the flames I make
  For life's sweet sake
Are between the fire and me!

That fire would burn in wantonness
All things that life must use—
  Some things I lay
  In the dragon's way,
And burn because I choose.

The sky is black, the air is red,
The earth is a flaming sea—
  But I'm shielded well
  In the seething hell
By the fire that comes from me.

There is nothing on earth a man need fear,
Nothing so dark or dire,
  Though the world is wide
  You have more inside—
You can fight the fire with fire!

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THE UNQUIET SEX

FOURTH PAPER—THE CASE OF MARIA

By Helen Watterson Moody

I

MY friend Mrs. Talbot recently became the proud and happy mistress of a most perfect maid. She was trim, respectful, not too pretty, quiet, and exquisite in the performance of all her duties. For weeks Mrs. Talbot's drawing-room had an air of radiant cleanliness; the brasses shone like gold, no breath nor film of dust clouded the deep pools of color in the mahogany, while the subtle blending of respect and appreciation in Maria's table-service was such as to set the most timid guest at ease. As time went on there appeared no unpleasant train of social-minded friends, or relatives with alarming and recurrent diseases. Maria seldom went out, and took her mistress's interests on her shoulders in a capable and motherly way. The problem of living seemed solved at last; and Mrs. Talbot made whole the shattered remains of her faith in human nature and assumed the complacent air of one whose virtues have finally met their just reward. But Mr. Talbot was sceptical, and was heard openly to declare that the situation was quite beyond belief, and that he expected the entire Talbot family would be found strangled in their beds some fine morning. For four months this state of bliss endured. Meanwhile a certain joyous indifference to the sufferings of others, on the part of Mrs. Talbot, was a sad trial to her less fortunate friends. Then the blow fell.

For several evenings the sound of a banjo, not played by Marion Talbot's accomplished fingers, sounded up from the kitchen into the drawing-room. It was no light, pleasing tinkle, either, but the solid, deliberate, two-toned plunkings of an instrument with untuned strings swept by unaccustomed fingers. It was Maria. Maria had bought a banjo and was practising o' nights; moreover, Maria was asking to go out once a week to take a lesson of a "professor." Mr. Talbot laughed and advised compromise, but Mrs. Talbot and Miss Talbot were firm. Banjo playing by the housemaid was not compatible with the dignity of the family. Maria's services were quite perfect, without including any knowledge of musical instruments. "I play the banjo myself," cried Miss Talbot, hotly, "and, besides, how ridiculous we should become in everybody's eyes if we were continually kept explaining to our friends that we had a superior kind of housemaid whom we allowed to play the banjo in the evening!"

Mrs. Talbot interviewed Maria; then wept the tears of one who feels herself to be indeed the plaything of fate, for it was *aut banjo, aut nullus* with Maria. By much saving and self-denial (she supported a mother and two sisters out of her wages) she had at last accomplished the dearest hope of her life, and was in no mind to be thwarted now. So Maria went, dangling the banjo-case respectfully but firmly. And the Talbots became as the rest of us once more.

It is only women who are capable of upholding principles by such heroic sacrifices as these. I suspect, too, it is only women who are able to discern the existence of a principle inimical to society in such a situation; for while Mrs. Talbot and Marion were unanimous and unequivocal in their resentment, Mr. Talbot was openly perplexed, and betrayed secret sympathies with Maria. He seemed to catch an occasional sniff of a principle somewhere, latent but violated, and it made him uneasy. "There is something wrong," he declared, "when a girl, simply because she engages to do certain duties in a house, is not allowed the gratification of her single impulse toward

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an elevation of mind or taste. I should like to see myself setting up a rule to prevent my men playing the banjo after mill hours—or the jews-harp, either." "Then," asked Mrs. Talbot, loftily, "do I understand that you would accept the organization of a brass band among our domestics, for evening rehearsals in the kitchen?" Men are notoriously averse to the *argumentum ad hominem*, therefore the controversy languished at once. It was a great pity, because undoubtedly Mr. Talbot's intellect, progressing toward the next step of the proposition, would have hit upon what seems to me the kernel of the whole difficulty in this seemingly hopeless, inextricable, delicately complicated problem—the labor question in our kitchen.

For that is what it really is, call it what you will—"the housekeeping problem," "domestic service," or "the servant question." It is no special and peculiar problem which attends naturally upon the existence of a home, as fungi spring up in a favorable soil. It is an integral part of that great labor question which is going to remain with us, "until we have shaken off the dead hand of feudalism which still presses with crushing weight upon the people through almost all the forms and institutions of the present day society. And it is more hopeless and distressing at the present day than any other form of the labor problem, because it conforms least to the natural laws which are allowed to regulate, more or less freely, labor outside the home.

II

I HAVE no mind to harrow up the minds of my readers with any explication of the miseries and mysteries that confront the average housekeeper in the daily maintenance of a simple but comfortable existence for her family; as for herself, an existence at all seems a struggle which at times she would gladly give over. One might define a heroine as the average American woman who does her own housekeeping. But some hint of the unnatural and unhappy state of affairs existing at present may be deduced from the consideration of two economic facts. First, woman is, by nature, a home-founder and a home-maker. This is not intended as an assertion of personal belief, but as a statement of scientific fact. It was woman—not man—who opened the industrial world; it was woman who made the first rude dwellings, and dressed skins, and wove textiles for clothing. It was woman, and not man, who made the first fire, and the first utensils for cooking, and the first rude tools for industrial ends. All her activities clustered about the hearth and ministered to the home. If the woman and the work had not reacted upon each other so that, to-day, women should be by nature home-makers and home-lovers, there are still depths for the scientists to sound in the working of heredity and of natural selection. And yet—here is my second fact—the enormous piles of stone and brick rapidly filling the choice plots of ground in our large cities and shutting out the light of heaven with their gabled tops, are mute if not magnificent witnesses to the fact that the investment of capital is all against the perpetuation of the separate home. The shrewd modern investor is willing to put hundreds of thousands against hundreds of dollars that (for his lifetime at least) women are going to prefer the ease of the apartment hotel to the separate house with its privacy, its own table, and—alas—its own service.

I do not believe that this new economic recognition of a serious change in certain social conditions means that the constitution or the tastes of women have undergone any radical change, but only that the matter of founding a home has become so difficult and so complex that strength and courage fail before it. So, many a woman, hiding her defeat under a brave front of preference, sells her house, stores her defeated household gods, and retreats into the hired splendors of the apartment hotel. Then the newspapers and reviews have long articles written, proving that the increase of wealth and the modern love of luxury and display are doing away with all disposition toward that simple domestic life which was the intent of the founders of the republic, and which must ever be the bulwark of democracy.

Despite the popular theory which orig-

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inates the housekeeping problem in the confusions and perplexities of the present social condition, the truth is that the labor problem in the home is older than this generation, older than this country, and is, in fact, exactly as old as human nature itself. There is a great deal of very comforting reading for housekeepers in Mrs. Earle's "Colonial Dames and Goodwives," where good Christopher Marshal, a well-to-do Quaker of Philadelphia, has kindly preserved for us some record of his wife's afflictions with "the girl Poll" and one Antony, a "character worthy of Shakespeare's comedies." A generation later Mrs. Trollope found other delicious episodes to record, when she turned her keen English eyes on "the great experiment" in this country, with Charlotte and Nancy as its special exponents. Nor does the present situation in England appear to be any less desperate than our own, if one may judge from the way in which the English mistresses are rushing into hysterical print in the "ladies' newspapers" to discuss these "tyrants." Says one writer: "They invade our drawing-rooms and boudoirs, and as surely as two or three women are gathered together, so surely will domestic service be one of the inevitable topics of conversation. As to taking up a newspaper or a magazine without meeting that domestic old woman of the sea—it is a sheer impossibility."

The problem, you see, is not peculiar to the complexity of modern living, nor even to a country where political institutions of theoretical equality are based on a state of most glaring social inequality. It is to be found wherever the relations of domestic service are established, and it has been, and is, universally a problem, because its conditions cross-cut the first instincts of that perdurable human nature, which is in us now as it was in the beginning, and ever shall be, world without end. The relation is fundamentally wrong, and where principles are wrong, details can never be adjusted.

The confusion begins when Maria and her mistress meet in that wonderful arena of ignorance and misunderstanding—the intelligence office.

The mistress does all the talking.

I am aware that certain dogged writers of humor are in the habit of making this appear quite otherwise, but my own observations bear out my statement. Maria usually manages to stipulate for her "every other Sunday" and her "every other Thursday," but for the rest, she gives herself unquestioning, unbargaining, into the employ of an unknown mistress, who seldom informs her definitely just what is expected of her, and who coldly repels any attempt on Maria's part to find out for herself. Yet I have never been able to understand why, in a contract supposed to be of equal interest, all the right to self-satisfaction should be on one side. I see no reason why Maria should not ask questions of Mrs. Talbot, as well as Mrs. Talbot of Maria. Nor have my own experiences led me to believe that in such an encounter, Maria is not as likely to behave herself with propriety and respect as Maria's employer, and so far from decrying the disposition on the part of a servant to ascertain somewhat definitely beforehand just what is expected of her, I regard it as quite worthy of respect and attention. "Do you allow servants to ask you questions in an intelligence office?"—some Mrs. Talbot is going to spear me with this question.

Dear Madam, I urge them to do so, and I find that my self-respect is not half as much involved in the consequent catechising as my sense of humor. Linda Olsen once asked me if I was an "easy mad lady," with a disarming dimple in either pink cheek. But what would you? I had just asked her if she had a "beau"—the single word which I have discovered covers all tender relations, in good Swede-English.

"But you *had* to know about that," says Mrs. Talbot, "if you were going to take her into your home." Indeed I did. I trust that nothing but the severest necessity could have induced me to such an unwarranted impertinence. But I am sorry I had to.

Now, supposing Mrs. Talbot to have satisfied herself fairly that Maria is a possibility—a wise woman never affirms more to herself—and Maria to have entered upon her new labors. Mrs. Talbot is kindly, and Maria has privileges which are intended to make her very grateful;

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but the truth is that Maria has no liberty. She wears the clothes her mistress prescribes; she sees her friends when and where her mistress allows; she eats, sleeps, and moves always under direction. And she does this for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four! She may not always be under orders, but she is always under authority. Just here is the difference between organized labor outside the home and unorganized labor within it. In the former are provided such conditions and terminations of his labor as give the man some chance to emerge from the worker. The poorest puddler in the mill may have his own hours, his home, his family, his associates, his pipe, his glass of beer. Maria has no hour in the day that she can count upon as being wholly, entirely, inevitably her own, beyond the sudden call of duty. She may not even have her banjo.

Now, I am not going to write myself down so incapable a housewife as to say that I should have decided differently from Mrs. Talbot in the momentous matter of the banjo. I, too, should have put ashes on my head and bade Maria go, if play she must; but I think I should have had grace given to me to see, even in that bitter hour, that Maria was no transgressing culprit, but an equal martyr with myself, and that both of us were the victims of certain false economic conditions which brought it about that Maria's ideas as to the pursuit of happiness for herself, were incompatible with my ideas as to my pursuit of happiness for myself; and that I, being in the position of advantage (economically, not ethically, you understand), had my way. The ethics of the situation were perfectly sound. For certainly the proposition is true, that no society, or class of society, can be founded on any permanent basis so long as any elevating aspiration is held to be reprehensible; human progress has been entirely a matter of individual aspiration. Just as certainly is it true that if Maria chose to voice the yearning of her soul to higher things, in the plunking of the banjo (grotesque as that was, and no doubt a waste of time and money besides), her right to express herself in this way was as undoubted as the right of Mrs. Talbot to pierce the misty "Twilight of the Gods," if her aspirations carried her so far. But, you see, the practical outcome of it all was that Maria's aspirations interfered with the comfort of the family. Therefore, Maria's relations to the family ceased. The flaw was economic, since all possible provision was made for the independence of the employer, and none whatever for the independence of the employee. Maria should have had some chance at her own idea of life and at the things that are more than life—that is, Maria should have a life and a chance to live it, outside the family home, where the comfort of a Talbot would in no way interfere with her aspirations.

III

Not long ago there came into my hands, as the result of one of the popular "discussions" in the daily newspapers, over one thousand letters from working women all over the country. The question asked was, "Is the shop or factory preferable to domestic service, and why?" The answers, like the question, may have been somewhat ungrammatical, but they were interesting and most significant. Two-thirds of the writers advocated the desirability of factory or shop work, and the reasons given therefor were summed up as follows:

Working hours are fixed in factory and shop work, and extra work is paid for.

The worker is in the way of advancement, if capable.

She receives orders from one person.

Outside her working hours, the worker's life is no concern of her employers. She has entire liberty to see her friends when and where she likes; she can read, study, improve herself in any way she chooses; she can go out when she likes and come in when she likes.

She does not lose caste through her employment.

All of which are intelligent, wholesome, human reasons, and altogether to the credit of the girls who gave them.

On the other hand, the house-workers set forth their advantages as follows:

Their work is more healthful than factory or shop work.

More money can be saved.

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House-workers do not lose caste in the mind of any sensible person. (This somewhat hysterically.)

Given a good mistress, they have a better home, kinder treatment, and as many privileges as any other workers.

All of which is undoubtedly true, but the last statement begs the entire question. The rights and privileges of any class of workers ought not to be a matter of entire complaisance on one side, and of dependence on the other, and domestic service should be no exception. The fact that it is an exception is, I believe, what is keeping the most intelligent class of girls out of our homes, thus constantly levelling downward the competence and desirability of the servant class. I have read many papers on the domestic situation, written by many mistresses, and nearly all of them relegate the millennium of housekeeping to that dim but glorious future when we are all alike to discover the dignity of household labor, and the possibility of its wonderful elevation to a science and an art. But no labor is dignified unless the dignity of the worker be preserved, and no worker can retain his dignity whose individual liberty is entirely ignored. This, I think, is at base the reason why domestic servants lose caste —a fact which most mistresses are sturdy to deny, but which they may as well admit, since the domestics themselves accept it.

"I can't let him come and see me, Ma'am," said my Amelia, naïvely, in admitting the tender relation. "He don't know I am a living-out girl. He couldn't have me, if he did. His folks wouldn't let him." Human nature has wonderfully sly ways of getting at the truth of things, and the subtle sense of disapproval which lies at the bottom of the social loss in domestic service comes, I believe, from a subconscious but acute recognition of the fact that at present it demands a greater giving up of personal liberty than is consistent with personal dignity. No wonder the American girl who goes out to service is as nearly extinct as the buffalo! The American girl has the disadvantage of brains. She sees things clearly, directly, without reference to tradition or twaddle. She knows that domestic service, although the best paid, is the most undesirable work she can undertake, because it brings with it none of the human rewards that are better than money. Not one of the considerations which impel girls to choose shop work, comes in to make her work dignified and in conformity with the laws of human nature. As things are now, if I were a working-girl, as I am an American, I would never go out to service; never, *never*, NEVER!

And neither would you, if you were to tell the honest truth.

In a most sincere and convincing paper, in an equally sincere and helpful little book by Ethel Davis, is a paragraph into which is compressed so much truth, historical and sociological, and so much practical good sense, that I want to transcribe it here.

"From the eighth to the fourteenth century men grappled with these same difficulties in the relations between the nobility and the trades, beginning the struggle a thousand years before women are ready to acknowledge that such difficulties have a right to exist. In the time of Charlemagne every noble of importance had within his personal control artisans of all trades needed to supply his daily wants. Each château was a miniature city, within the precincts of which dwelt armorers, carriage-builders, saddlers, spinners, carpenters, and other laborers. Many of the relations between these workers and the seigniors who protected, controlled, and supported them, in exchange for their services, were the same as between the household servants and their employers of to-day, and the desire for personal freedom and the opportunity to develop their individuality grew fierce and bitter on the part of the artisans. In those feudal surroundings the power of the nobility was strong, and the fight for freedom which was begun at that time lasted six hundred years. Through the clever use of the one liberty that these workmen possessed, that of choosing their own masters, and the organizing of guilds, they slowly won their personal independence in spite of the powerful resistance of the nobility. Besides the arguments of arms and oppression, they had to fight those we now hear advanced in favor of the condition of domestic service. They could have better homes, better protec-

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tion, and the assistance of the class in power, if they remained in the château. They preferred hunger, oppression, and suffering with the freedom to struggle for a position that would secure to their children or their children's children the precious right to the 'pursuit of happiness.'"

Out of this, as we think of it, emerges this truth. We women have been wearying ourselves in the rush after a superficial knowledge of many things, and particularly of the subjects that have specially engaged the attention of men, in order that we might become their political peers and reform their political abuses. Yet in the management of the one kingdom that has been ours from the beginning, we are harking back to the Middle Ages and the institutions which modern society cast aside long ago. Like the king in the story, our queens want to "go out governing by the day or week," while the kingdom that has always been theirs, rests in its primitive state of anarchy and disorganization.

IV

All the more to be deplored is this condition of affairs, because we are never done talking about it. We have been fond of presenting ourselves (with that taste for martyrdom which most good women possess) as the helpless creatures of a condition already hopeless, and passing on into despair. Yet we have never given the situation the small amount of quiet thought necessary to discover that the solution of the problem lies, not in the endless adjustment and readjustment of personal and sentimental details, but is to be accomplished by the patient, careful study of that political economy and sociology with which we have been wrestling for the sake of outside reforms. It might appear to a profane observer of the situation, that, until women shall have given evidence of some small political sagacity, some desire for reform, and a very little capacity for organization in that department of the world's sociology with which the home is concerned, there is no glaring injustice in denying them a share in the government of the country.

It is not to be denied that the labor problem in the home is peculiarly difficult and complicated, since its conditions vary somewhat with the habits and requirements of each household; but that it is anything more than difficult—that it is unsolvable—I do not for a moment believe. The trouble is that each mistress insists upon looking at it as an aggregation of individual cases, amorphous and meaningless as a snow-bank, instead of understanding that were a few fundamental principles of economics applied, the entire situation would fall into structure and significance.

When I first began to think upon this subject, I found myself settling steadily toward two conclusions; first, that the existing antagonism between mistress and maid had its origin, not in natural ill-will nor in class antagonism, but in wrong economic conditions; second, that the fundamental economic wrong was in the housing of the employed with the employers—with the constant action and reaction of the one class upon the other. After ten years' thinking upon the subject, I still think so. The entire situation must be "hatched over and hatched different," after Mrs. Poyser's radical methods of reform. The housewife is distinctly in competition to-day with other employers of labor. Why not take a leaf out of our enemy's book and secure for our own employees the advantages that other labor offers? Given this change, nearly all of the advantages claimed by the shop or factory girls for their work would be secured. Working hours would be fixed, and extra work would be paid for. Outside of working hours the girl would have that right to live after her own idea of happiness, which is hers as much as ours. She could have that intercourse with her own class which can never be denied to the individual without loss, and, having equal liberty with other classes of workers, she would no longer lose caste.

I am not so filled with the new wine of theory as to believe that such readjustment of the family living as would be required by so radical a change in domestic service could be easily brought about. It would require, first of all, careful study and preparation; second, cautious and

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concerted execution on the part of mistresses; and third, fourth, and fifth, intelligence. But why not make ourselves and our own needs the objects of some of our reformatory and philanthropic zeal for a little while? Why not put this in our list of "Things to be Tried" along with "Municipal Reform" and "Anti-Vivisection" and "Flower Missions" and "Health Protection"? Surely no class of the poor need attention more than the poor mistresses, and no condition of municipal mismanagement is more notorious or more desperate than the mismanagement of our kitchens.

In many ways the times are ripe for such an experiment. The number of finished products brought daily into our homes, as the result of outside labor, is constantly increasing. No mistress, however conservative and hearth-bound, now disregards the advantage and propriety of having her laundry "done out" and much of her baking brought in. She buys a great deal of the family clothing ready-made, and takes no reproach to herself therefor. She "sends out" for a cook by the hour, and a second waitress for her dinner-parties; perhaps her windows are cleaned, her silver polished, and her bric-à-brac dusted by outsiders. Her charwoman is always an outsider, as is, often, her furnace-man, her gardener, and her coachman. The substitution of gas and electric cooking for the old-fashioned range, by giving us better results with less time and labor, makes the possibility of organizing domestic labor immeasurably greater. I believe changes can be made by which the cook, the housemaid, the nurse, and even the maid-of-all-work may go out of our homes after a fixed number of hours, and be free to live their own lives, while the lighter services of the evening can be provided for, if desired, by a single servant whose days are her own. If the women's clubs of this country could be led to take up the study and adjustment of this problem with the sincerity and sagacity and spirit of co-operation which characterize their work in other ways, in two or three years they would be able to formulate a set of principles for domestic labor that would serve as a solid framework for details. It is not the purpose of this paper to do more than suggest the general lines along which it seems to be profitable to direct our attention. Therefore I have left untouched the innumerable questions and objections which will spring up for discussion—and disagreement—in the mind of every housekeeper who reads this paper. But I believe that I see a great many of the objections, and I do not find them insuperable, nor, indeed, in many cases, nearly so hard of settlement as the difficulties which are constantly bubbling up out of the uneasy waters now.

There is, however, one objection sure to suggest itself which does seem very real at first thought; that is, that servants, in most cases, have no homes to go to, or else the homes are so poor and unhealthful as to make it undesirable that they should come daily into our homes from them. This is perfectly true of the class of foreign or ignorant servants with whom we are at present struggling, but it seems to me altogether practical to believe that the greater desirability of domestic service which would be brought about by putting it on a plane with other labor, would bring into it just the class of intelligent, home-reared girls to be most desired. More than that, if the large serving class in our country were in permanent need of decent, cheap living quarters, capital would drift that way. A movement in one of the largest working-woman's associations in this country is just now by way of compassing such an end. In this association is a special club, formed only of domestic servants, the purpose of which is both intellectual and social. It has meetings for the discussion of questions relating to their work and their interests, it has organized a mutual benefit society for the assistance of members who are ill or unemployed, and it is looking forward to the establishment of a respectable, cheap boarding-house for servants, by means of which may be avoided the present crowding of unemployed workers in the unclean and unhealthy tenements that now serve as their retreat when they are not in situations. This disposition on the part of house-workers to organize for themselves, wherever they see the desirability, is very hopeful, and not a little touching, when one stops to reflect upon their slender equipment in training and money.

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V

THE tentative and sporadic organizations of mistresses reported in the newspaper paragraphs, here and there, all over the country, give the sign of an awakening appreciation of the necessity of doing something. The attention of these housekeepers' clubs, however, has been mainly directed to the philanthropic side of the question; that is, to the training of servants themselves by means of training-schools. All of which is helpful and hopeful, to be sure, even primarily essential when capacity and intelligence among servants are at their lowest, as they are to-day. But I am by no means certain that such means are anything more than temporary scaffolding by which the main structure is to be helped and upheld. For the true economic principle is that the training and equipment of the employee are his own affairs. Unless the work attracts the worker enough to generate an impulse toward self-preparation, there would seem to be a waste of expenditure in attempts on the part of anyone else to make the path plain and easy. Training-schools of course there must be, else how shall girls receive their training? But they should be, in the end, like the training-schools for nurses, conducted on business principles—not philanthropy. The servants of this country pay annually into the intelligence offices three millions of dollars. It might seem possible to make a training-school something better than a philanthropic institution, if some of this misspent money could be attracted toward a paying investment of adequate self-preparation for their work, on the part of servants.

The Social Science section of the famous Civic Club of Philadelphia has recently drawn up and put in the hands of all its members what it calls "A Standard of Work and Wages in Household Labor," to which standard it is expected that all its members will adhere. For certain wages, ranging from three dollars and a half to four dollars a week, certain definite requirements are set down, in the case of cooks, waitresses, chambermaids, laundresses, seamstresses, children's nurses, and general houseworkers. For example, a cook asking the wages just specified is required to show a proper knowledge of the sink and drains, the kitchen, cellar, and ice-chest, and the kitchen utensils. She must understand the making of bread, biscuit, muffins, griddle-cakes, soup stock, and plain soups. She must know how to cook meats in the four elemental forms known as broiling, boiling, frying, and roasting, and how to dress and cook poultry and fish, to prepare eggs, oysters, vegetables, fruit (fresh and tinned), tea, coffee, and plain desserts.

Here is something definite for both employer and employee. Instead of leaving everything vague and in the air at the time of employment, it gives the cook an opportunity of finding out precisely what duties go with the situation, and it gives the mistress the right to exact from an unwilling or ill-prepared servant the last letter of the agreement. A further provision is made, in case any of the outlines of the "good, plain cook" presented in these requirements are obscured or lacking. The employer agrees to furnish instructions in the points of failure, the employee sharing half the expense of such instructions. All of this seems fair, and definitely helpful, and paves the way to still greater clearness and exactness of understanding.

But the final emancipation of both employer and employee, and the settlement of the housekeeping problem, must come through wider and co-operative organization. A single club has only the unit value. Hundreds of women in scores of clubs, all working toward the same ends of clarification and reconstruction, with a calm allowance for experiment, selecting carefully and after ample test, such principles as seem to them sound and secure and rejecting everything that is unjust; tenacious of their own rights but jealous also of the rights of others—such an organization as this would work amazing advances in an incredibly short time. One small club of this kind was established three or four years ago in a Western town. After the first winter spent in the study of domestic service and of co-operative housekeeping, the members of the club became convinced that the husband of one of them

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understood the situation, when he declared they had got hold of the tail of an unusually large and lively idea, and that it would probably afford them mental exercise for some time to come. Whether the club is still in existence I do not know, but this I do know (because one of the leading spirits of the club afterward put the declaration into print), that the longer these women studied this question the more they understood that they "were confronted with a problem having moral and social factors as well as economic ones," and that "this problem was fully as important as interstate commerce, trades-unions, or any of the other questions which the modern economist puzzles his brains over." Each member of this club became also convinced that "while working with one hand with the service question as it now is, she must make ready with the other for a change more radical than anything that housekeeping has known for centuries."

Such preparation as this must come from the thinking side—that is, from the mistresses. In a certain blind, groping way the domestic workers are trying to work out the situation for themselves; as I have said, they organize when and where they can, and when they cannot organize, they still manifest, by the very resentment and intolerance which are the chief burdens the mistress has to bear, an under-sense of something that must be adjusted. But the remedy lies deeper than their minds are able to go; in that the flaw is economic and is only to be apprehended and remedied through the application of economic and sociological laws, the minds that are best able to apply them, must develop them.

And if it *should* happen that by a little patient, humble, faithful study of this neglected subject we women were to find in its development an antidote for the ambitious superficiality of our intellectual tastes, and a conviction that it might be as well, after all, to plant our first laurels by our own fireside—why that, too, might be something of a gain.

THE COMRADES

(THE SOUL TO THE BODY)

By Julia C. R. Dorr

COMRADE, art thou weary?
Hath the way been long?
Dost thou faint and falter—
Thou, who wert so strong?

Ah, I well remember
How, when life was young,
Forth we fared together,
Glad of heart and tongue.

Then no height appalled thee;
Thou didst mount and sing
With the joyous ardor
Of a bird on wing!

Once thou wert the stronger;
Led me by thy will;
I obeyed thy mandates,
Gloried in thy skill;

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Owed thee much, and loved thee;
Half the joy of living
(Comrade, dost thou hear me?)
Hath been of thy giving.

Think what thou hast brought me!
All that eye hath seen,
Glow of dawn and sunset,
Star-light's silver sheen,

All the pomp and splendor
Of the summer day;
Gleam of sparkling waters
Leaping in their play;

Night and storm and darkness;
Mountains high and hoar;
Ocean billows sweeping
On from shore to shore!

Think of what I owe thee!
Fragrance of the rose,
Breath of odorous lily,
And each flower that blows;

Song of thrush and veery
Deep in woodland bowers;
Chime of sweet bells pealing
From Cathedral towers;

Love's most dear caresses,
Touch of lip and cheek,
Throb of heart revealing
What no tongue can speak!

Lifelong friend and comrade,
Twin-born brother, thou,
Think how thou hast served me—
Let me serve thee now!

Let my strength uphold thee
As thine own strength fails,
As the way grows steeper
And the night prevails.

Cheer thee, cheer thee, Comrade!
Drink thou of my wine—
Lo! the cup I bring thee
Holds a draught divine!

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HIS SERIOUS DOUBTS

By William Maynadier Browne

ONE day — one of those balmy, comforting, hazy days, neither too warm nor too cold, that November in her mercy sometimes gives us — O'Connor came into the office. His entrance was as noiseless and as apologetic as ever. He had made, too, as was usual with him when he called upon Mr. Cutting, a careful toilet. The only relief from his speckless black was the immaculate whiteness of his linen, which supplied unquestionable evidence of "domestic finish," both where it framed his fringe of grizzled beard and where it encircled his gnarled knuckles. He sidled into the nearest chair, placed his tall hat gingerly on the floor beside him, folded his hands and sighed.

I knew Mr. Cutting had seen him come in; because he had winked at me quietly over his shoulder during the fraction of a minute while O'Connor was disposing himself and his hat.

Silence followed, while Mr. Cutting's pen raced over the sheet of fool's-cap before him, and my eyes were glued to the latest Massachusetts Reports. Mr. Cutting and I had often tried this experiment upon O'Connor—to see how long he would wait to be spoken to. We tried it this time, once more; but, as hitherto, in vain. No sound broke the stillness, save the steady rumble of traffic in the street way down below us. At length, Mr. Cutting leaned back in his chair, yawned, stretched his arms, and pretended to have noticed O'Connor's presence for the first time.

"Ah, O'Connor! That you?" he said, cheeringly. "Come over here and sit down." At the same time he moved a chair nearer his own. O'Connor crossed on tiptoe and took the proffered seat, drawing, as he did so, a large black wallet from the inner depths of his black waistcoat.

"Are ye well, sor?" he asked, in a richly muffled whisper.

"Very well, thank you," replied Mr. Cutting; and exclaimed as O'Connor produced a goodly collection of bank-notes from the wallet: "What! *More* money? Michael, are you a member of a syndicate?" O'Connor wheezed out a husky giggle.

"Shure, Mr. Cuttin'," he answered, behind his hand, "ye *will* have your joke. D'ye moind keepin' ut fer me, sor?" Then Mr. Cutting counted the money, and I was called over to verify the count. The amount was, as I remember it, twelve hundred dollars.

This scene was a fair example of our quarterly ceremonial with O'Connor when he brought in his accumulated profits for Mr. Cutting to care for. As a matter of form Mr. Cutting asked O'Connor how he wished the money invested; and, as usual, O'Connor replied that it was to be invested as Mr. Cutting thought best. The ceremonial over, and a receipt given, which O'Connor accepted with real embarrassment, Mr. Cutting—his hands now clasped behind his head while he leaned back in his

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leather-covered, spring-screw chair and whirled a little, back and forth—began to ask :

" Mike? That is, I mean——"

" Call me that, sor ! Call me, Mike," interrupted O'Connor, in sudden glee. Then, with bashful interest he added, eagerly, " Yis, sor? "

" I was going to ask," said Mr. Cutting, " how you made all this money. Is it from the junk-shop or the rum-shop? "

" Well, sor," answered O'Connor, carefully, " 'tis partly the both o' dthem. Ye see, Mr. Cuttin', there's ahlways thrade for junk and whishkey—an'—an' I ahlways buys the two for less than I sells thim—junk or rum. Ye see? Shure you know that." This last with just a momentary doubt of Mr. Cutting's sincerity.

" Yes, I know that," replied Mr. Cutting, with marked seriousness. " But why doesn't everybody do the same thing? "

" I dunno—o," said O'Connor, sadly ; and added, even more sadly, " 'tis God's wonder how few o' thim does. Now, dthere's Carrigan——" Here O'Connor recovered himself. I could see that it had flashed across his mind that Mr. Cutting knew nothing about Carrigan and cared less. After a pause, during which O'Connor glanced furtively about the office, he leaned forward and asked, timidly :

" Mr. Cuttin', would yez be afther takin' a case fer me? " He made a half movement toward the pocket to which he had returned his black wallet.

Mr. Cutting exclaimed :

" Why, Mike ! Surely you haven't been foolish enough to go into court? "

Mr. Cutting was a practical lawyer.

" God bless you, no sor ! " answered O'Connor with an impatient but entirely polite wave of the hand. " This is a real case—whishper ! " Mr. Cutting and I drew our chairs nearer. O'Connor's diffidence suddenly disappeared and he asked, earnestly :

" Ye remimber little Molly, Mr. Cuttin'? My little Molly? "

Mr. Cutting bowed. Of course he remembered Molly. I know I did. I had had occasion once to go to O'Connor's house, or rather his tenement above the bar-room, and had there met his daughter. Miss Molly O'Connor was as perfect a combination of black-haired, blue-eyed feminine Irishness as one could wish to see. She wasn't pretty. No daughter of the O'Connor could have been that. No, she was not pretty ; she was not dainty ; she was not graceful. But she was winsome ; she was wholesome, and she was natural—most blessed gift of all. I asked her if her father were at home. I had taken particular pains *not* to find O'Connor on his native heath—that is in his bar-room—for fear of embarrassing him ; so, had called higher. Miss Molly answered me by saying that her father was in his " offus," and with the jolliest laugh in the world had gone to tell him of my presence up-stairs. She knew all the time who I was. But all this is a digression.

Of course Mr. Cutting remembered the sturdy little daughter of his former man-of-all-work—the little blue-eyed Irish kid who always used to say " Hello ! " to him in spite of repeated parental admonition. So, in reply to O'Connor's question, he answered, as he bowed gravely :

" Yes, Michael, I remember Molly, perfectly, and with a great deal of pleasure. She must be nearly a woman now."

" That's it, sor, Mr. Cuttin'. She do," replied O'Connor. Then he poured forth the statement of his case. " She *do* be most a woman, Mr. Cuttin', and there do be a young felly, Jerry Carrigan his name is—son to Carrigan I told you about. No, I didn't—but he's no good. I mean the father. I don' know about the son. That's the case. The son—young Jerry—well, Mr. Cuttin', the son is wan o' thim young fellies that ahlways has money and nobody knows how he gets ut. D'ye undershtand? " Mr. Cutting became more interested. " Whishper ! " went on O'Connor, warming to his work, as his description enlarged ; " he does no worruk. He has no job. But iv'ry day wid plinty money. And iv'ry day wid dinky clothin' on him. Wan o' dthese judes, as they calls thim." Here O'Connor stood and illustrated, personally, as he continued. " Wid a collar up here, d'ye moind ? He houlds the chin av 'im like it hurted. Yis. *An'* the shoes av 'im ! Shure ye know the kind. Shiny and sharp-like. Yis. As if he had but wan toe to his fut, d'ye moind. Well, sor, this same Jerry Carrigan do be afther me daughter Molly. And I—I—well, Mr. Cuttin', I want me Molly to marry a good

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man, d'ye undershtand? If it were Tim Fennessey, now—him that works over to Kelly's grocery—it's the son o' Widdy Fennessey he is, a fine woman she is, and him a hard-workin', shtrappin' young felly. But Tim—well, I dunno—o. Molly is ahlways puttin' the laugh on him; she and her frind Maggie Casey, daughter to Casey that has the thruckin' shtand, a good gurrul, but giddy. Now, Mr. Cuttin', sor, 'twould break the heart o' me to have me Molly marry any but a good man. And this felly Carrigan—I have me doubts. I have me ser'ous doubts."

O'Connor sighed long and deep, and slowly shook his head. Mr. Cutting said:

"It seems to me, Michael, that this is a case for Mrs. O'Connor to manage."

"Ah, thin, 'tis not!" replied O'Connor, with decision. "Shure the ould woman managed wan case for me—wanst. She'll niver do ut agin." (I made a mental note that some day I should get O'Connor to give me the particulars of this case.)

"But what do you want me to do in the matter?" asked Mr. Cutting.

"'Tis this, sor," O'Connor began with firmness, which gradually melted into indecision not unmixed with shame as he progressed. "Ye see, Mr. Cuttin', I cannot talk to the young man himself—I mane—I dunno—that is—well, sor, he is too judy, d'ye moind. And I have not the face—I mane 'twould be shame on me to go here and dthere, ashkin' about a young felly that is—well, sor, that is a frind o' me family. But Molly is a shweet, good gurrul, and—and this Carrigan felly have no stiddy job—and he is a jude—and, oh! Mr. Cuttin', me heart is broke wid worry." O'Connor bent his head, and his eyes slowly and sadly followed a semicircular course around the carpet, until, at last, they rested again on Mr. Cutting. "Shure, Mr. Cuttin', sor, 'tis mesilf that hates to ask ye—but would you—would you be afther——"

At this point I came to the rescue.

"I know something about Jerry Carrigan," I said, "and I think I can find out what more is necessary, in a perfectly proper way."

"Ye can?" asked O'Connor, eagerly.

"I think I can," I said.

"An' ye will?"

"I'll try."

"Glory be to God!" O'Connor exclaimed, rising to his feet. "My! But you're the fine young felly, now! That is—I mane—Excuse me, sor."

"That's all right," I said. "I will make the inquiries this afternoon, and I will call and see you this evening."

"Look at that, now!" he ejaculated, and started abruptly for the door. There he paused an instant, then, with a quick "Good-day, sor—and Mr. Cuttin'," was gone as noiselessly as he had come.

"What sort of chap is this Carrigan?" Mr. Cutting asked me.

"Oh! not bad," I answered. "He is employed by the people who are running Sutherland's campaign."

"That's it, is it?" and Mr. Cutting returned to his writing.

Sutherland, or, to give him his full name, the Hon. Horace L. Sutherland, a retired merchant of means, was the Citizens' candidate for Mayor. The nominees of the regular parties were nothing more nor less than party hacks; so I had interested myself a good deal in the Citizens' movement—in fact, I had contributed to the campaign fund. Thus I could easily make the necessary inquiries about young Carrigan at head-quarters.

I had taken up my reading again, when I heard a sudden, husky, "Whishper!" at my shoulder. O'Connor had returned.

"Whin ye come to call," he said, softly, "will ye be so good, sor, as to come direct to me offus? 'Tis at the back, it is, just forninst the ind av the bar. Ye'll not miss ut. Good-day, sor." And again he was gone, this time for good.

That afternoon I called at the campaign head-quarters. There I found, as I expected I should, my friend Laurence Montague. He had full charge of the Citizens' movement—was, in fact, the steam-gauge of the new machine. I had always known him in college as Laurie Mont-a-gue (so pronounced), and I experienced no little shock when, since his connection with the campaign, I heard a fellow-Celt speak of him as *Larry Montaig* (so pronounced). But Laurie, or Larry, Montague or Montaig, he was a white man and a good fellow. I asked him about Jerry Carrigan.

"Carrigan? Oh, yes. Ward 14. He's all right." Then he asked, in his brisk, direct way, "What do you want to know

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about him?" I told him frankly and fully how the matter stood. (Indeed, nobody who knew him could do less with Laurie Montague.) I explained old O'Connor's doubts and fears, even going to the extent of mentioning his hopes about Tim Fennessey. Laurie leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud; then, suddenly leaning forward, placed a hand on my knee and said, earnestly:

"Look here, old man, you say you are going down to see O'Connor to-night? Well. Tell him this. You have my personal word it's true. Jerry Carrigan is a good all-round chap. He intends to make politics his business. I know some people object to politics as a business—Nevertheless, so long as business is business, politics is politics. Eliminate the similar terms and politics is business—or else neither is anything. Personally, I don't make a business of politics, but that's because I direct and don't work. For a worker politics *is* business and always must be. Jerry Carrigan is a worker and a good, clean, square one. We are paying him a regular salary, and if old man Sutherland wins out, Jerry is sure to have a good berth in the Street Department. See? He is, take him altogether, the most dependable man we have. He is President of the St. Joseph's Debating Society. That means he doesn't drink. Perhaps it explains, too, why he goes in for politics. But——" Here Laurie laughed again. "As far as O'Connor's daughter is concerned, well!—You just tell the old man what I have told you."

I went in the evening, as I had promised to do, to call upon O'Connor. I carefully sought the "offus," although from the instant I set foot within O'Connor's realm no further search on my part was necessary. As I entered the saloon, the bar-tender saw me and with a polite "Hist!" waved me toward the back of the room. While I was making my way thither an awful silence fell upon the dozen or so *habitués* that were leaning against the bar. Before I reached the "offus"—a six-by-eight box of a place enclosed by scanty partitions—the door opened and I heard a kindly, hoarse, familiar voice say, "Glory be to God! Come in, sor," all enunciated as if it were one word, and a word, too, that left the speaker breathless from excess of relief. With both of his hands almost but never once quite touching me, O'Connor placed me in his own chair and sat himself down on a beer-case.

"Will ye have a drop to dhrink?" was his first question, eager yet uncertain. I declined, and not to keep him in suspense, told him at once what I had learned about Jerry Carrigan. The old man listened intently. When I had finished he asked:

"Who is dthis they sez the young felly is workin' for?"

"For Mr. Sutherland, the Citizens' candidate."

"The Citizens' candidate, is he? Well, he's not mine. Although," he added, reflectively, "to my moind, O'Reilly *is* a purty poor thing." Then he relapsed into thought. I should mention here that the O'Reilly referred to was the regular nominee of O'Connor's political party.

After a long pause O'Connor said to me, impressively and with fine dignity, "I have me doubts, sor—I have me ser'ous doubts that I done young Carrigan injustice wid me—wid me suspicions. Will ye come oop, sor?" I bowed, and he led the way out of the "offus" along a devious path that wound amid barrels, kegs, and boxes until we reached a door that opened into a dimly lighted hallway—the modest approach to O'Connor's *real* kingdom, the home of those he loved. He preceded me up the narrow stairs. As we went the sound of a piano and of a young, clear, high-baritone voice singing "Sweet Marie," grew upon my ear. At the head of the stairway we came upon a second door—a door beyond which I knew must be the makers of the music. With his hand on the knob O'Connor turned to me and said, "Whisper!" then entered the room as noiselessly as he had ever entered our office. I followed immediately, and saw precisely what he saw.

At the piano stood a slender, clean-shaven, neatly dressed young Irishman, still singing to the accompaniment of a pretty, graceful slip of a girl.

On the sofa against the wall sat Miss Molly O'Connor, her head resting in complete contentment upon the shoulder of an unmistakable son of Erin—red-haired, broad-featured, stalwart, masculine and awkward, yet the perfect picture of budding blissfulness. The music stopped. Miss Molly didn't move. She only looked at her

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father and laughed. It was an echo of the delightful laugh I had heard before.

"For the love of God!" exclaimed O'Connor.

"Tim! Brace up!" said Miss Molly, as she gave Mr. Fennessey a gentle push on the shoulder. Then she buried her face in the back of the sofa.

The son of Erin came to his feet quickly and without grace (much as you will see a laborer spring for his pick at the boss's word), and then stood, abashed.

"Mister O'Connor," he began, looking anywhere but at the dear old chap who was hungry to meet him half way. "Mister O'Connor, me and Molly—I mean, Molly and me——" He got no farther.

"Timothy Fennessey," said O'Connor, "you have me consint. Put it there." They shook hands hard. I distinctly heard Miss Molly giggle into the back of the sofa. The hand-shake, though growing in sincerity, became gradually slower, and during this process O'Connor's wandering glance fell upon young Jerry Carrigan, standing by the piano, next to Maggie Casey.

"But phwat—" he began, limply, dropping Fennessey's hand; "but phwat——" He pointed at Carrigan, and looked the remainder of his question. Miss Molly laughed aloud.

"Tim needed a pace-maker, Mr. O'Connor," said Carrigan, quietly, "and your daughter, Miss Molly, knowing how I stood with Maggie—Miss Casey—allowed me to act in that capacity."

The silence that followed was not broken until O'Connor said, crisply: "Young man, I understand ye are workin' for this —this. What's that his name is, sor?" This last, to me. I told him. "This Sutherland man."

Carrigan answered in the affirmative.

"Well," said O'Connor, carefully, "Whedther I vote *for* him, or *agin* him, I dunno—yet. I will considher. But you may put me name on your book for a hunder dollar."

At this point a door in the farther corner of the room opened, and Mrs. O'Connor entered. I knew it was she the instant I saw her, though I had never laid eyes on her before. She was a little, thin, almost wizened woman, with bright black eyes. She wore a shawl closely and neatly folded about her shoulders. She also wore a frank dark-brown wig, parted in the middle, and with the hair drawn smoothly down over her temples. Her voice was high, but not sharp, and her manner of speech, while unobtrusive, had no shade of diffidence.

"Michael, darlin'," she said, "go down, now, and get us some beer, there's a good man. Shure we're all of us dhry." Michael went, but in going he took occasion to whisper to me as he passed:

"I have me ser'ous doubts, sor, but I am a dommed fool."

"Won't ye be seated, sir," said Mrs. O'Connor to me, as, with nice if sudden assumption of formality, she seated herself on the sofa and made room for me to sit beside her. Miss Molly was now one of the group round the piano.

As I took my seat beside Mrs. O'Connor, she leaned toward me and said, in that peculiarly confidential way which, coming from the lady of the house, always puts one at one's ease:

"He's a dear good man, but in some things—well, he ain't shmart. And how is Mr. Cuttin's health dthese days?"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

The Sheep and the Goats.

NOT long ago Mr. Henry James, discussing Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," spoke of "the question eternally interesting, the mystery of what might have been if only, in the original scheme of things (things, at least, as they make for books), there had not been so dire a separation of the sheep and the goats." And he went on, half sadly, half whimsically, "The sheep have always, to me, stood for the people whose heads are as full of golden words as the bags of misers of golden coin, but on whom experience never calls with the offer of an exchange or a bargain. Their vocabulary is left on their hands for want of real opportunities to work it off. They sit at home or merely stroll about the neighborhood with their literary sense for a bored companion. Meanwhile the goats have all the sensations, without ever a word to say of them; a word, I mean—for there are words and words—that counts as articulate speech. All over the world they come in, as the phrase is, for the fun; that is, in strange scenes and situations, for the great impressions and suggestions, emotions denied to the unfortunates whose time all goes in tuning the fiddle for a dance that never begins." The utterance was in a weekly letter, and is therefore not to be taken as a very serious declaration of the dogma *vanitas vanitatum;* but it has so curious a complement in the writing of another author that it will bear a brief resuscitation.

Unconsciously, he was dealing with a situation which had already been turned to account by Mr. Kipling in the story called the "Conference of the Powers." There the latter introduced a famous London author whom he names Mr. Eustace Cleever, into a roomful of tanned subalterns fresh from the jungles and frontiers of Burmah and India. They come to their feet in blushing and embarrassed delight in the presence of the great man whose books have brought the vision of home to them in the camp on the Hlinedatalone. He speaks kindly to them, and is pleased with their simple homage; until he discovers that what they have been babbling about as "work" has been the life of "the strange scenes and situations," "the great impressions and suggestions," "the emotions denied to the unfortunates whose time all goes in tuning the fiddle for a dance that never begins." Then his condescension falls suddenly flat: "You! Have you shot a man?" he asks one of the pink-faced youngsters. And forthwith he ends all talk of himself, and sets the boys to describing some of the fierce bits of life and death which had been so commonplace to them in the happening. Thenceforward through the artless talk the great author sits in a mood which has never been so convincingly analyzed and ticketed as in this letter of Mr. James.

Fitted together, the story joints into the letter—or the letter into the story—like the parts of a broken mirror, and with an aptness that irresistibly reminds one of Mr. James's own meditative irony. For the two, matching each other so neatly, set forth as in a picture the attitude of the critic toward the story-teller, and of the story-teller toward the critic. Mr. James's semi-humorous appropriation of the blessed portion of the sheep is the essence of the unconscious assumption which a critic hardly ever escapes, that he and his tribe are of right and by nature the final judges of what is good and worth while in literature; that what they do not like, and therefore take no trouble to justify and praise, is outside the view of literature. And, on the other hand, Mr. Kipling's emphasis of the limits of vision and the preoccupations of the city-made man of letters finely suggests the impatience with these same despotic arbiters of the man whose mind is set rather on the "strange scenes and situations" and "the great impressions and suggestions," than on the exquisiteness of his telling of them. Mr. James's stories have all the manner and the method of the critic. Mr. Kipling's criticism comes in the form of such stories as this same "Conference of the Powers," or such poems as the "Three-decker," or the refrain, "It's pretty, but is it art?" Matched as we see them here, unconsciously and unintentionally, they make good examples of the two

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kinds of temperament which lead men to the making of books of stories.

For in literature, as in every other art, it may be said that God makes two kinds—those who do things and those who know how; and that though the former, if they will, may attain some command of the faculties of the latter, the latter, the men who have only the keen appreciation of the accomplished book, may sooner pass through the needle's eye than into the blessed ranks of the real makers of literature. Such a law so stated seems harsh and draconic, perhaps; but so is the law of the survival of the fittest, of which it is a preamble. Its soundness is attested by every appearance of a magazine, with its unwritten record of hopes deferred and manuscripts returned; even in the printed pages one finds poems and stories whose little glow and brightness seem less due to a spontaneous fire of inspiration than to laborious blowing of a meagre spark of talent. We all know the men and women, probably more of the latter, who being gifted with a keen enjoyment of letters, make of themselves appreciative and penetrating critics; and then with the common yearning of mankind for the unattainable, must waste good paper and good years of their lives in striving to do by rule what God intended to be done only by instinct. It is this spectacle which keeps your man of sensibility always supplied with tragedy, and your man of action with his standing examples of the follies of "literary fellers." The one sees the poor struggler, his wagon hitched to the star, his worldly interests perhaps dangling unmarked in the dust, lavishing cheerfully the best of his life on the hope of getting his name into the table of contents of a magazine or on the back of a little Bodley Head book of verse. And, on the other hand, the comfortable Philistine, the woollen manufacturer or the railroad superintendent, cries out with much scornful puffing of cigar-smoke against the waste of human life in pursuit of a thing that when you get it leaves you with your hands full of air.

The truly tolerant man must say that both are right; that to keep the world sweet and progressive we must have the man who will put behind him ease and content of mind for the chase of the spiritual entity or nonentity which is his particular ideal, and that if we are not to be swept away by the fitful emotions of the unreasonable, we must have the sane and obstinate materialism of the man of this world. After all, however, since nature sides with the Philistine, it is not of much use to worry over single cases; it is always comfortable to side with the eternal law. And when the man who is born critic turns his hand to creation and tries with his formulæ and well-considered principles to manufacture a story or a poem, it is better for us all that it should come speedily to its still-born end. The death may be tragedy to the individual; the accidental lack of some part of the real poet's gift may turn bitter a life that on any reasonable system of hopes and purposes should have been cheerful and profitable. For such private disappointments the universe has little heed. The sooner a would-be writer finds out whether he was intended to be a maker or a critic, the more useful will he be in that path of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

MR. WYCKOFF has well named his unique sociological investigations "an experiment in reality." That experiment is giving us most valuable results. Were it now possible for him to devote the same number of years to an equal variety of experiences as boss and manager the results might prove, perhaps, even more fruitful in original material. It is true that the boss or manager seems get-at-able, that he can be approached on an apparently common footing, that his talk on the surface is frank, sometimes brutally so especially in its contempt for what he calls "theories." But behind this semblance of openness there lurks, far more than in the case of the laborer, an unsympathetic attitude of mind of which he himself is often unconscious, to give anything he may say to the "theorist" a twist of caution or suspicion, like that of a witness in a court-room under cross examination. Of the various kinds of personal bias which vitiate so-called sociological facts—in which Herbert Spencer includes "constitutional sympathies and antipathies"—none is more active than this hostile predisposition of the practical man to the theoretical inquirer.

Experiments in Unreality.

To cite a somewhat curious experience in point, there is a departure from ordinary business methods, an experiment in the direction of raising the status of employees by profit-sharing which has been under practical trial for some years in various parts of this country. The results are admirably

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summarized and discussed in a book by a sociological student of eminence, a book generally regarded as authoritative by many economic writers. A manufacturer, who was asked to prepare a paper on this experiment for a club of business and professional men, that he might have something to say at first hand hit upon the scheme of writing personally for information about it to the managers of the thirty-odd concerns given in the book as endorsing it. He used in writing his office paper, and asked of each person addressed the same questions, few, but crucial from the stand-point of a practical man. He was careful not to indicate any special purpose, but undoubtedly his correspondents inferred that he was considering the advisability of trying the experiment in his own business. His idea, so far as he had any beyond the hope of obtaining fresh material for his paper, was simply that business men might, in discussion of an experiment of this sort with a fellow business man, write in a tone different from that which characterized statements made by them to a theorist, to be put into a book. The result justified his idea so far as he had entertained it. While no single answer repudiated the experiment, or without qualification advised against its adoption, all the answers expressed disappointment with it on its practical business side, some more, some less. In short, the theoretical economic discussion, by the test of this correspondence—by no means a final test, considering the caution with which conservative people always give advice—had for its basis an experiment in unreality. The reader of it, so far as he accepted it as settling the practicability of the experiment, was, as John Burroughs has somewhere said, "one more remove from reality."

Now this frustration of purpose is certainly not due to a lack of either ability or honesty on the part of the theoretical writers. Nor can it fairly be attributed to any purpose to mislead on the part of the practical men whom they quote. It is simply a repetition of the experience of anyone who has made a personal attempt to investigate similar questions, of the practical man's difference in attitude toward a fellow business man and a theorist. There is nothing regarding which a man of affairs, especially a manufacturer, is so sensitive, not even his "costs" or his "special prices," as his relation with his employees. He may even be advanced in his altruistic views and practice, a founder of libraries, a cultivator of æsthetic surroundings, a builder of model tenements, an encourager of thrift and house-owning; and yet he will dread the appearance of posing, the reputation among his business associates of being a philanthropist, or "unpractical," as he would say. Even where the disinterestedness of the inquirer's motive is above suspicion, that inquirer will be put off with general statements in place of the specific facts. The manufacturer or manager of a large enterprise is given to looking upon his own experiments with distrust, as philanthropic concessions to sentiment which his practical judgment may not approve. He regards them at best as tentative; he shrinks from giving them publicity as an advertisement of them or of himself in connection with them; his real opinions in regard to them are to the theorist a sealed book.

The great obstacle to progress along lines of sociological experiment to-day is the unreality of the recorded facts, misleading the thinker or theorist to whom we must look for an initiative. These facts include disposition, attitude of mind, that personal equation which counts for far more than the circumstances of outward condition. Mr. Wyckoff's experiment in reality has its antithesis in the countless experiments in unreality too often accepted at their face value. But who is to make the experiment in reality when it comes to solving the personal equation, not in the case of the proletaire, but in that of the boss or manager?

Domesticated Nervousness.

A CHANGE has latterly come over the notion of self-culture that, ungraceful as the word itself may be, glows in the American mind, and especially perhaps the Western or middle-western American feminine mind, with something like real ardor. "We live in an age of high ideals," says a young person in some latter-day English drama; "the fact is constantly mentioned in the most expensive monthly magazines." The American feminine self-culturist, to ring the changes on an already barbaric counter, takes in all these utterances—or is taken in by them, and the growth, or the metamorphosis, of her self-culture has been immense. We are resolved, for instance, to do with ourselves, our minds and our bodies, what, by all that's reasonable in physiology and psychology, could just as well have been done long ago—if only

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we had had the ideals. Something is wrong somewhere, our women have apprehended in their conscientiousness, and they set about making it right. They are ungraceful: therefore they will develop grace; they talk badly: they will learn to sing; they are nervous: therefore they will cultivate Repose.

Now repose may be of two sorts: that of stolidity and phlegm, or that of abnormal self-control. Lucy Desborough in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" dies after the terrible strain of her journey to Richard's bedside in France and the repression, for the sake of Sir Austin's grandson, of all the anguish that she suffers. Repression exercised over neural safety-valves may be an evil; and repose, a dozen times out of twenty, is the brother to it. Lucy Desboroughs do not die every day, but many American women, with less noble excuse, make wrecks of themselves from year to year. By a homely metaphor they may be said to have banished the rocking chair, in which their grandmothers rocked away their surplus nerve-vitality, and to have substituted that less admirably American thing, the rest cure; whither how many of them, if the truth were told, owe their own banishment to the unlucky persistence of their attempts to be nerveless and reposeful?

As a matter of fact the value of repose has been singularly overestimated. It is equivocal, to begin with: it confounds itself with something else that may be stolid, or impassive, or just dull. Not seldom one hears it gravely discussed: Has a certain woman Repose, or is it only a lack of animation? For none but the shrewdest discerners are able in every instance to distinguish intelligently. For one thing, repose is not the native characteristic; though the champions of the spurious repose of the schools, with its restless unrest, perpetuate the misconception. True rest is another thing; but true rest, unless we learn to give our genuine temperament its natural alert and quick outlets, is an achievement seldom consummated by us. Natty Bumpo—one feels that it is no longer inelegant to mention Cooper in the best literary circles—is a type of the real American, resting when his tasks are done, but nervously watchful and alert when all his tasks are afoot. When the inevitable twig snaps the danger-signal in the forest, imagine Natty Bumpo stalking on more indifferently than ever in his trail, with an air of carefully assumed unconcern. But that is what many charming Americans are trying to do in the midst of the dangers of elevated railway trestles and intersecting cable lines. To be up and off at the first instinct of danger, in the way of some beautiful creature of the forest, is an ideal the schools do not set before them. In their unnatural histories there are no startled fawns or brisk little chipmunks, only grave and heavy things that strive to look unmoved. The rôles of the elephant and the hippopotamus are more in vogue. Grotesquely speaking, it is Diderot's paradox concerning acting carried to its extremest point, with everybody trying to act what he fain would be, instead of being simply what he is.

The trouble after all, I suppose, is just there: that it is acting. It involves the idea of art to the exclusion of the idea of nature. One feels that these things were managed better in the good old days when a less rampant art idea was confined specifically to picture-books and sculpture, and had not yet acclimated itself on any stage. What are the reasons really for liberating it now upon that social stage which in the criticism of most of us has long been known as all the world?

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THE FIELD OF ART

ENGLISH MOVEMENTS IN DECORATIVE ART

MR. WALTER CRANE, in his recently published book on "Decorative Illustration," has been pointing out the great interest now taken on the continent in the decorative arts of England. But, indeed, the fact was obvious enough long before he called attention to it. Paris, in search of a new fad—Impressionism, Pointillisme, Pleinairisme, Rosicrucianism, each having served its little day—hit upon the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London, and at once Benson lamps, Whitefriars glass, Kelmscott books, overflowed into M. Byng's *Salon de l'Art Nouveau*. Belgium, proud of the new phase of eccentricity in its art and literature, brought out belated books about Preraphaelitism, and decorated its houses with exaggerated Morris papers. Germany, not to be left behind, produced the ponderous quarterly *Pan*, as an organ of æstheticism, with all the parade of thick paper, ornamental borders, and everything needful—beauty alone forgotten, save in an occasional plate. That America has been as assiduous in paying the compliment of imitation, is only too plainly proved in book after book, paper after paper, "decorated" according to English models.

Now, as a rule, the effect of this practical interest on the continent, and in America, has been distinctly bad, for the intelligent disciple is rare, while the clever imitator is found in hordes. But, whatever has come of the borrowing, the fact remains that there was something being done in England to borrow. We may not like this something, we may fairly bristle with critical objections, but there it is, the unmistakable result of the very active revival in decorative art which dates back some thirty or forty years. Nor is it less certain that this revival is largely due to the Preraphaelites, or rather to the now famous house of Morris, Marshall, Falkner & Co., in which William Morris was the leading spirit—not the original artist, but the wise man of business, with sense enough to understand that decorative art never yet flourished unless upon a sound commercial basis; that not only must he and his partners see to the supply, but they must create the sympathetic demand.

It is not necessary nowadays to insist upon, or to explain their success; the story of the firm is in every man's mouth. But many people are apt to overlook the good it accomplished indirectly, for the more immediate and tangible results of its influence—results that were to be deplored more often than not. William Morris—and eventually the firm came to be Morris—was a man of prejudices, and he was strong enough to impose them upon others. When the decorative arts, always ignored at the Royal Academy, were in a sufficiently flourishing condition to warrant a society for the express purpose of exhibiting them, that society naturally turned to Morris for leadership and guidance. He, never having been willing to admit that anything worth doing was done after the fourteenth century, members promptly drew the same rigid line, and their annual show contained little that was not deliberately, and, too often, absurdly and self-consciously, mediæval in motive and treatment. Indeed, to such an excess was this sham primitiveness, this neo-Gothic pose carried, that two or three years since, it seemed almost as if the Society of Arts and Crafts must perish beneath the burden. That Morris was sincere in his mediæval adaptations, there can be no doubt. He was no *poseur*, no sensation-monger, but a workman in dead earnest, with the financial prosperity of his shop, and no weak-kneed desire for notoriety, as incentive. But with too many arts and craftsmen, mediævalism became a pose, a fad, so abused that there have been times when, to escape from the earnest young man in liberty tie, one would have returned to early Victorian horsehair and crinoline.

But there was good in the movement, less aggressive, though it is to be hoped more wide-reaching in its effects. One hesitates to say it, because so much folly has been uttered on the subject, but it cannot be denied that the right sort of workmanlike spirit has been encouraged in the English artist, when he can be made to forget the ephemeral delights of

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society and sensation. He has some sense of the dignity of the craftsman and the seriousness of his craft. He strives to be really the artist, and not the mere juggler, dazzling the public by his skill of hand, with paint or clay, ink or graver. He has got beyond the boyish stage of the Preraphaelite, always wanting to "touch the Philistine on the raw." The very effort to give to each craftsman credit for his work—if not so holy as the more eloquent prophets declare it—has encouraged a decent respect for that work. And again, despite bickerings and envies and follies of all kinds, some sort of good-fellowship has been developed. Too much has been heard of those guilds of handicraft where the beauty of "love work" is preached. No artist ever did his best work out of sheer generosity, which "love," thus used, means. But fellowship of the right sort is to many men the most bracing sort of stimulus, and there are societies, like the Art Workers' Guild, scrupulously banishing the press from its meetings, and never coming before the public—unless it thinks it can do so with great advantage—in which a healthy stimulating sympathy among art workers is being developed without any nonsense or pretence. Here you do find real craftsmen, who have no mission but the perfecting of their own talent—painters, sculptors, designers, architects, illustrators, printers, engravers, whose enthusiasm is too genuine to dwindle into affectation. They may not all of them be very great, but at least they do not try to pass off cheap cleverness for genius. Under the new economic conditions this sympathy seems about the only thing to take the place of the more substantial bond that held the old guilds together. It does exist in London, or England, in a few such associations, and so does the essential earnestness in individuals. But the trouble is that often the members of these associations, having time only for their own work, and their own affairs, become as prejudiced in their way as William Morris ever was in his—like The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, so excellent in its object, but ready to defeat itself by its narrowness, by its doubt whether anybody outside the society cares for the old historic and architectural monuments of England. And often the individuals who come to the fore are not the most accomplished, but rather those who know that, to succeed, no social or political lever is to be disregarded, and who spend part of their energy in lobbying county councils, deans and chapters, or South African millionaires, as the case may be. With them, no lack of earnestness—fanaticism it is likely to prove in the end—for they have the defects of their qualities and they also see nothing beyond themselves and their theories, for which reason, perhaps, there are more cranks and faddists among artists in England than anywhere else. Morris and Rossetti could keep them in order, but there is no one of the kind to-day. And it seems almost a question, now that Morris too is dead, whether the promising groundwork prepared during the last thirty years will be gradually undermined, or prove the foundation for the greatest school of decorative art yet known in England. E. R. P.

TO one who watches the decorative arts of contemporary France, it is hard to believe that any interest is taken there in the Morris movement in England, other than the interest felt for a curious and anomalous tendency, attractive for the moment, but not seriously worthy of study. It seems evident that France does not regard this development of the mediæval spirit in the service of ornamentation much more gravely than she took the Gothic revival of fifty years ago. And, in fact, France has too many workmen engaged in the active practice of decorative art to be easily moved by novel examples, or by enthusiastic preaching. Every city in France contains skilled workmen in wood-carving, in metal work, in fact in most of the minor arts and crafts which have to do with building and furniture-making. It is a surprise to the American architect or decorative workman to find, even in a small and remote town, such refined and practised skill possessed by so many men working in small shops or alone. The old traditions are not lost in France, and they are traditions continuous and unconscious—not recalled and revivified by scholars. There is many a town in the south, in the west and in the east, where men are working very nearly as their forefathers worked; that is to say, working as they were taught in the workshops where they received their first lessons in handling their tools. These workmen, as need hardly be stated, are not working in any mediæval style.

The body of trained artists who must be included in this category of skilled workmen is also very great, for many a sculptor of good

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academic teaching has contented himself in the more remote and in the nearer past with decorative work; and the gradation is continuous, from the humblest wood-worker who is skilful enough to carve a frieze in a well-known style and in a familiar material, such as oak, to the more original and immeasurably more powerful workman who may be compared with the recently dead Carriès or Galland. A visit to one of the recent *salons* would have been sufficient to teach this lesson to anyone who might need it. There is reserved a place for earthenware, for carving in wood and in ivory, for metal work; there are to be seen the clever and brilliant attempts at combining many decorative processes and many materials in one result; there it becomes evident, as one compares the exhibits before him with the catalogues of previous years, how great is the number of artists who turn their thoughts in the way of decorative art; or, to put it in another way, how great is the number of workmen in decorative art whose work is thought worthy of the *salon*. The evidence that these workmen are influenced by English examples can hardly be said to exist, Mr. Crane to the contrary notwithstanding. There is almost nothing in the work of the Frenchmen to show that they have ever seen the English designs at all.

There is one thing to be observed, namely, that while William Morris himself was almost wholly a designer for the flat, limiting his work to textiles, embroidery, printed wall-papers and chintz, and the like, together with stained glass, French designing makes far less important progress in that direction than in the way of decoration by means of embossed form; as in bronze and silver and in pottery vessels, or in carving. The display of flat decoration is, indeed, very slight in the French exhibitions. The more important designs in that way are in painted tiles, and in tiles whose patterns are so slightly in relief that the color nearly fills up their concavities, and the relief itself tells as a mere device for heightening the color effects. Little decoration in absolutely flat painting, as on walls, on panels, and the like, is exhibited. Wall papers are, indeed, sometimes made the medium of careful designing, but attention is not concentrated strongly upon them; and, although embossed and colored leather for wall-decoration has its admirers, it would be hard to find as much novelty in the stamped leather which one sees or hears of as recently made in Europe, as could be furnished by the work of a single firm in New York. It is the sculptor and not the designer of patterns who finds favor in France. The cry is on his achievements: and even Rodin's great Dante doors are hardly out of the line of daily ornamental production.

Another peculiarity, another distinction, another differentiation, needs our careful attention. The French artists are as skilled in handling the human figure as William Morris and his followers are feeble in it. The lover of sculpture, the ardent student of sculpture of the great periods may, indeed, reject with some scorn a great deal of the modern Parisian modelling, both in the round and in relief; and yet the knowledge of the form and the power of handling it shown by these Frenchmen is extraordinarily great, and its value is plainly visible in their decorative work. It depends on the point of view. If you have the true feeling for Greek sculpture in relief, that love and those associations have grown up from the study of work in marble with but little reference to the decorative art of the Greeks, because that has perished. Coins, indeed, preserve for us the handling of the Greek sculptor when working on a very small scale, but these are not treated, primarily and necessarily, as pieces of decorative design. The very few bronze mirrors whose handles or backs have preserved for us specimens of the Greek treatment of decoration in the proper sense, the Siris Bronzes, the Dodona bronze fragment of a helmet, the Græco-Roman reliefs worked upon gladiators' armor as at Naples, the Græco-Roman silver goblets at Naples, at Saint Germain, and at Berlin, the reliefs on a few cistæ—all these taken together are too few to impress the student of sculpture very strongly. They are food for the student of decoration; and any such student will accept the proposition that the modern Frenchmen know how to handle decoration in which the human figure is treated with freedom, with originality, with natural movement and even with nobility of artistic conception often sufficient for its place. The Parisian work, is, indeed, often rather trivial in subject; that is to say, a verbal description of it seems that of a trivial thing; while yet its decorative effect is very fine. Thus, in a bronze vase of Ledru's, the whole surface being invested with suggestions of sea-plants in very slight relief, and with ripples and waves which indicate the movement of the

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water, figures of sea-nymphs engaged in contest or in play with the monsters of the deep are the only subject which one can describe in words. If, however, these figures, sometimes in low, sometimes in high relief, invest the whole body of the vase and mount toward its neck and its lip; and if, suddenly, we find that the subject is continued by a figure wholly in the round, as if one of the nymphs had escaped from the water and was safe on land and mocking from that point of vantage the great cephalopod which pursues her; and if the whole of this composition lends itself admirably to the moulding of the vessel itself and to a purposeful and spirited treatment of it—then we have a decorated object which may stand in any collection and brave comparative criticism. So in the interesting Narcissus Mirror, by Henry Nocq, which has been illustrated in our periodicals, the figure of Narcissus lies at length in the plane of the mirror, the elbows resting on the ground and the hands supporting the head, and he gazes at his own reflection in the disc of the mirror. The mirror is shaped like a leaf of some water-lily; and on the back of it, which includes also the projecting handle made by the recumbent body of the youth, the narcissus plant—roots, leaves, and blossoms—is shown in relief. Joseph Chéret has been modelling quite wonderful bands and groups of children at play, all in low relief, and investing vases of bronze and of porcelain. The student of many arts may recognize a Japanese suggestion in them, but that is all that is not purely French and purely modern. So Jean Dampt, a sculptor of celebrity and station who has worked at sculpture of the larger and more grandiose kind, has worked also with apparent satisfaction, upon such simple things as this: a little cabinet of five drawers, having on the front of each drawer, and worked in the solid oak, a mouse which is struggling to crawl toward the top. One is reminded of the monkeys on the arched ribs of the Natural History Museum on the Cromwell Road in London, for these five mice are in five different attitudes, each one admirably conceived for the adornment of the drawer to which it is attached. It appears that even Paul Dubois has been led by the fascinations of the new art industry of tin, to try his hand at sculpture of the smallest scale and most purely decorative purpose, for one such example is given us in a recent photograph.

It is not, indeed, Frenchmen alone who are doing interesting work with the human figure, with animals, with birds, treated boldly in relief or in the round, for the very first number of the newest German periodical gives us specimens of such work by Wilhelm of Dresden, and Geyger of Munich, all of which are worthy of careful study, even in the photographs. Still, however, it is Paris which, with its powerful school of great sculpture in the hands of a hundred able and strenuous men, is able to do the most. No small sculpture, no decoration in sculpture, without a school of sculpture in the large as well! Sculpture is an art which requires constant study on a large scale in order that it may flourish at all, nor can we expect to find ivory carvings, nor little bits of repoussé in silver or in gold, of any value, unless the authors are stimulated and carried along by the presence around them of a great and growing school of sculpture of life-size. This is why Paris is, and must remain for a long time to come, the centre of that great decorative art which finds its chief theme in the use of carved and embossed forms in wood, metal and pottery, and this is why the Paris school of decorative art is not likely to listen very intently to any suggestions coming from a foreign school which, however earnest and full of purpose, knows little of sculpture in the modern sense. R. S.

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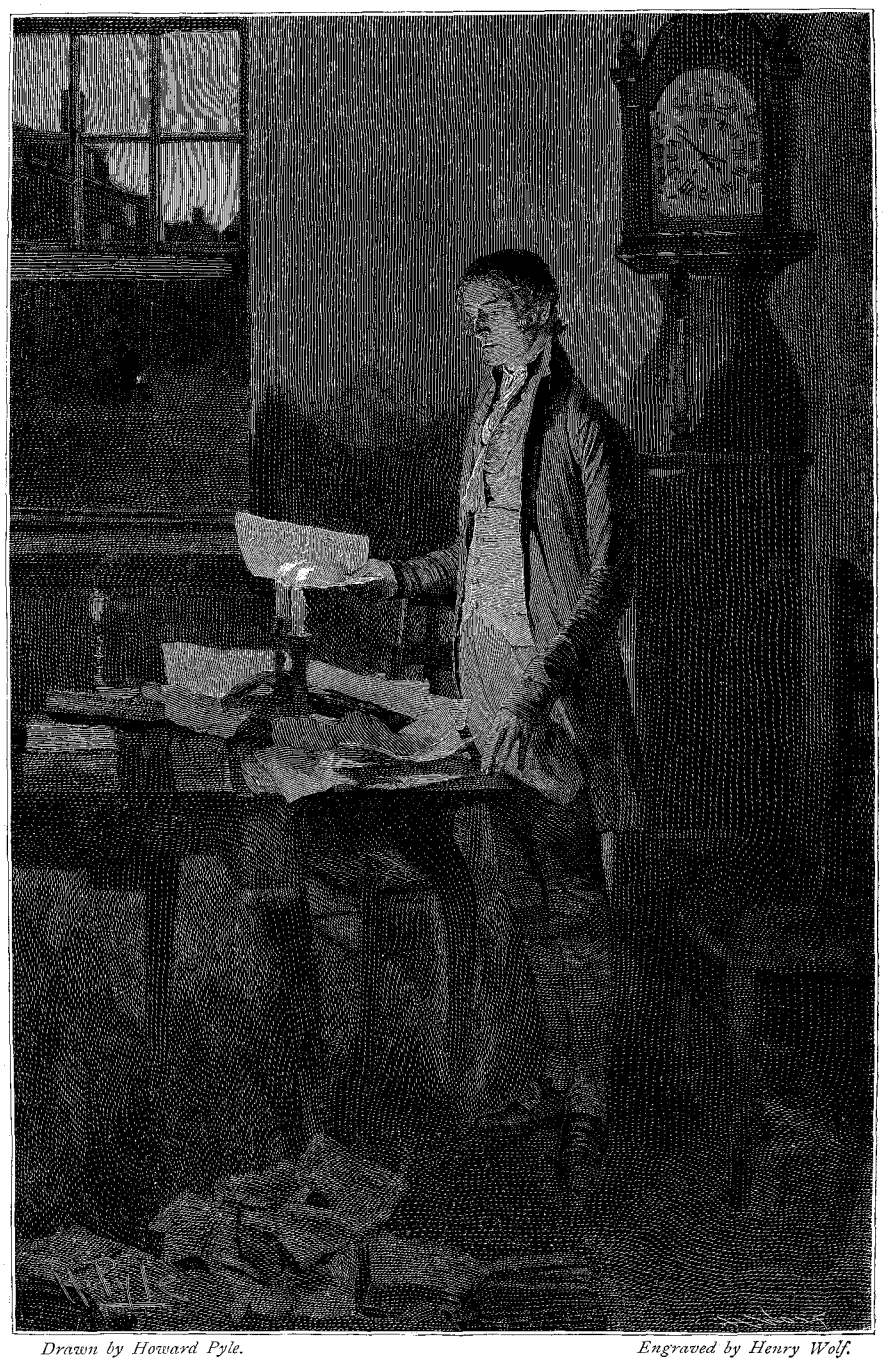

Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Engraved by Henry Wolf.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON WRITING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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